

BAPTIST STANDARD HYMNAL

With
Responsive Hymns



The Baptist
Standard Hymnal
with
Responsive Readings

A New Book for All Services

[Printed in both Round and Shaped Notes]

Edited by

MRS. A. M. TOWNSEND

Professor of Church Worship, Music and Pageantry

Published by the

SUNDAY SCHOOL PUBLISHING BOARD
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A. M. TOWNSEND, D. D., Secretary

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PREFACE

The compiling of a Hymnal, which will interpret God to the people and the response of the human soul back to God is a momentous and sacred task, and in attempting to bring to our churches a book that will meet the needs of all, we have put into this effort our very souls and blood as it were, not one time forgetting that we cannot take one step without the Guiding Hand of our Father in Heaven. Singing is worship and brings happiness, joy and peace to the individual, both heightening his intellectuality and spirituality. It is to the end, therefore, that the people may be edified and God glorified, that The Baptist Standard Hymnal is compiled. It is the two-fold purpose of the Music Committee to select hymns that express sound doctrine, helpful Christian experiences, enrich worship, bring closer fellowship and union among the people, and to produce a manual that people will like to use. One that will provide suitable songs for use in the public and private worship of Almighty God, and one that can be used on all occasions.

In this volume will be found many of the old favorites of a half a century ago, sacred to our fathers, and we feel that if they are used praisefully, prayerfully, and earnestly, they will greatly enhance the song service wherever they are employed, for each song has a meaning, and imparts a great truth. Anywhere The Baptist Standard Hymnal is opened, a familiar tune is provided and the collection is one proven by experience to be useful. The old meters, familiar word-hymns, songs for special occasions, male voice section, and the Responsive Readings will prove a great asset.

Praying God that these songs may be used wisely, and rightly interpreted, and that they will contribute to the highest spiritual needs of all the people, we cheerfully commend this book to every church for its consideration and use, and hope that each worshipper may be inspired to say with the Psalmist: "I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise to my God while I have my being." Psalms 104:33.

Respectfully signed:

MUSIC COMMITTEE:

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

One of the most serious concerns of our churches to-day is to promote good wholesome singing, and it is very evident that no little education is needed along this line. Together with good preaching and good praying goes good singing, and in no better way can the churches hope to promote their spiritual growth. There are in circulation to-day, no doubt, scores of song books, but the public's demand for a Standard Hymnal that would promote the spiritual efficiency of the services in all the churches throughout the length and breadth of the country and make them more attractive and worshipful, has been so urgent that the Sunday School Publishing Board of the National Baptist Convention, U. S. A., after deliberate consideration of the urgent need of such a song book, at length resolved to undertake the stupendous task of the publication of "The Baptist Standard Hymnal."

In attempting to bring forth this Hymnal, it is easily seen that it was not hatched out in a day, but it is the result of the efforts of a painstaking selected group from the various parts of the country, and represents the tastes and choices of nearly a score of Christian Workers in the Master's vineyard, some of whom are ministers of our Lord's Gospel, and a number of our best known song writers and song evangelists, viz.:—Mrs. A. M. Townsend, Music Director, Nashville, Tennessee; Dr. J. D. Bushell, New York City; Prof. W. A. Adams, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Carrie Booker Person, Tulsa, Oklahoma; Mrs. Jeannette Taylor Nickens, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Geneva Bender Williams, Cleveland, Ohio; Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Austin, Texas; Prof. T. P. Bryant, Chicago, Illinois; Mrs. Emma J. Hynes, Nashville, Tennessee; Prof. R. Alwyn Austin, St. Louis, Missouri; Rev. W. H. Skipwith, Baltimore, Maryland; Mrs. Katie C. Dickson, Monmouth, Illinois; Prof. H. B. Britt, Louisville, Kentucky; Prof. John H. Smiley, Louisville, Kentucky; Prof. W. M. Nix, St. Louis, Missouri; and Rev. T. W. J. Tobias, New Orleans, Louisiana.

It must be noted that there seems now to be a tendency to get away from that fervency of spirit and song that characterized the church and altar worship of other days, and which contributes so much to the stability of our religion. With the thought, therefore, of the preservation of the good old soul stirring hymns of days gone by, together with many standard selections and favorites and contributions of several numbers from members of the Hymnal Committee, and a large number of other worthy productions of the present generation, "The Baptist Standard Hymnal" has been compiled. And we are sending it forth with the greatest hope and confidence that it will be accepted by the churches in all parts of the country, and will prove an aid to the service of song, and greatly enrich the worship of our Lord and Master. The Sunday School Publishing Board wishes hereby to express its gratitude to the Hymnal Committee for its invaluable and unrequited labors, and for its untiring efforts to give to the public "The Baptist Standard Hymnal," a rich legacy of the best in Hymnology, to be handed down to generations unborn, and in which the Sunday School Publishing Board feels a sense of pardonable pride. Grateful acknowledgments are also due and are hereby made for permissions to use valuable and copyrighted music herein found.

A. M. Townsend

Secretary.

E N D O R S E R S

We, the undersigned, having been requested by the officers of the Sunday School Publishing Board of the National Baptist Convention, U. S. A., to examine "The Baptist Standard Hymnal," cheerfully give our endorsement to it and wish to say further that the contents of this Hymnal are such as cannot fail to promote spirituality and prove a valuable addition to the song service of every church. Indeed, it is a rich legacy coming to us, and will be handed down to coming generations, for it contains many of the old hymns and meters that were so dear to our fore-parents as well as many new and stirring ones of to-day. The arrangement of the words within the score, the printing and the selection of such a complete assortment of usable songs, its form, quality and quantity easily place it without a peer and make it certain to give splendid satisfaction. The preservation of all the well-known tunes, the spiritual adaptation of the hymns and tunes, and the wide variety of selections from the latest writers of sacred song, make "The Baptist Standard Hymnal" a very desirable possession, and one that the oldest as well as the youngest member of the church can easily appreciate. A long-felt need has at last been met and without doubt will fill a very great place in our church-life. We gladly commend "The Baptist Standard Hymnal" to all worshippers and earnestly hope that this most excellent compilation of all that is best in Hymnology will have the widest possible circulation and use.

Respectfully.

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METRE—EXPLAINED

The term Metre or Meter, is a Greek word and properly belongs to poetry, from whence it is transferred to music. Metre is the Measure, or the Standard by which the long and short syllables in the verses of a hymn are rhythmically and definitely arranged into groups of syllables called poetic "Feet." Each "Foot," having a distinctive name, is to poetry what a measure is, in many respects, to music. Very little is known of the actual way Greek verse was adapted to singing tones, yet it is safe to assume that every long syllable was sung to a longer tone and every short syllable to a shorter tone. Modern verse is set to a larger variety of patterns of long and short tones, provided that the "Accented" Syllables match with "Accented" Tones. The regular recurrence of the "Accent" constitutes and determines the Metre of the line or verse. In a modern Hymnal a very large number of forms may be represented but the form of every hymn-tune depends on the verse-form to which it belongs. Out of four or five types of "Feet," developed the fundamental rhythm of modern music and its types of Metre. Of the many recognized "Feet," Iambic with lines sometimes of 10 or more syllables, Dactylic, Amphibrachic, Anapestic and Trochaic are the chief types. Trochaic, having the greatest extension in the variety. Syllables of two and three "Feet" are called Simple Feet. When there are four, five and six syllables in a word they are reckoned as "Double" or "Compound Feet," though often they are resolved into Single Feet. The most frequently used Metres are: Common Metre (C. M.), Common Hallelujah Metre (C. H. M.), Long Metre (L. M.), Long Particular Metre (L. P. M.), Hallelujah Metre (H. M.), Short Metre (S. M.), Short Particular Metre (S. P. M.) 7s; 8s; 8s 7s; 8s 7s 4s; 10s; 10s 11s; 11s; 12s.

HOW TO KNOW WHAT METRE TO ADAPT

Common Metre

Common Metre is known by a stanza of four lines composed of one short unaccented syllable and one long accented syllable in each poetical foot. The syllables being in number and order as follows: 8, 6, 8, 6, that is, there are 8 syllables in first and third lines and 6 syllables in the second and fourth lines.

Example:

Am I a Sol[˘] dier of the Cross—(8 Syllables)

A Fol[˘] lower of the Lamb.—(6 Syllables)

And Shall I Fear to own his Cause—(8 Syllables)

Or Blush to Speak His Name.—(6 Syllables)

Iambic Feet—C. H. M.

(Example Word—BEFORE.)

Common Hallelujah Metre is a stanza of six lines, each poetical foot consisting of one short unaccented syllable and one long accented syllable. The syllables each being in number and order as follows: 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

Iambic Feet—L. M.

Long Metre consists of four lines, of which each foot contains one short unaccented and one long accented syllable. Each line contains 8 syllables.

Iambic Feet—L. P. M.

Long Particular Metre differs from Long Metre only in having six lines instead of four, each of which contains 8 syllables.

Iambic Feet—H. M.

Hallelujah Metre is a stanza of 6 lines with one short unaccented syllable, and one long accented syllable in each poetical measure or Musical foot. The syllables of each being in number and order as follows: 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.

Iambic Feet—S. M.

Short Metre consists of a stanza of four lines whose poetic foot is composed of two syllables—a short or unaccented syllable followed by a long or accented syllable. The syllables in number and order are as follows: 6, 6, 8, 8.

Iambic Feet—S. P. M.

Short Particular Metre consists of six lines whose poetic foot is made up of two syllables—one short or unaccented followed by a long or accented syllable. The syllables in number and order are 6, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.

Trochaic Feet—7s

(Example Word—MUSIC)

A stanza of Sevens consists of four lines with a poetic foot containing one long and one short syllable. The accented syllable followed by an unaccented syllable. Each line contains 7 syllables.

Trochaic Feet—7s 6s

A stanza with a Metre thus designated consists of eight lines in Trochaic and Iambic feet.

Anapestic Feet—8s

(Example Word—REPRODUCE)

A stanza of four lines with a poetical foot containing two short syllables followed by one long syllable is known as 8s. Each line contains eight syllables and is marked 8s.

Trochaic Feet—8s 7s

Eights and Sevens consists of four lines with a poetic foot containing one long and one short syllable; an accented syllable is followed by an unaccented one and designated thus: 8s 7s. The syllables are as follows: 8, 7, 8, 7.

Trochaic Feet—8s 7s 4s

A Metre designated 8, 7, 4, differs from the Metre 8s 7s only in that it contains six lines instead of four lines; the syllables being in number and order as follows: 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.

Anapestic Feet—10s 11s

10s 11s Metre consists of a stanza of 4 lines with 2 short syllables followed by a long syllable. The syllables in number and order are 10, 10, 11, 11, or six lines with a poetical foot consisting of one short unaccented and one long accented syllable thus: 10, 10, 11, 11.

Anapestic Feet—11s

A Metre designated 11s, consists of a stanza of four lines with a poetical foot containing 2 short syllables followed by a long syllable, each line containing eleven syllables.

Anapestic Feet—12s

A Metre of twelves consists of a stanza of four lines, each containing twelve syllables with two short syllables followed by a long syllable, composing the poetical foot.

Dactylic Feet

(Example Word—Fearfully)

is just the reverse of the Anapestic, being composed of one long accented syllable followed by two short unaccented syllables.

Amphibrachic Feet

(Example Word—HABERE)

is represented by three syllables. The first and third syllables are short, the middle syllable is long.

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CHURCH COVENANT

HAVING been led, as we believe, by the Spirit of God, to receive the Lord Jesus Christ as our Saviour, and on the profession of our faith, having been baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, we do now in the presence of God, angels, and this assembly, most solemnly and joyfully enter into covenant with one another, as one body in Christ.

WE ENGAGE THEREFORE, by the aid of the Holy Spirit to walk together in Christian love; to strive for the advancement of this church, in knowledge, holiness, and comfort; to promote its prosperity and spirituality; to sustain its worship, ordinances, discipline, and doctrines; to contribute cheerfully and regularly to the support of the ministry, the expenses of the church, the relief of the poor, and the spread of the gospel through all nations.

WE ALSO ENGAGE to maintain family and secret devotion; to religiously educate our children; to seek the salvation of our kindred and acquaintances; to walk circumspectly in the world; to be just in our dealings, faithful in our engagements, and exemplary in our deportment; to avoid all rattling, backbiting, and excessive anger; to abstain from the sale and use of intoxicating drink as a beverage, and to be zealous in our efforts to advance the kingdom of our Saviour.

WE FURTHER ENGAGE to watch over one another in brotherly love; to remember each other in prayer; to aid each other in sickness and distress; to cultivate Christian sympathy in feeling and courtesy in speech; to be slow to take offense, but always ready for reconciliation, and mindful of the rules of our Saviour, to secure it without delay.

WE MOREOVER ENGAGE that, when we remove from this place, we will as soon as possible unite with some other church where we can carry out the spirit of this covenant and the principles of God's word.

And now unto Him, who brought again from the dead, 'Our Lord Jesus, be Power and Glory forever. Amen.

NOTE:—The AMEN at close of each hymn is optional.


THE BAPTIST STANDARD HYMNAL

1 Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus

[First Tune]

Rev. George Duffield, Jr., 1858. (WEBB. 7s, 6s.)

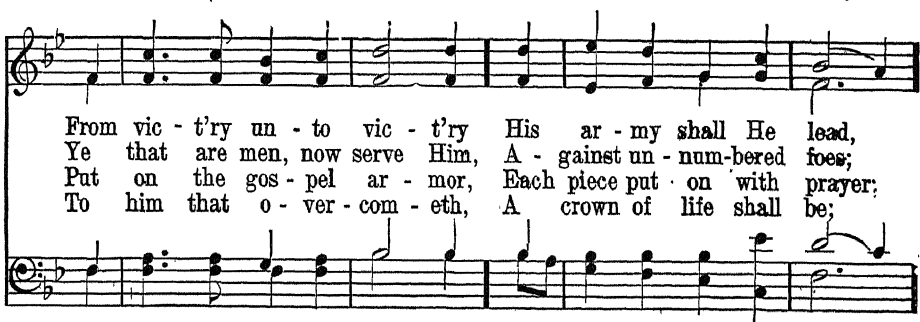
G. J. Webb.



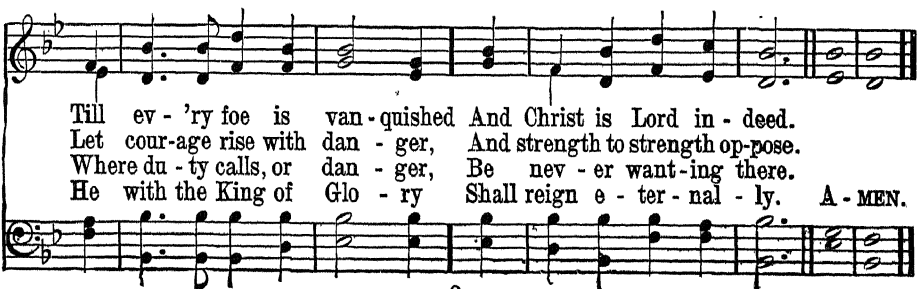
1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
 2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The trump-et call o - bey;
 3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
 4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;



Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
 Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day:
 The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
 This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song:



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,
 Ye that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
 Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer:
 To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;



Till ev - 'ry foe is van - quished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 Let cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
 Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
 He with the King of Glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.

2

Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus

Rev. George Duffeld, Jr., 1858.

[Second Tune]
(7s, 6s.)

Adam Geibel.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the might-y
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long; This day the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
con - flict, In this His glo - rious day: Ye that are men, now serve Him, A -
fail you; Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each
bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A

ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
gainst unnumbered foes; Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
piece put on with prayer, Where duty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of Glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE—GENERAL

CHORUS. *Harmony.*

Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; . . Lift
 Stand up, stand up for Je sus,

high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not, It must not suf - fer loss. A - MEN.

3 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

[First Tune]

OPENING

Edward Perronet, 1779.

(MILES LANE. C. M.)

W. Shrubsole, 1758-1805.

All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate
 fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him,
 crown Him, crown Him, crown Him Lord of all. A - MEN.

4 Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow

Thomas Ken, 1692.

(OLD HUNDRED. L. M.)

Louis Bourgeois, 1551.

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low;

Praise Him a-b-ove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost. AMEN.

5 Ye Nations Round the Earth, Rejoice

(Tune: OLD HUNDRED. L. M.)

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 Ye nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King,
Serve Him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongue His glory sing. | 3 Enter His gates with songs of joy,
With praises to His courts repair,
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honors there. |
| 2 The Lord is God; 'tis He alone
Doth life and breath and being give;
We are His work, and not our own;
The sheep that on His pastures live. | 4 The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is His grace, His mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure. |

Isaac Watts, 1719.

6 All People that on Earth Do Dwell

William Kethe.

(SESSIONS. L. M.)

L. O. Emerson.

1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
2. Know that the Lord is God in-deed; With-out our aid He did us make:
3. Oh, en-ter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts un-to;
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for-ev-er sure;

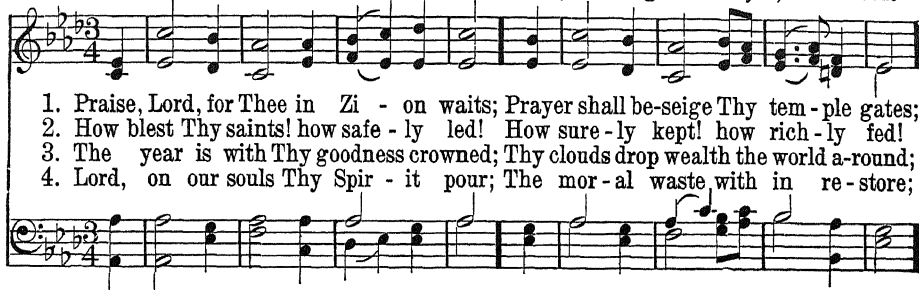
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore Him and re-joice.
We are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
Praise, laud, and bless His name always, For it is seem-ly so to do.
His truth at all times firm-ly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure. A-MEN.

7 Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zion Waits

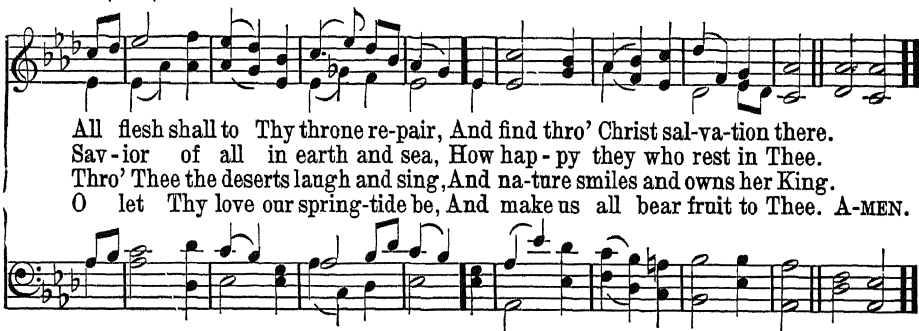
Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

(SEASONS. L. M.)

Ignace Pleyel, 1757-1831.



1. Praise, Lord, for Thee in Zi - on waits; Prayer shall be-seige Thy tem-ple gates;
2. How blest Thy saints! how safe - ly led! How sure - ly kept! how rich - ly fed!
3. The year is with Thy goodness crowned; Thy clouds drop wealth the world a-round;
4. Lord, on our souls Thy Spir - it pour; The mor - al waste with in re - store;



All flesh shall to Thy throne re-pair, And find thro' Christ sal-va-tion there.
 Sav-ior of all in earth and sea, How hap - py they who rest in Thee.
 Thro' Thee the deserts laugh and sing, And na-ture smiles and owns her King.
 O let Thy love our spring-tide be, And make us all bear fruit to Thee. A-MEN.

8 Sweet is the Work, My God, My King

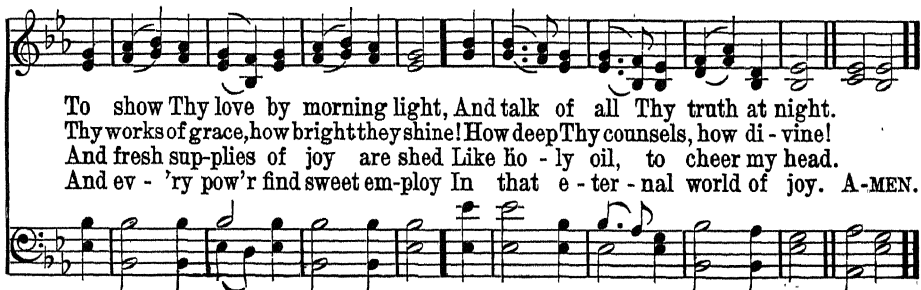
Isaac Watts, 1719.

(GRATTITUDE. L. M.)

P. A. D. Bost, 1790-1874.



1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise Thy name, give thanks, and sing;
2. My heart shall tri-umph in my Lord, And bless His works and bless His Word;
3. But I shall share a glo-rious part, When grace hath well re-fined my heart,
4. Then shall I see and hear and know All I de-sired or wished be-low;



To show Thy love by morning light, And talk of all Thy truth at night.
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine! How deep Thy counsels, how di-vine!
 And fresh sup-plies of joy are shed Like ho - ly oil, to cheer my head.
 And ev - 'ry pow'r find sweet em-ploy In that e - ter - nal world of joy. A-MEN.

9 O Worship the King, All-Glorious Above

Robert Grant, 1833.

(LYONS. 10, 10, 11, 11.)

J. Michael Haydn, 1770.

1. O wor - ship the King, all - glo - rious a - bove, O grate - ful - ly
 2. O tell of His might, O sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
 3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
 4. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we

sing His pow'r and His love; Our Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of
 light, whose can - o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep thun - der - clouds
 air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de - scends to the
 trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der, how firm to the

Days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
 form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
 plain, And sweet - ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.
 end, Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend! A - MEN.

10 Come Ye That Know

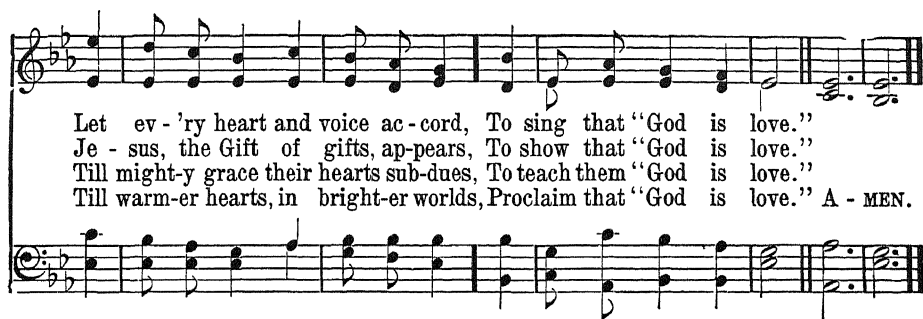
George Burder.

(C. M.)

Dr. L. Mason.

1. Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, And raise your tho'ts a - bove;
 2. Thi - pre - cious truth His Word de - clares, And all His mer - cies prove;
 3. Be - hold His pa - tience, bear - ing long With those who from Him rove;
 4. Oh, may we all, while here be - low, This best of bless - ings prove;

WORSHIP AND PRAISE—GENERAL



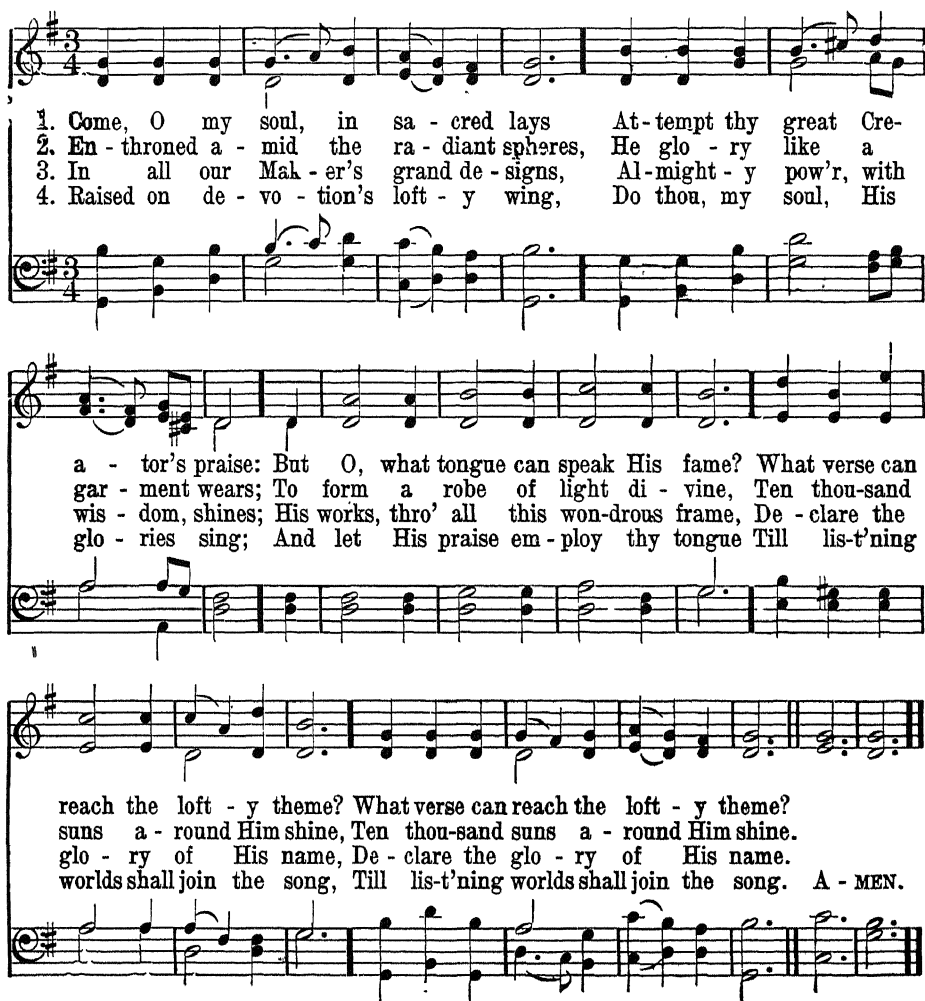
Let ev - ry heart and voice ac - cord, To sing that "God is love."
 Je - sus, the Gift of gifts, ap - pears, To show that "God is love."
 Till might - y grace their hearts sub - dues, To teach them "God is love."
 Till warm - er hearts, in bright - er worlds, Proclaim that "God is love." A - MEN.

11 Come, O My Soul, in Sacred Lays

Thomas Blacklock, 1754.

(PARK STREET. L. M.)

F. M. A. Venua, 1810.



1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays At - tempt thy great Cre -
 2. En - throned a - mid the ra - dant spheres, He glo - ry like a
 3. In all our Mak - er's grand de - signs, Al - might - y pow'r, with
 4. Raised on de - vo - tion's loft - y wing, Do thou, my soul, His

a - tor's praise: But O, what tongue can speak His fame? What verse can
 gar - ment wears; To form a robe of light di - vine, Ten thou - sand
 wis - dom, shines; His works, thro' all this won - drous frame, De - clare the
 glo - ries sing; And let His praise em - ploy thy tongue Till lis - t'ning

reach the loft - y theme? What verse can reach the loft - y theme?
 suns a - round Him shine, Ten thou - sand suns a - round Him shine.
 glo - ry of His name, De - clare the glo - ry of His name.
 worlds shall join the song, Till lis - t'ning worlds shall join the song. A - MEN.

12

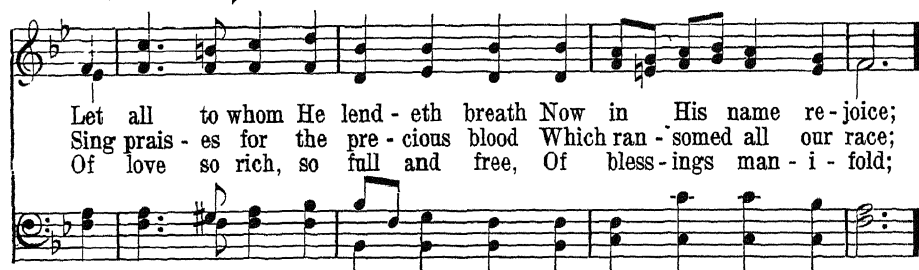
Let All the People Praise Thee

Mrs. C. H. M.

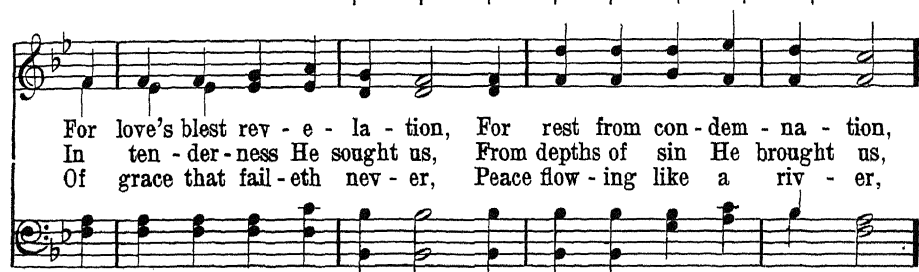
Mrs. C. H. Morris.



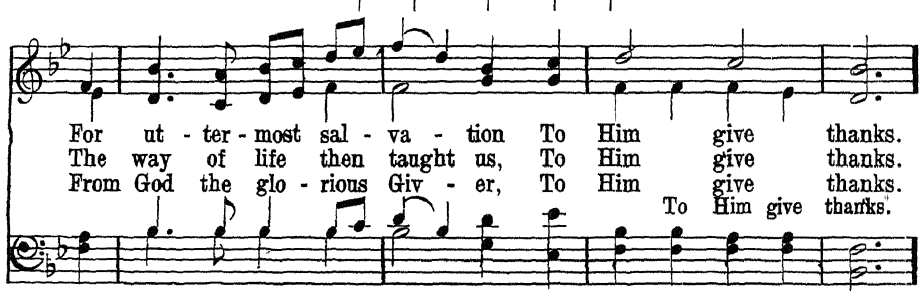
1. O mag - ni - fy the Lord with me, Ye peo - ple of His choice,
 2. O praise Him for His ho - li - ness, His wis - dom and His grace;
 3. Had I a thou - sand tongues to sing, The half could ne'er be told



Let all to whom He lend - eth breath Now in His name re - joice;
 Sing prais - es for the pre - cious blood Which ran - somed all our race;
 Of love so rich, so full and free, Of bless - ings man - i - fold;

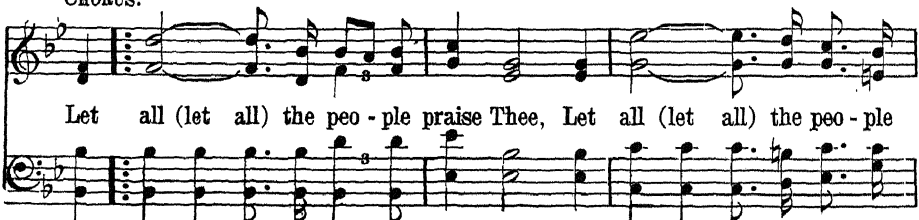


For love's blest rev - e - la - tion, For rest from con - dem - na - tion,
 In ten - der - ness He sought us, From depths of sin He brought us,
 Of grace that fail - eth nev - er, Peace flow - ing like a riv - er,



For ut - ter - most sal - va - tion To Him give thanks.
 The way of life then taught us, To Him give thanks.
 From God the glo - rious Giv - er, To Him give thanks.
 To Him give thanks.

CHORUS.



Let all (let all) the peo - ple praise Thee, Let all (let all) the peo - ple

WORSHIP AND PRAISE—GENERAL



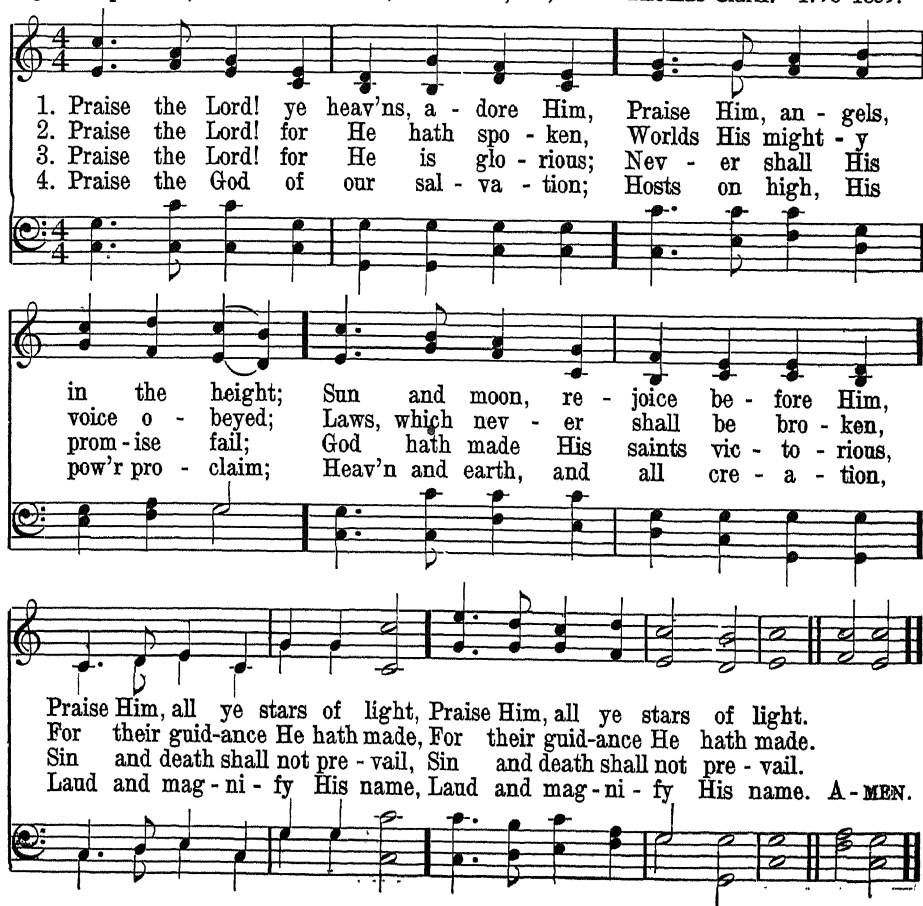
praise Thee! Let all (let all) the peo - ple praise Thy name For-
 ev - er and for-ev - er-more, for - ev - er-more, O Lord! Let more. A-MEN.

13 Praise the Lord! Ye Heavens, Adore Him

J. Kemphorne, 1775-1838.

(ESSEX. 8s, 7s.)

Thomas Clark. 1775-1859.



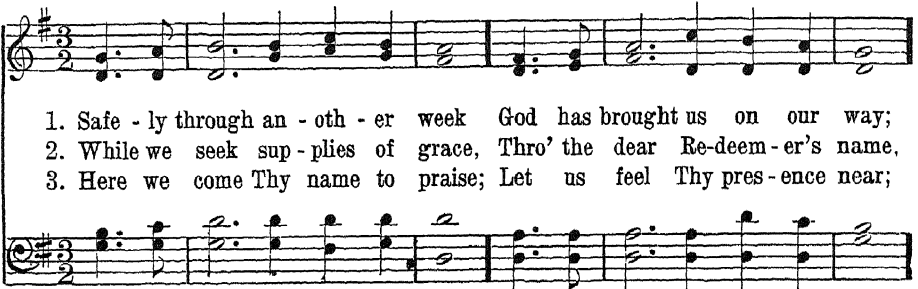
1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, a - dore Him, Praise Him, an - gels,
 2. Praise the Lord! for He hath spo - ken, Worlds His might - y
 3. Praise the Lord! for He is glo - rious; Nev - er shall His
 4. Praise the God of our sal - va - tion; Hosts on high, His
 in the height; Sun and moon, re - joice be - fore Him,
 voice o - beyed; Laws, which nev - er shall be bro - ken,
 prom - ise fail; God hath made His saints vic - to - rious,
 pow'r pro - claim; Heav'n and earth, and all cre - a - tion,
 Praise Him, all ye stars of light, Praise Him, all ye stars of light.
 For their guid-ance He hath made, For their guid-ance He hath made.
 Sin and death shall not pre - vail, Sin and death shall not pre - vail.
 Laud and mag - ni - fy His name, Laud and mag - ni - fy His name. A - MEN.

14

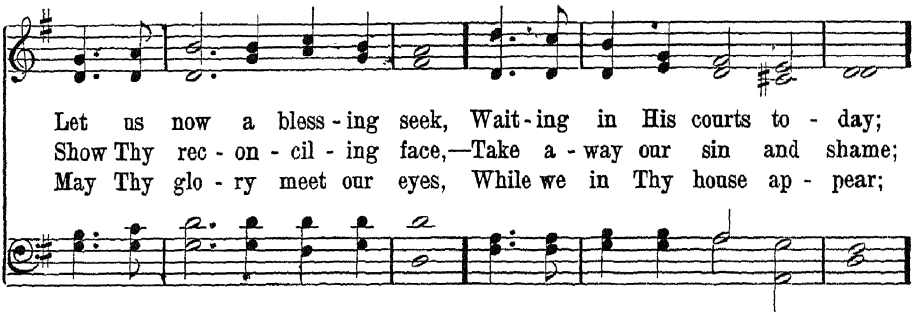
Safely Through Another Week

John Newton, 1779.

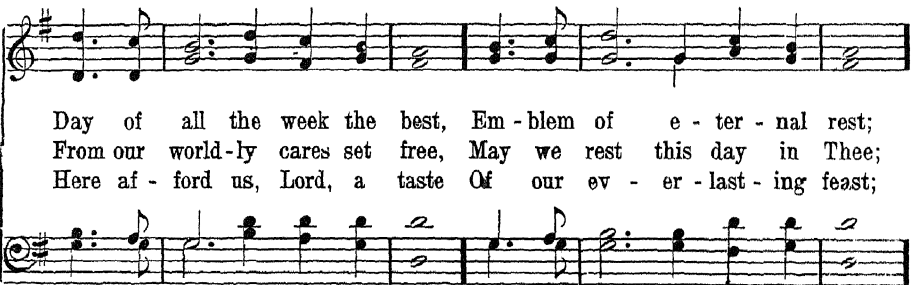
(SABBATH. 7s. 6 l.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



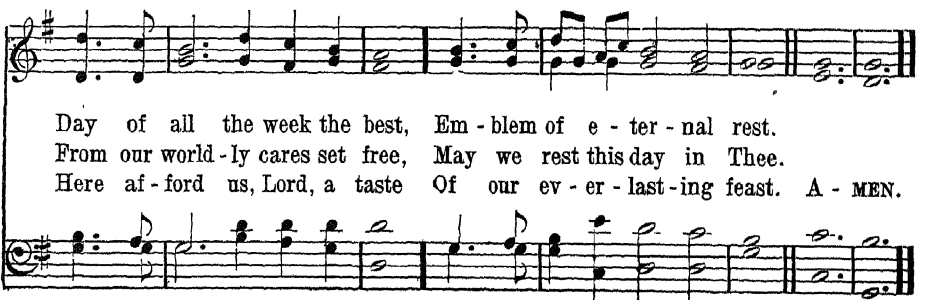
1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
 2. While we seek sup - plies of grace, Thro' the dear Re - deem - er's name,
 3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy pres - ence near;



Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day;
 Show Thy rec - on - cil - ing face,—Take a - way our sin and shame;
 May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear;



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest;
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee;
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast;



Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
 From our world - ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
 Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast. A - MEN.

15

Welcome, Delightful Morn

Hayward.

(LISCHER. 6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.)

Friedrich Schneider.



1. Wel - come, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest!
 2. Now may the King de - scend, And fill His throne with grace;
 3. De - scend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all Thy quick - 'ning pow'rs;



I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these mo - ments blest:
 Thy scep - ter, Lord, ex - tend, While saints ad - dress Thy face:
 Dis - close a Sav - ior's love, And bless the sa - cred hours:



From the low train of mor - tal toys, I soar to reach im -
 Let sin - ners feel Thy quick - 'ning word, And learn to know and
 Then shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor Sab - baths be en -



mor - tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.
 fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord.
 joyed in vain, Nor Sab - baths be en - joyed in vain. A-MEN.
 (1) I soar to reach

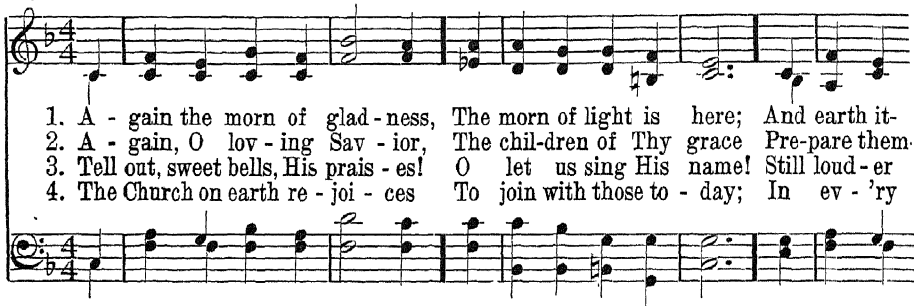
16

Again the Morn of Gladness

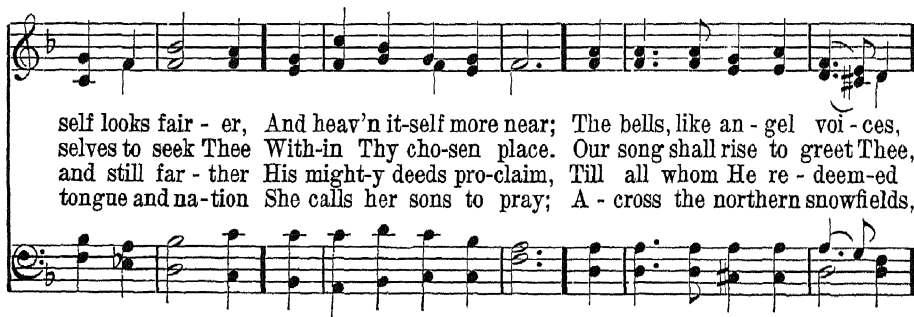
(MORN OF GLADNESS. 7, 6, 7, 6. D. With Refrain.)

John Ellerton, 1873.

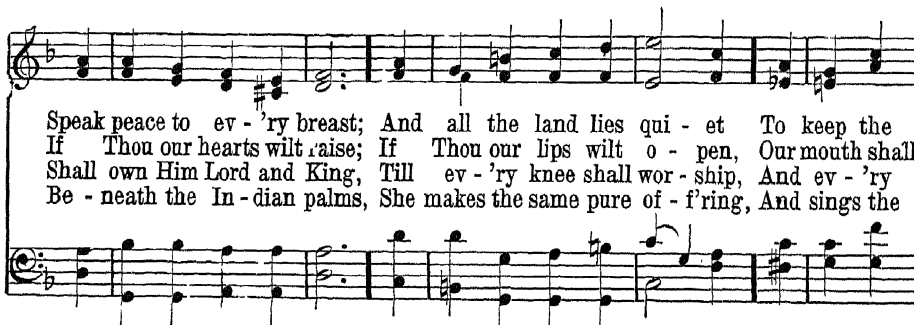
Arthur Cottman, 1877.



1. A - gain the morn of glad - ness, The morn of light is here; And earth it -
 2. A - gain, O lov - ing Sav - ior, The chil - dren of Thy grace Pre - pare them
 3. Tell out, sweet bells, His prais - es! O let us sing His name! Still loud - er
 4. The Church on earth re - joi - ces To join with those to - day; In ev - 'ry

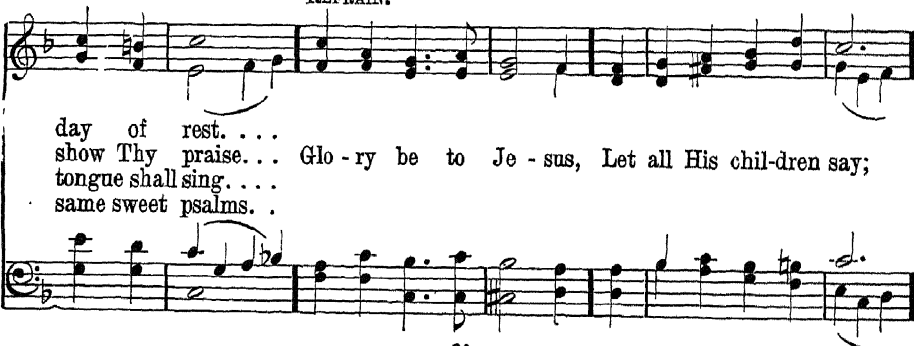


self looks fair - er, And heav'n it-self more near; The bells, like an - gel voi - ces,
 selves to seek Thee With - in Thy cho - sen place. Our song shall rise to greet Thee,
 and still far - ther His might - y deeds pro - claim, Till all whom He re - deem - ed
 tongue and na - tion She calls her sons to pray; A - cross the northern snowfields,



Speak peace to ev - 'ry breast; And all the land lies qui - et To keep the
 If Thou our hearts wilt raise; If Thou our lips wilt o - pen, Our mouth shall
 Shall own Him Lord and King, Till ev - 'ry knee shall wor - ship, And ev - 'ry
 Be - neath the In - dian palms, She makes the same pure of - f'ring, And sings the

REFRAIN.



day of rest. . . .
 show Thy praise. . . Glo - ry be to Je - sus, Let all His chil - dren say;
 tongue shall sing. . . .
 same sweet psalms. . .

WORSHIP AND PRAISE—THE SABBATH

He rose a - gain, He rose a - gain, On this glad day. A - MEN.

17 Lord, We Come Before Thee Now

W. Hammond.

(HENDON. 7s.)

C. H. A. Malan.

1. Lord, we come be - fore Thee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;
 2. Lord, on Thee our souls de - pend, In com - pas - sion now de - scend;
 3. In Thine own ap - point - ed way, Now we seek Thee; here we stay;
 4. Com - fort those who weep and mourn; Let the time of joy re - turn;
 5. Grant that all may seek and find Thee a God su - preme - ly kind;

Oh, do not our suit dis - dain! Shall we seek Thee,
 Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace, Tune our lips to
 Lord, we know not how to go, Till a bless - ing
 Those that are cast down lift up; Make them strong in
 Heal the sick; the cap - tive free; Let us all re -

Lord, in vain? Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?
 sing Thy praise, Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.
 Thou be - stow, Till a bless - ing Thou be - stow.
 faith and hope, Make them strong in faith and hope.
 joyce in Thee, Let us all re - joyce in Thee. A - MEN.

18

Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest

Isaac Watts, 1707.

(STATE STREET. S. M.)

J. C. Woodman.

1. Wel - come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise;
 2. The King Him - self comes near, And feasts His saints to - day;
 3. One day a - midst the place Where my dear God hath been,
 4. My will - ing soul would stay In such a frame as this,

Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes!
 Here we may sit and see Him here, And love and praise and pray.
 Is sweet - er than ten thou - sand days Of pleas - ur - a - ble sin.
 And sit, and sing her - self a - way To ev - er - last - ing bliss. A - MEN.

19

This is the Day the Lord Hath Made

Isaac Watts, 1719.

(ARLINGTON. C. M.)

Dr. T. A. Arne, 1710-1778.

1. This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours His own:
 2. To - day He rose, and left the dead, And Sa - tan's em - pire fell;
 3. Ho - san - na, to th' a - noint - ed King, To Da - vid's ho - ly Son:
 4. Blest be the Lord, who comes to men With mes - sag - es of grace;

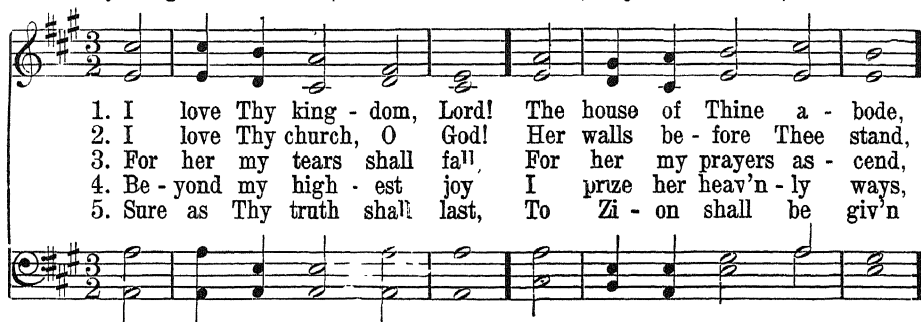
Let heav'n re-joyce, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne.
 To - day the saints His triumph spread, And all His won - ders tell.
 Help us, O Lord! de - scend and bring Sal - va - tion from Thy throne.
 Who comes, in God, His Fa - ther's name, To save our sin - ful race. A - MEN.

20

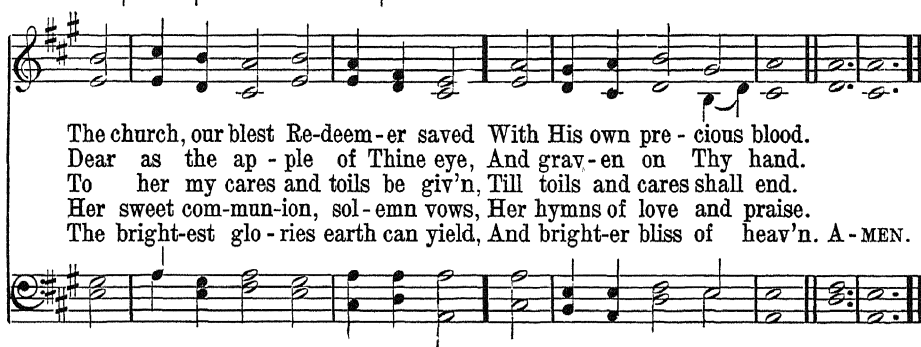
I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

Timothy Dwight.

(STATE STREET. S. M.) J. C. Woodman, 1812-1894.



1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord! The house of Thine a - bode,
 2. I love Thy church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my prayers as - cend,
 4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n - ly ways,
 5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n



The church, our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre - cious blood.
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav-en on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
 The bright-est glo - ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of heav'n. A - MEN.

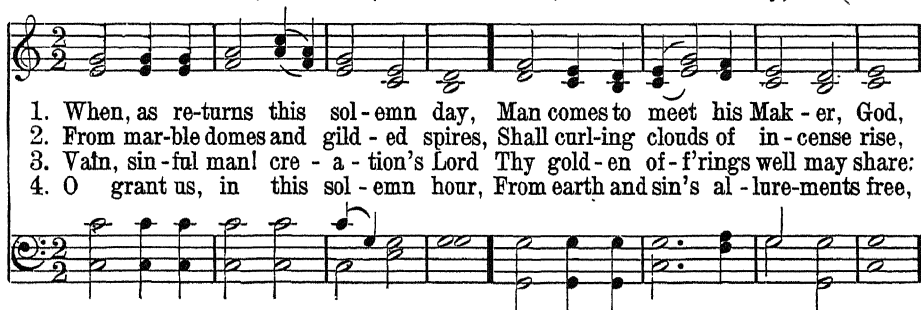
21

When, As Returns This Solemn Day

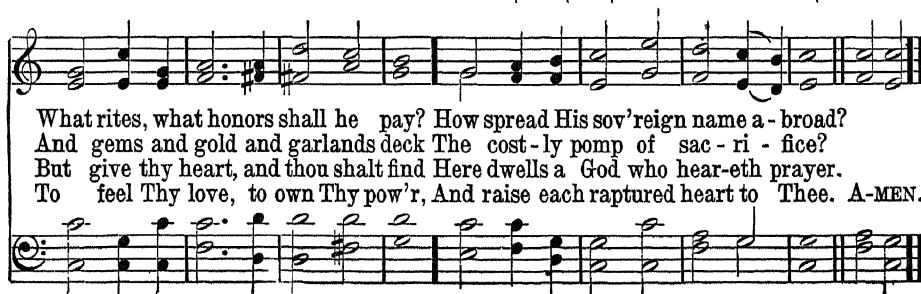
Anna Letitia Barbauld, 1737.

(ZEPHYR. L. M.)

Wm. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868.



1. When, as re- turns this sol - emn day, Man comes to meet his Mak - er, God,
 2. From mar - ble domes and gild - ed spires, Shall curl - ing clouds of in - cense rise,
 3. Vain, sin - ful man! cre - a - tion's Lord Thy gold - en of - f'ings well may share:
 4. O grant us, in this sol - emn hour, From earth and sin's al - lure - ments free,



What rites, what honors shall he pay? How spread His sov'reign name a - broad?
 And gems and gold and garlands deck The cost - ly pomp of sac - ri - fice?
 But give thy heart, and thou shalt find Here dwells a God who hear-eth prayer.
 To feel Thy love, to own Thy pow'r, And raise each raptured heart to Thee. A - MEN.

22

To Thy Temple I Repair

James Montgomery, 1825. (PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.) Ignace Pleyel, 1757-1831.



1. To Thy tem - ple I re - pair; Lord, I love to wor - ship there,
 2. While Thy glo - rious praise is sung, Touch my lips, un-loose my tongue,
 3. While the prayers of saints as - cend, God of love, to mine at - tend;
 4. While I heark - en to Thy law, Fill my soul with hum - ble awe,

When with-in the veil I meet Christ be-fore the mer - cy - seat.
 That my joy - ful soul may bless Thee, the Lord my Right-eous-ness.
 Hear me, for Thy Spir-it pleads; Hear, for Je - sus in - ter - cedes.
 Till Thy gos - pel bring to me Life and im - mor-tal - i - ty. A - MEN.

23

How Charming is the Place

Samuel Stennett, 1787. (ST. THOMAS. S. M.) G. F. Handel, 1685-1759.



1. How charm - ing is the place Where my Re - deem - er, God,
 2. Not the fair pal - ac - es, To which the great re - sort,
 3. Here on the mer - cy - seat, With ra - diant glo - ry crowned,
 4. Give me, O Lord, a place With - in Thy blest a - bode,

Un-veils the beau - ty of His face, And sheds His love a - broad!
 Are once to be com-pared with this, Where Je - sus holds His court.
 Our joy - ful eyes be-hold Him sit And smile on all a - round.
 A - mong the chil-dren of Thy grace, The serv - ants of my God. A - MEN.

24 Great God! Attend, While Zion Sings

Isaac Watts, 1719.

(ALL SAINTS. L. M.)

William Knapp, 1698-1768.



1. Great God! at-tend, while Zi - on sings The joy that from Thy presence springs:
2. Might I en-joy the mean-est place With-in Thy house, O God of grace,
3. God is our sun,—He makes our day; God is our shield,—He guards our way
4. All need-ful grace will God be - stow, And crown that grace with glo-ry too;
5. O God, our King, whose sov'reign sway The glo-rious hosts of heav'n o - bey,



To spend one day with Thee on earth, Ex - ceeds a thou-sand days of mirth.
 Not tents of ease, nor thrones of pow'r, Should tempt my feet to leave Thy door.
 From all th' assaults of hell and sin, From foes with-out and foes with-in.
 He gives us all things, and withholds No re - al good from up-right souls.
 Dis-play Thy grace, ex-ert Thy pow'r, Till all on earth Thy name a - dore! A - MEN.



25 How Did My Heart Rejoice to Hear

Isaac Watts, 1719.

(MEAR. C. M.)

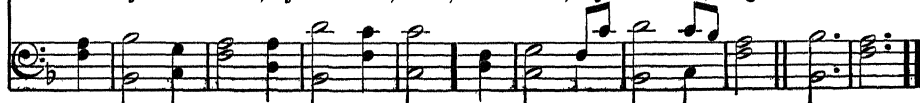
Welsh Air. A. Williams, 1762.



1. How did my heart re-joice to hear My friends de - vout - ly say,
2. I love her gates, I love the road; The church, a - dorned with grace,
3. Peace be with - in this sa - cred place, And joy a con - stant guest;
4. My soul shall pray for Zi - on still, While life or breath re - mains:



"In Zi - on let us all ap - pear, And keep the sol - emn day!"
 Stands like a pal - ace built for God, To show His mild - er face.
 With ho - ly gifts and heav'n - ly grace Be her at - tend - ants blessed.
 There my best friends, my kin - dred, dwell; There God, my Sav - ior, reigns. A - MEN.



WORSHIP AND PRAISE—THE LORD'S HOUSE

26

Jesus, Where'er Thy People Meet

William Cowper, 1779.

(HEBRON. L. M.)

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



1. Je - sus, wher-e'er Thy peo-ple meet, There they be - hold Thy mer - cy - seat;
2. For Thou, with-in no walls con-fined, In - hab-it - est the hum-ble mind;
3. Dear Shepherd of Thy cho-sen few, Thy for-mer mer-cies here re - new;



Wher-e'er they seek Thee Thou art found, And ev'-ry place is hallowed ground.
Such ev-er bring Thee where they come, And go-ing, take Thee to their home.
Here, to our wait-ing hearts, proclaim The sweetness of Thy sav-ing name. A - MEN.



27

What Shall I Render to My God?

Isaac Watts, 1719.

(CLARENDON. C. M.)

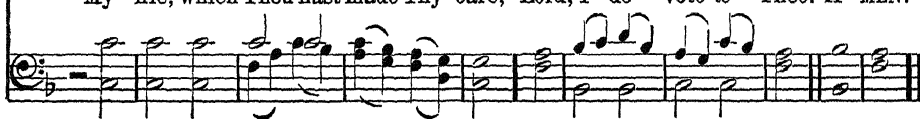
Tucker, 1761-1825.



1. What shall I ren - der to my God, For all His mer - cies shown?
2. A - mong the saints who fill Thy house, My of - f'ring shall be paid;
3. How much is mer - cy Thy de - light, Thou ev - er bless-ed God?
4. How hap - py all Thy serv-ants are! How great Thy grace to me!



My feet shall vis - it Thine a - bode, My songs ad-dress Thy throne.
There shall my zeal per - form the vows, My soul in an-guish made.
How dear Thy serv-ants in Thy sight! How pre-cious is their blood!
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care, Lord, I de - vote to Thee. A - MEN.

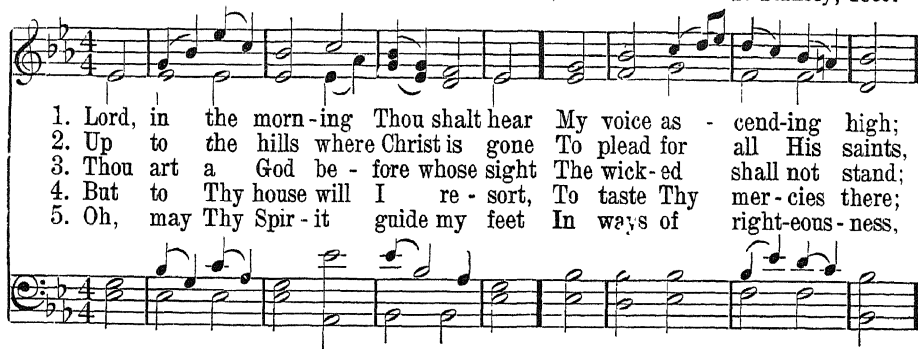


28 Lord, in the Morning Thou shalt Hear

I. Watts, 1719.

(WARWICK. C. M.)

S. Stanley, 1800.



1. Lord, in the morn-ing Thou shalt hear My voice as - cend-ing high;
 2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone To plead for all His saints,
 3. Thou art a God be - fore whose sight The wick-ed shall not stand;
 4. But to Thy house will I re - sort, To taste Thy mer-cies there;
 5. Oh, may Thy Spir-it guide my feet In ways of right-eous-ness,



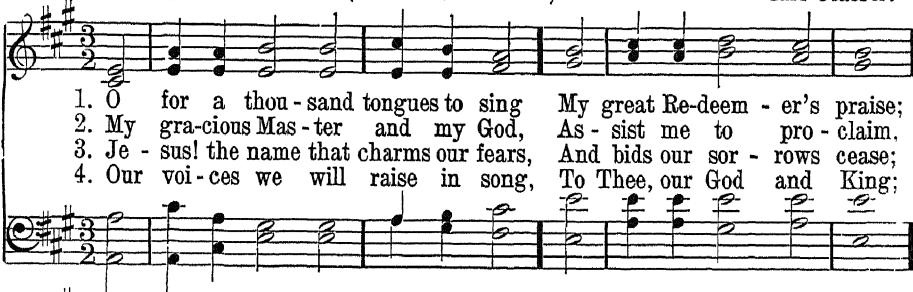
To Thee will I di - rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye.
 Pre-sent-ing, at His Fa-ther's throne, Our songs and our com-plaints.
 Sin-ners shall ne'er be Thy de - light, Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
 I will fre - quent Thy ho - ly court And wor-ship in Thy fear.
 Make ev-'ry path of du - ty straight And plain be - fore my face. A-MEN.

29 O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing

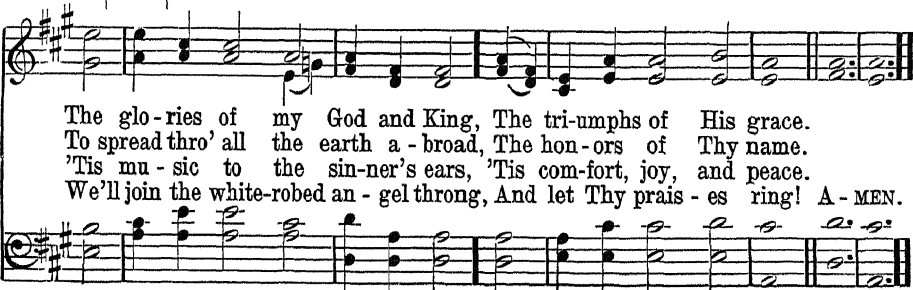
Charles Wesley.

(DENFIELD. C. M.)

Carl Glasser.



1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem - er's praise;
 2. My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim.
 3. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, And bids our sor - rows cease;
 4. Our voi-ces we will raise in song, To Thee, our God and King;



The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.
 To spread thro' all the earth a - broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.
 'Tis mu - sic to the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis com-fort, joy, and peace.
 We'll join the white-robed an - gel throng, And let Thy prais - es ring! A - MEN.

30

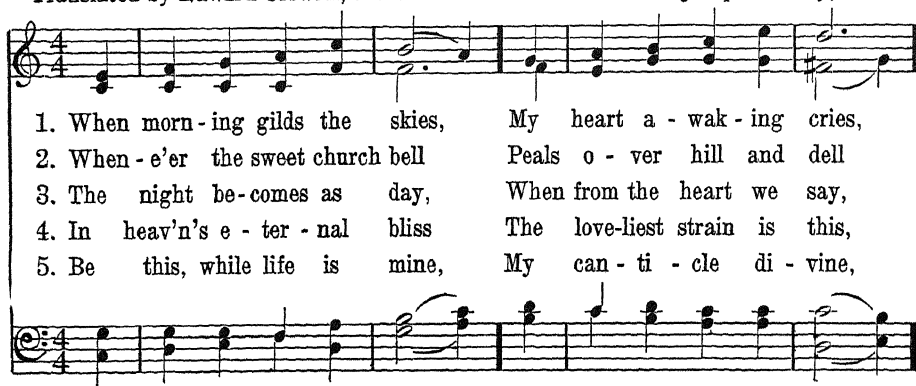
When Morning Gilds the Skies

(LAUDES DOMINI. 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.)

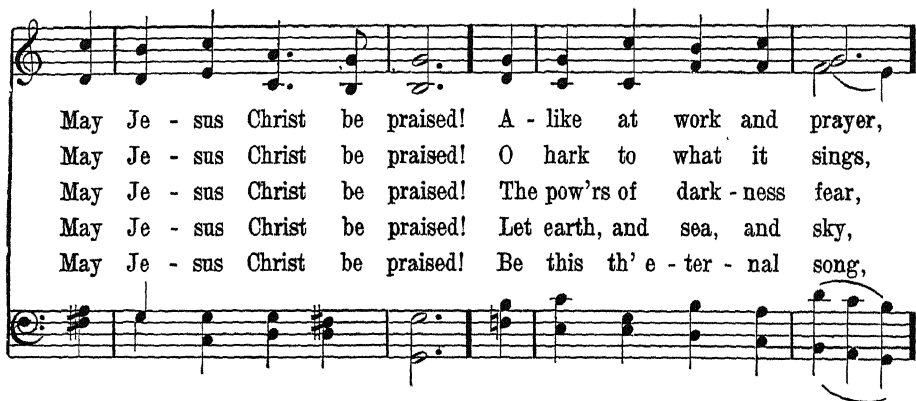
German, 19th Century.

Translated by Edward Caswall, 1853.


Joseph Barnby, 1868.



1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,
 2. When - e'er the sweet church bell Peals o - ver hill and dell
 3. The night be - comes as day, When from the heart we say,
 4. In heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss The love - liest strain is this,
 5. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,



May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and prayer,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! O hark to what it sings,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! The pow'rs of dark - ness fear,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! Let earth, and sea, and sky,
 May Je - sus Christ be praised! Be this th' e - ter - nal song,



To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 As joy - ous - ly it rings, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 When this sweet chant they hear, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 From depth to height re - ply, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
 Thro' all the a - ges long, May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - MEN.

31

Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun

(MORNING HYMN. L. M.)

Thomas Ken, 1697.

F. H. Bartholomon, 1741-1803.



1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly
 2. Wake and lift up thy - self, my heart, And with the
 3. Glo - ry to Thee who safe hast kept, And hast re-
 4. Lord, I my vows to Thee re - new; Dis - perse my
 5. Di - rect, con - trol, sug - gest this day, All I de-



stage of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and
 an - gels bear thy part, Who, all night long, un-
 freshed me whilst I slept! Grant, Lord, when I from
 sins as morn - ing dew; Guard my first springs of
 sign, or do, or say; That all my pow'rs, with



joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
 wear - ied sing High praise to the e - ter - nal King.
 death shall wake, I may of end - less life par - take!
 tho't and will, And with Thy - self my spir - it fill.
 all their might, In Thy sole glo - ry may u - nite. A - MEN.

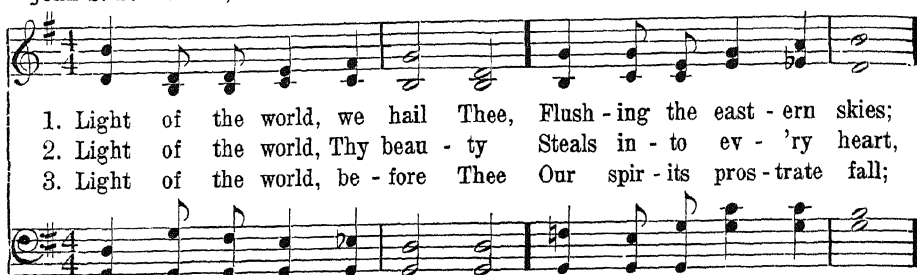


Light of the World, We Hail Thee

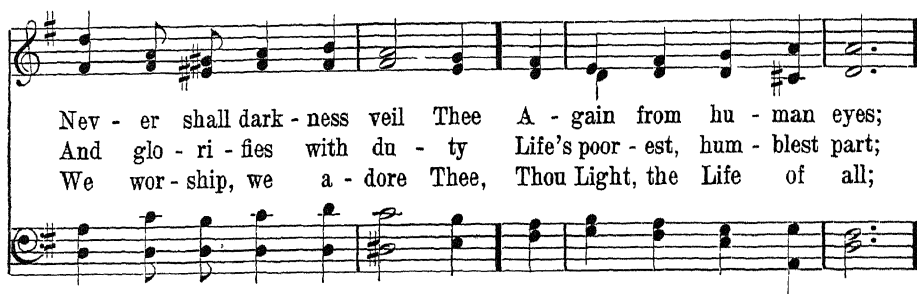
(SALVE DOMINE. 7, 6, 7, 6. D.)

John S. B. Monsell, 1863.

Lawrence W. Watson, 1909.



1. Light of the world, we hail Thee, Flush - ing the east - ern skies;
 2. Light of the world, Thy beau - ty Steals in - to ev - 'ry heart,
 3. Light of the world, be - fore Thee Our spir - its pros - trate fall;



Nev - er shall dark - ness veil Thee A - gain from hu - man eyes;
 And glo - ri - fies with du - ty Life's poor - est, hum - blest part;
 We wor - ship, we a - dore Thee, Thou Light, the Life of all;



Too long, a - las, with - hold - en, Now spread from shore to shore;
 Thou rob - est in Thy splen - dor The sim - plest ways of men,
 With Thee is no for - get - ting Of all Thine hand hath made;



Thy light, so glad and gold - en, Shall set on earth no more.
 And help - est them to ren - der Light back to Thee a - gain.
 Thy ris - ing hath no set - ting, Thy sun - shine hath no shade. A - MEN.

WORSHIP AND PRAISE—EVENING

33 Sun of My Soul! Thou Savior Dear

John Keble.

(HURSLEY. L. M.)

Peter Ritter.



1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ry eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out Thee I can - not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;



Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
 Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Sav-ior's breast!
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without Thee I dare not die.
 A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in heav'n a-bove. A - MEN.



34 My God, How Endless is Thy Love

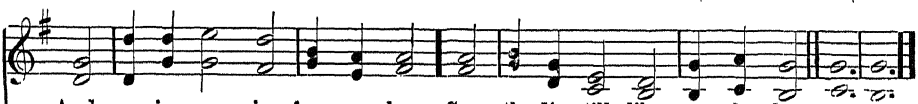
(ROCKINGHAM. L. M.)

Isaac Watts, 1709.

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



1. My God, how end - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are ev - 'ry eve-ning new;
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleep-ing hours:
3. I yield my pow'rs to Thy com-mand; To Thee I con - se - crate my days;



And morning mer-cies from a - bove Gen - tly dis - till like ear - ly dew.
 Thy sov'reign word re-stores the light, And quickens all my drow-sy pow'rs.
 Per - pet - ual bless-ings from Thy hand De-mand per-pet-ual songs of praise. A-MEN.



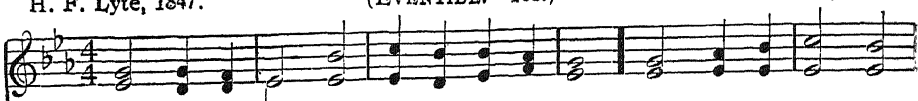
WORSHIP AND PRAISE—EVENING

35 Abide with Me! Fast Falls the Eventide

H. F. Lyte, 1847.

(EVENTIDE. 10s.)

W. H. Monk, 1861.



1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven-tide; The dark-ness deep - ens—
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and



Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts
glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I
foil the tempt-er's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can
point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shad - ows



flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me!
see; O Thou, who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, O a - bide with me!
flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - MEN.



36 Thus Far the Lord Has Led Me On

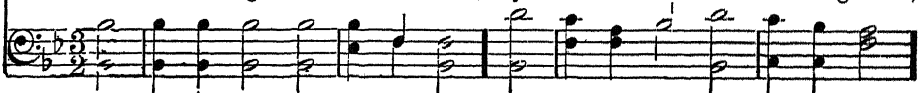
Isaac Watts, 1707.

(HEBRON. L. M.)

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His pow'r pro-longs my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head;
4. Thus, when the night of death shall come, My flesh shall rest be-neath the ground,



WORSHIP AND PRAISE—EVENING



And ev'-ry eve-ning shall make known Some fresh memorial of His grace.
But He for-gives my fol-lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.
While well-ap-point-ed an-gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.
And wait Thy voice to break my tomb, With sweet sal-va-tion in the sound. A - MEN.



37 Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name We Raise

PROCESSIONAL

John Ellerton, 1861.

(IRENÉ. 10s.)

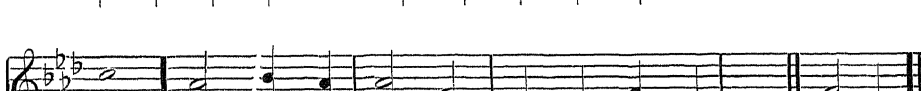
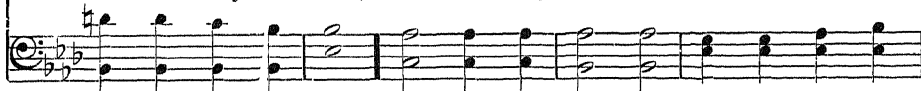
E. J. Hopkins, 1818



1. Sav - ior, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be - gan, with
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night; Turn Thou for us its
4. Grant us Thy peace thro' - out our earth - ly life, Our balm in sor - row



part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor - ship
Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from
dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep Thy chil - dren
and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con - flict



cease, Then, still de - lay - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
free, For dark and light are both a - likè to Thee.
cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A - MEN.



WORSHIP AND PRAISE—EVENING

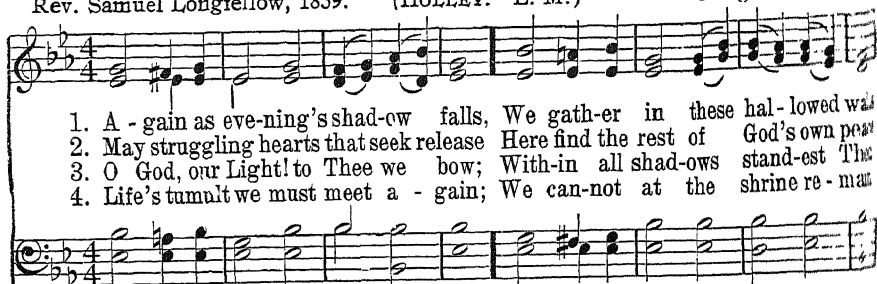
38

Again as Evening's Shadow Falls

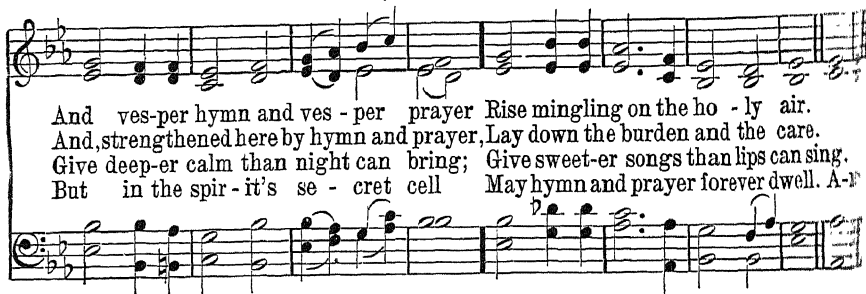
Rev. Samuel Longfellow, 1859.

(HOLLEY. L. M.)

George Hews, 1834



1. A - gain as eve-ning's shad-ow falls, We gath-er in these hal-lowed wa-
 2. May struggling hearts that seek release Here find the rest of God's own peac-
 3. O God, our Light! to Thee we bow; With-in all shad-ows stand-est Thine
 4. Life's tumult we must meet a - gain; We can-not at the shrine re-ma-



And ves-per hymn and ves - per prayer Rise mingling on the ho - ly air.
 And, strengthened hereby hymn and prayer, Lay down the burden and the care.
 Give deep-er calm than night can bring; Give sweet-er songs than lips can sing.
 But in the spir - it's se - cret cell May hymn and prayer forever dwell. A -

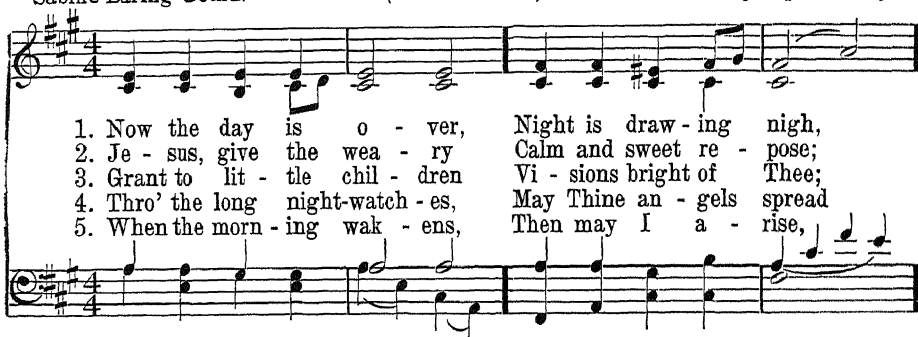
39

Now the Day is Over

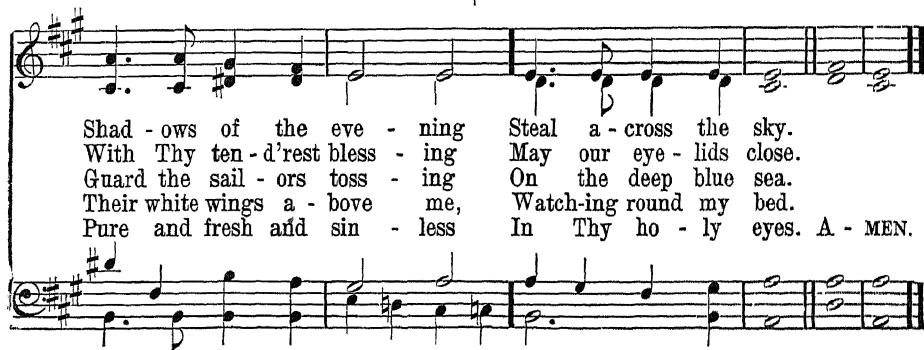
Sabine Baring-Gould.

(RECESSIONAL.)

Joseph Barnby.



1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
 3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
 4. Thro' the long night-watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread
 5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,



Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
 With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
 Their white wings a - bove me, Watch-ing round my bed.
 Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes. A - MEN.

even-ing Steal a - cross

the sky.

40

Softly Now the Light of Day

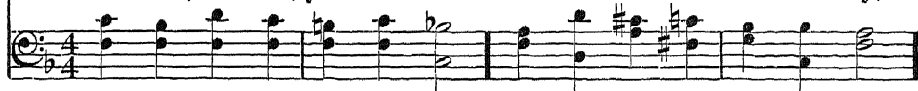
G. W. Doane, 1827.

(SEYMOUR. 7s.)

Arr. fr. C. M. von Weber, 1826.



1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught escapes, with - out, with - in,
3. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
4. Thou who, sin - less, yet hast known All of man's in - firm - i - ty,



Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com-mune with Thee.
 Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.
 Then, from Thine e - ter - nal throne, Je - sus, look with pity - ing eye. A-MEN.



41

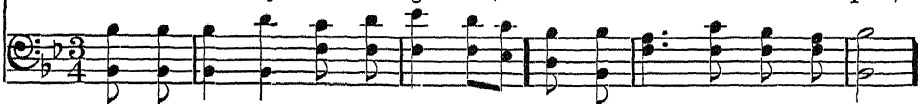
Silently the Shades of Evening

Christopher C. Cox.

Darius E. Jones.



1. Si - lent - ly the shades of eve - ning Gath - er round my low - ly door;
2. Oh, the lost, the un - for - got - ten, Tho' the world be oft for - got;
3. Liv - ing in the si - lent hours, . . Where our spir - its on - ly blend,
4. How such ho - ly mem-'ries gath - er, Like the stars when storms are past,



Si - lent - ly they bring be - fore me Fac - es I shall see no more.
 Oh, the shroud - ed and the lone - ly, In our hearts they per - ish not.
 They, un - linked with earth - ly troub - le, We still hop - ing for its end.
 Point - ing up to that fair heav - en We may hope to gain at last. A - MEN.



42

Day is Dying in the West

(CHAUTAUQUA. 7, 7, 7, 7, 4. With Refrain.)

Mary A. Lathbury, 1877.

William F. Sherwin, 1877.



1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath - er
3. While the deep'ning shad - ows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of



wor - ship while the night Sets her eve - ning lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.



REFRAIN.



Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee,



Heav'n and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord most high! A - MEN.



43

Great God, How Infinite Art Thou!

Isaac Watts, 1707.

(DUNDEE. C. M.)

G. Franc, 1520-1570.

1. Great God, how in - fi - nite art Thou! What worth-less worms are we!
 2. Thy throne e - ter - nal a - ges stood, Ere seas or stars were made;
 3. E - ter - ni - ty, with all its years, Stands pres - ent in Thy view:
 4. Our lives thro' va - rious scenes are drawn, And vexed with tri - fing cares,

Let all the race of crea-tures bow, And pay their praise to Thee.
 Thou art the ev - er liv - ing God, Were all the na-tions dead.
 To Thee there's noth-ing old ap - pears; Great God, there's nothing new.
 While Thine e - ter - nal tho't moves on Thine un - dis - turbed af - fairs. A - MEN.

44 Lord, Thou Hast Searched and Seen Me Through

Isaac Watts, 1719.

(WARD. L. M.)

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1830.

1. Lord, Thou hast searched and seen me thro': Thine eye commands, with pierc-ing view,
 2. My tho'ts, be - fore they are my own Are to my God dis - tinct - ly known;
 3. With - in Thy cir - cling pow'r I stand; On ev - 'ry side I find Thy hand:
 4. O may these tho'ts pos - sess my breast, Where'er I rove, wher - e'er I rest;

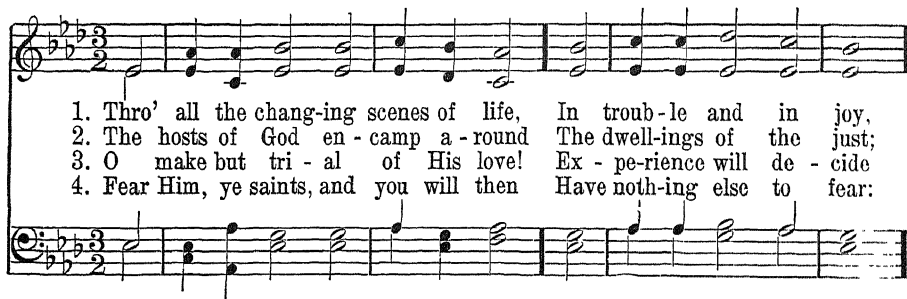
My ris - ing and my rest - ing hours, My heart and flesh with all their pow'rs.
 He knows the words I mean to speak, Ere from my ope - ning lips they break.
 A - wake, a - sleep, at home, a - broad, I am sur - round - ed still with God.
 Nor let my weak - er pas - sions dare Con - sent to sin, for God is there. AMEN.

45 Through All the Changing Scenes of Life

Tate and Brady, 1696.

(DENFIELD. C. M.)

C. G. Glaser, 1784-1829.



1. Thro' all the chang-ing scenes of life, In troub-le and in joy,
 2. The hosts of God en-camp a-round The dwell-ings of the just;
 3. O make but tri-al of His love! Ex-pe-rience will de-cide
 4. Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then Have noth-ing else to fear:



The prais-es of my God shall still My heart and tongue em-ploy.
 Pro-tec-tion He af-fords to all Who make His name their trust.
 How blest are they, and on-ly they, Who in His truth con-fide.
 Make you His serv-ice your de-light, He'll make your wants His care. A - MEN.

46 My God, My Father,—Blissful Name

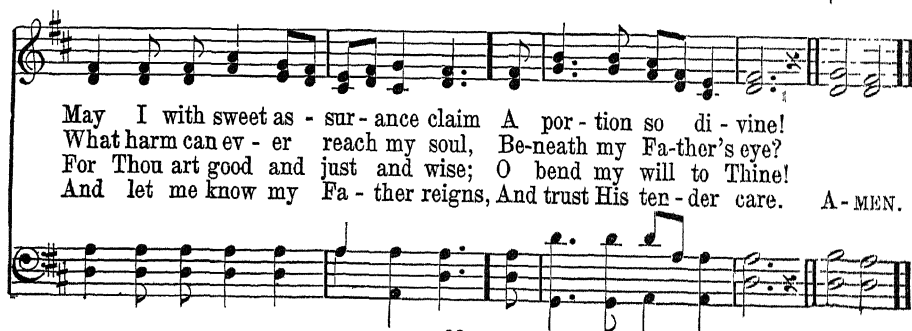
Anne Steele, 1760.

(NAOMI. C. M.)

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



1. My God, my Fa-ther,—bliss-ful name,—O may I call Thee mine!
 2. This on-ly can my fears con-trol, And bid my sor-rows fly;
 3. Whate'er Thy prov-i-dence de-nies, I calm-ly would re-sign;
 4. Whate'er Thy sa-cred will or-dains, O give me strength to bear!



May I with sweet as-sur-ance claim A por-tion so di-vine!
 What harm can ev-er reach my soul, Be-neath my Fa-ther's eye?
 For Thou art good and just and wise; O bend my will to Thine!
 And let me know my Fa-ther reigns, And trust His ten-der care. A - MEN.

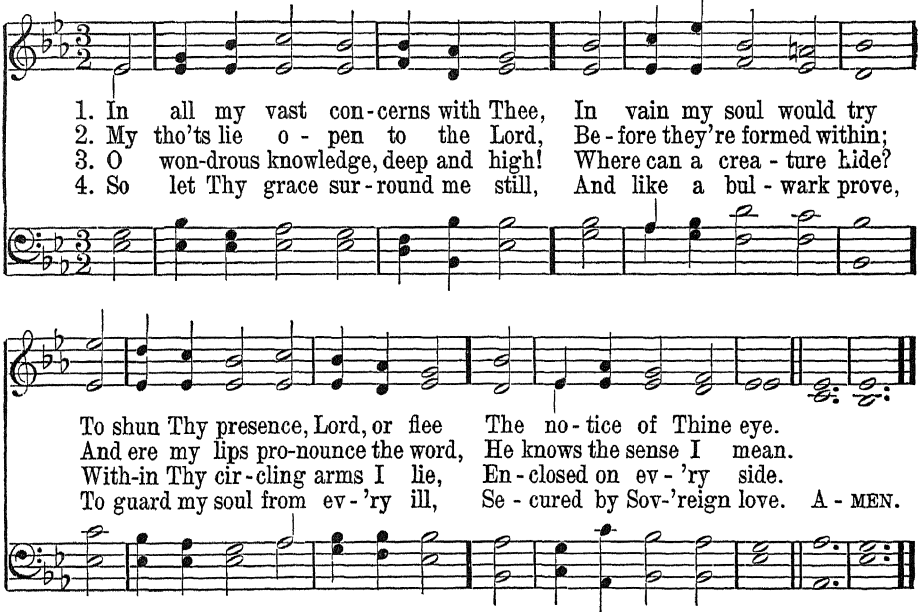
GOD THE FATHER—BEING

47 In All My Vast Concerns With Thee

Isaac Watts, 1719.

(Downs. C. M.)

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



1. In all my vast con-cerns with Thee, In vain my soul would try
 2. My tho'ts lie o - pen to the Lord, Be - fore they're formed within;
 3. O won-drous knowledge, deep and high! Where can a crea - ture hide?
 4. So let Thy grace sur-round me still, And like a bul - wark prove,

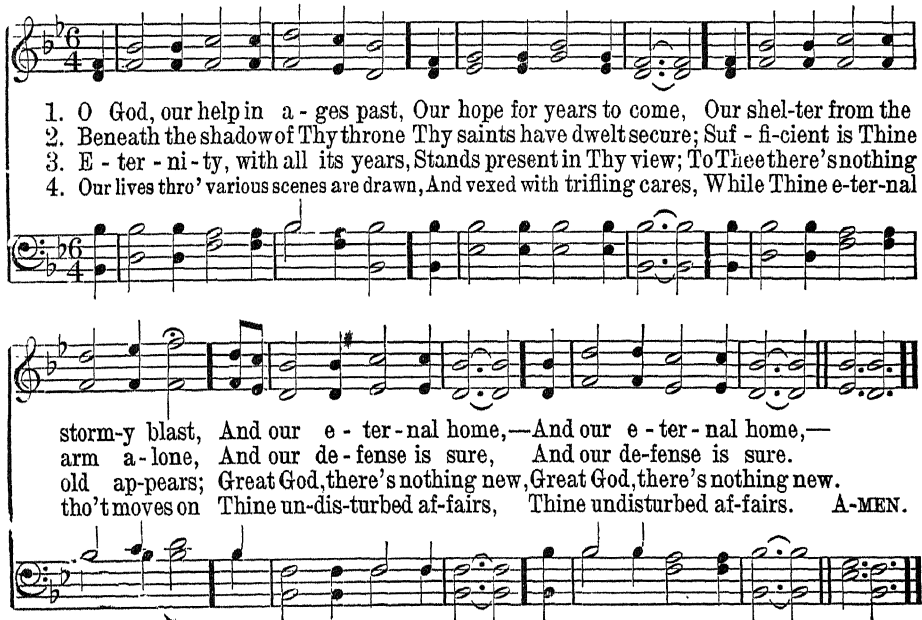
To shun Thy presence, Lord, or flee The no-tice of Thine eye.
 And ere my lips pro-nounce the word, He knows the sense I mean.
 With-in Thy cir-cling arms I lie, En - closed on ev - 'ry side.
 To guard my soul from ev - 'ry ill, Se - cured by Sov-'reign love. A - MEN.

48 O God, Our Help in Ages Past

Isaac Watts, 1719.

(ORTONVILLE. C. M.)

Dr. T. Hastings, 1784-1872.



1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come, Our shel-ter from the
 2. Beneath the shadow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure; Suf - fi-cient is Thine
 3. E - ter - ni - ty, with all its years, Stands present in Thy view; To Thee there's nothing
 4. Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn, And vexed with trifling cares, While Thine e - ter - nal

storm-y blast, And our e - ter - nal home,—And our e - ter - nal home,—
 arm a - lone, And our de - fense is sure, And our de - fense is sure.
 old ap - pears; Great God, there's nothing new, Great God, there's nothing new.
 tho't moves on Thine un-dis-turbed af-fairs, Thine undisturbed af-fairs. A - MEN.

49 Begin, My Tongue, Some Heavenly Theme

Isaac Watts, 1707.

(MANOAH. C. M.)

F. J. Haydn, 1732-1809.

1. Be - gin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme, And speak some boundless thing;
 2. Tell of His won - drous faith - ful - ness, And sound His pow'r a - broad;
 3. His ver - y word of grace is strong, As that which built the sky;
 4. O might I hear Thy heav'n - ly tongue But whis - per, "Thou art mine!"

The might-y works or might-ier name Of our e - ter - nal King.
 Sing the sweet prom-ise of His grace, And the per-form - ing God.
 The voice that rolls the stars a - long, Proclaims it from on high.
 Those gentle words should raise my song To notes al-most di - vine. A - MEN.

50

The Pity of the Lord

Isaac Watts, 1719.

(BOYLSTON. S. M.)

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1832.

1. The pit - y of the Lord, To those that fear His name,
 2. He knows we are but dust, Scat - tered with ev - 'ry breath;
 3. Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn - ing flow'r;
 4. But Thy com - pas - sions, Lord, To end - less years en - dure;

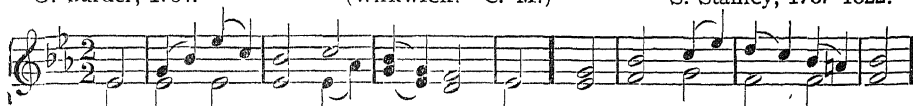
Is such as ten - der par - ents feel; He knows our fee - ble frame.
 His an - ger, like a ris - ing wind, Can send us swift to death.
 When blasting winds sweep o'er the field, It with - ers in an hour.
 And children's chil - dren ev - er find Thy words of prom - ise sure. A - MEN.

51 Come, Ye That Know and Fear the Lord

G. Burder, 1784.

(WARWICK. C. M.)

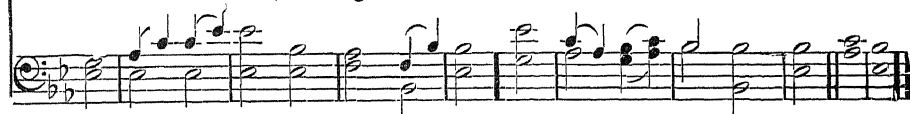
S. Stanley, 1767-1822.



1. Come, ye that know and fear the Lord, And raise your souls a - bove;
2. This pre - cious truth His word de - clares, And all His mer - cies prove;
3. Be - hold, His lov - ing - kind - ness waits For those who from Him rove,
4. O may we all, while here be - low, This blest of bless - ings prove;



Let ev - 'ry heart and voice ac - cord To sing that God is love.
While Christ, th' a-ton-ing Lamb, ap-pears To show that God is love.
And calls of mer - cy reach their hearts, To teach them God is love.
Till warm-er hearts, in bright-er worlds, Shall shout that God is love. A-MEN.



52 God is Love; His Mercy Brightens

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

(BOWRING. 8s, 7s.)



1. God is love; His mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;
3. E'en the hour that dark - est seem - eth, Will His changeless good-ness prove;
4. He with earth - ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove:



Bliss He wakes, and woe He light-ens; God is wis-dom, God is love.
But His mer - cy wan-eth nev - er; God is wis-dom, God is love.
From the gloom His brightness stream-eth; God is wis-dom, God is love.
Ev - 'ry-where His glo - ry shin - eth; God is wis-dom, God is love. A - MEN.

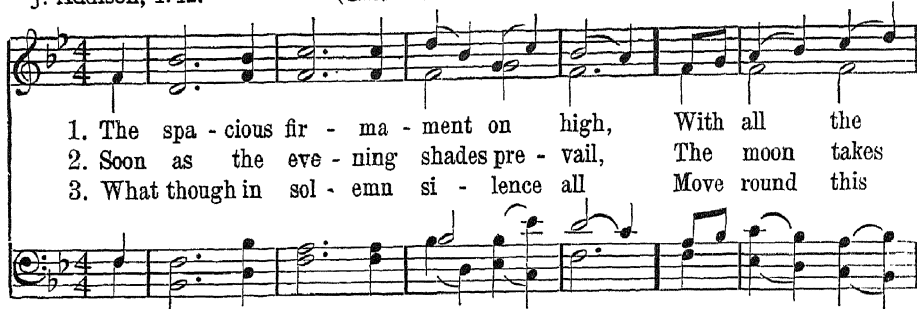


53 The Spacious Firmament On High

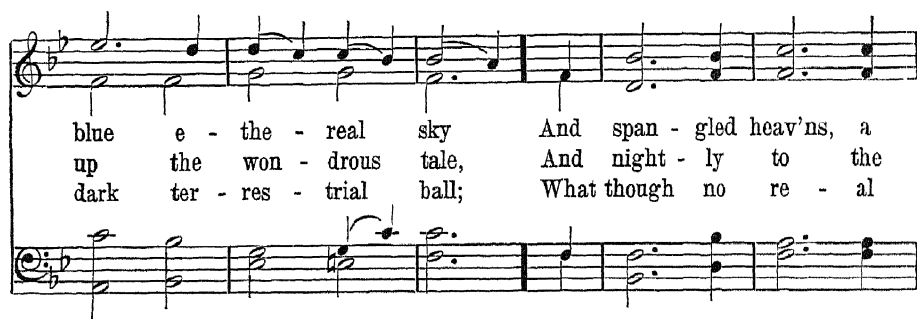
J. Addison, 1712.

(CREATION. L. M. 8 l.)

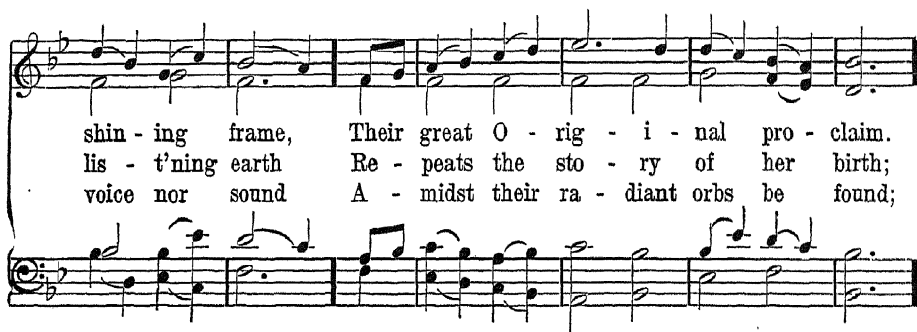
Arr. fr. F. J. Haydn, 1798.



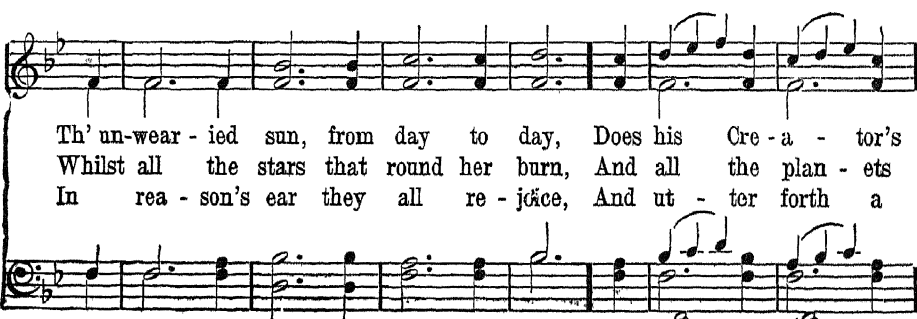
1. The spa - cious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the
 2. Soon as the eve - ning shades pre - vail, The moon takes
 3. What though in sol - emn si - lence all Move round this



blue e - the - real sky And span - gled heav'ns, a
 up the won - drous tale, And night - ly to the
 dark ter - res - trial ball; What though no re - al



shin - ing frame, Their great O - rig - i - nal pro - claim.
 lis - t'ning earth Re - peats the sto - ry of her birth;
 voice nor sound A - midst their ra - diant orbs be found;



Th' un - wear - ied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a - tor's
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan - ets
 In rea - son's ear they all re - joice, And ut - ter forth a

Ped.

GOD THE FATHER—BEING



power dis - play, And pub - lish - es to ev - 'ry
in their turn, Con - firm the ti - - dings as they
glo - rious voice; For - ev - - er sing - ing, as they



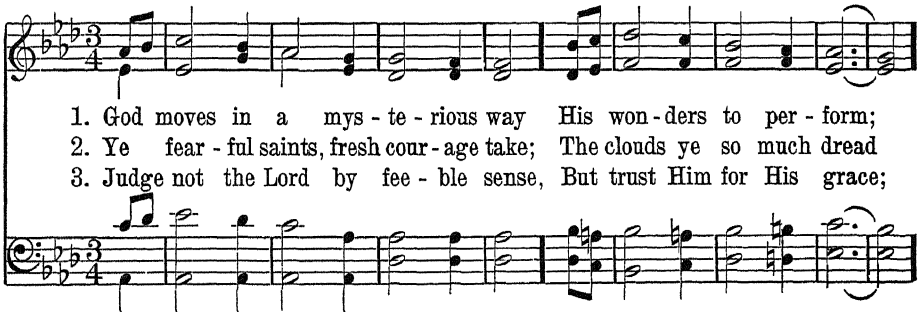
land The work of an . . . al-might - y hand.
roll, And spread the truth . . from pole to pole.
shine; "The hand that made . . us is di - vine." A - MEN.

54 God Moves in a Mysterious Way

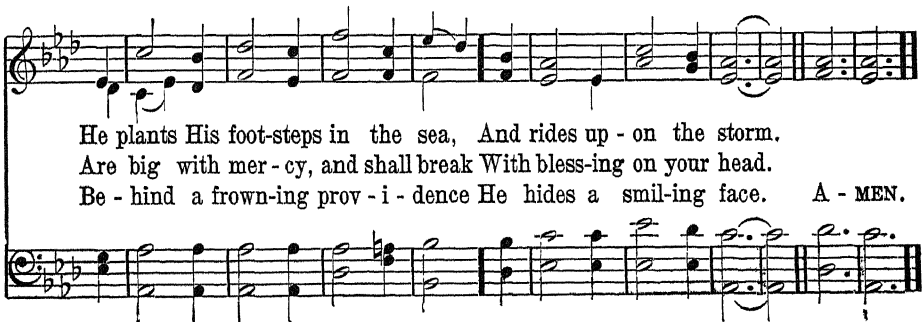
William Cowper, 1779.

(MANOAH. C. M.)

F. J. Haydn, 1732-1809.



1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form;
2. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh cour - age take; The clouds ye so much dread
3. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace;



He plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
Are big with mer - cy, and shall break With bless - ing on your head.
Be - hind a frown - ing prov - i - dence He hides a smil - ing face. A - MEN.

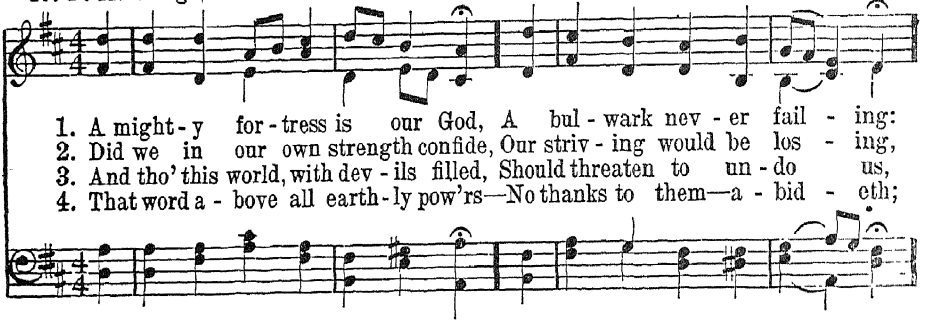
55

A Mighty Fortress is Our God

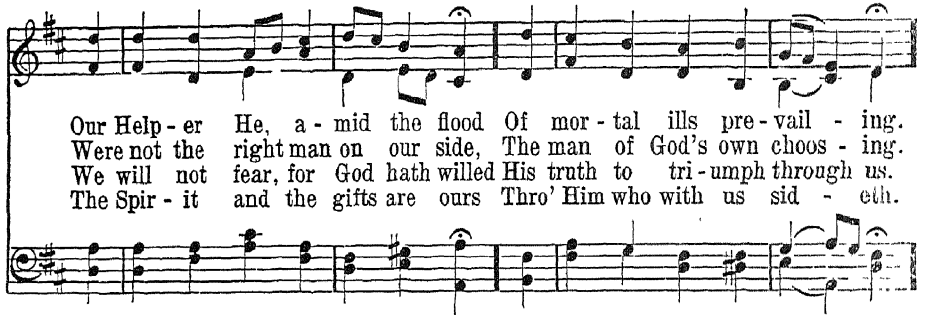
Martin Luther, 1521.
Tr. F. H. Hedge, 1853.

(LUTHER. P. M.)

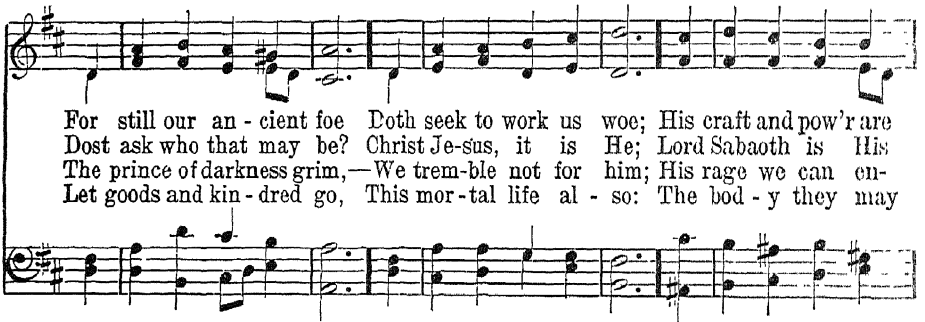
Martin Luther, 1483-1546.



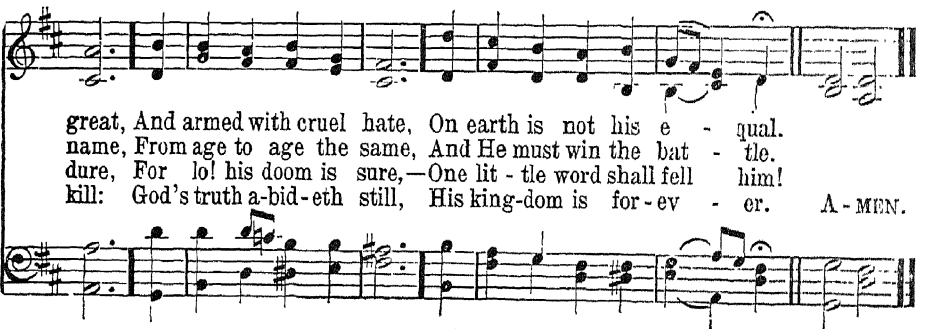
1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing:
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los-ing,
3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un-do us,
4. That word a-bove all earth-ly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a-bid-eth;



Our Help-er He, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.
Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos-ing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri-umph through us.
The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid-eth.



For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His
The prince of darkness grim,—We trem-ble not for him; His rage we can en-
Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al-so: The bod-y they may



great, And armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his e-qual.
name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat-tle.
dure, For lo! his doom is sure,—One lit-tle word shall fell him!
kill: God's truth a-bid-eth still, His king-dom is for-ev-er. A-MEN.

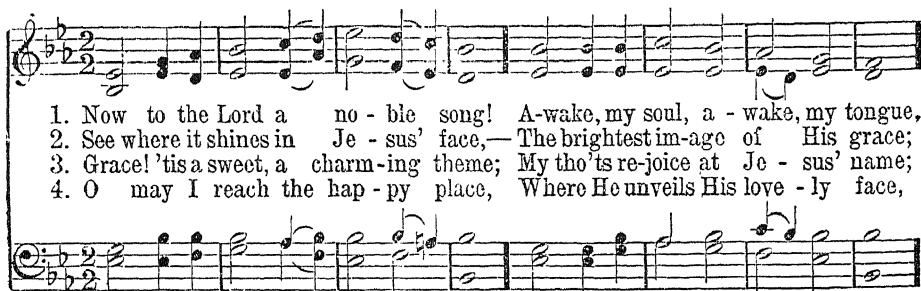
56

Now to the Lord a Noble Song

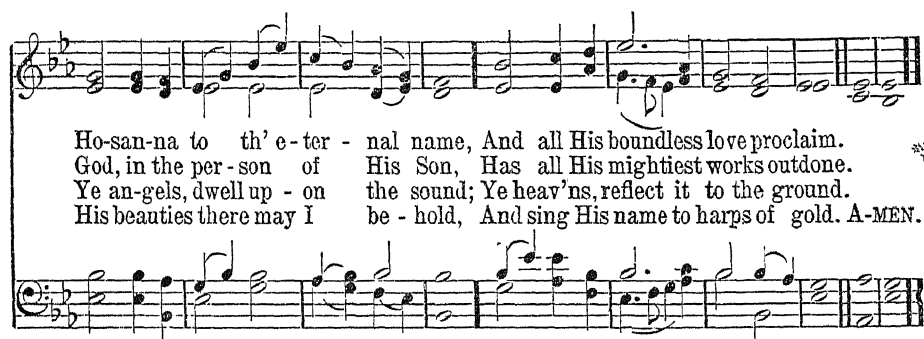
Isaac Watts, 1707.

(DUKE STREET. L. M.)

J. Hatton, 1790.



1. Now to the Lord a no - ble song! A - wake, my soul, a - wake, my tongue,
 2. See where it shines in Je - sus' face, — The brightest im - age of His grace;
 3. Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charm - ing theme; My tho'ts re - joice at Je - sus' name;
 4. O may I reach the hap - py place, Where He un - veils His love - ly face,



Ho - san - na to th' e - ter - nal name, And all His boundless love proclaim.
 God, in the per - son of His Son, Has all His mightiest works outdone.
 Ye an - gels, dwell up - on the sound; Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground.
 His beauties there may I be - hold, And sing His name to harps of gold. A - MEN.

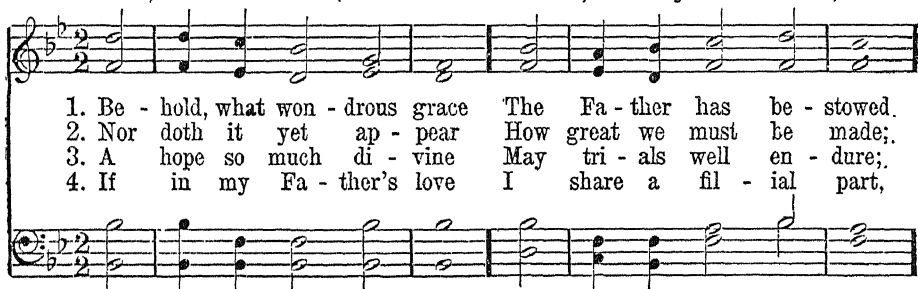
57

Behold, What Wondrous Grace

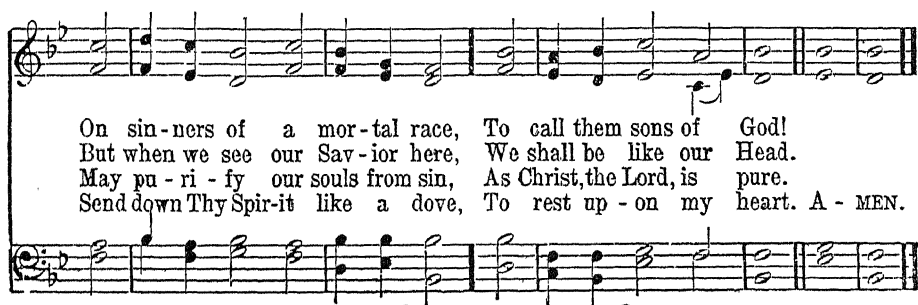
Isaac Watts, 1707.

(STATE STREET. S. M.)

J. C. Woodman, 1813.



1. Be - hold, what won - drous grace The Fa - ther has be - stowed.
 2. Nor doth it yet ap - pear How great we must be made;
 3. A hope so much di - vine May tri - als well en - dure;
 4. If in my Fa - ther's love I share a fil - ial part,



On sin - ners of a mor - tal race, To call them sons of God!
 But when we see our Sav - ior here, We shall be like our Head.
 May pu - ri - fy our souls from sin, As Christ, the Lord, is pure.
 Send down Thy Spir - it like a dove, To rest up - on my heart. A - MEN.

58

Sing, My Soul, His Wondrous Love

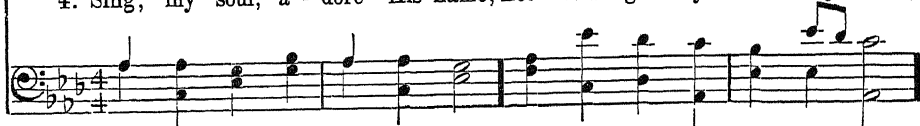
(NUREMBURG. 7s.)

J. R. Ahle, 1625-1673.

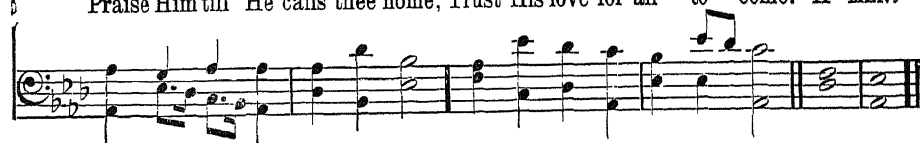
Anon.



1. Sing, my soul, His won-drous love, Who from yon bright throne a - bove,
2. Heav'n and earth by Him were made, All is by His scep - ter swayed;
3. God, the mer - ci - ful and good, Bought us with the Sav - ior's blood;
4. Sing, my soul, a - dore His name; Let His glo - ry be thy theme;



Ev - er watch-ful o'er our race, Still to man ex-tends His grace.
What are we that He should show So much love to us be - low!
And, to make our safe - ty sure, Guides us by His Spir - it pure.
Praise Him till He calls thee home, Trust His love for all to come. A - MEN.



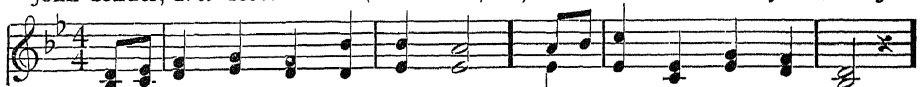
59

'Tis Not That I Did Choose Thee

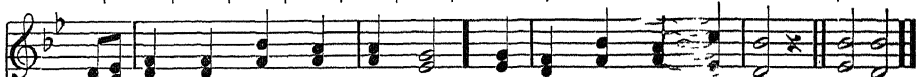
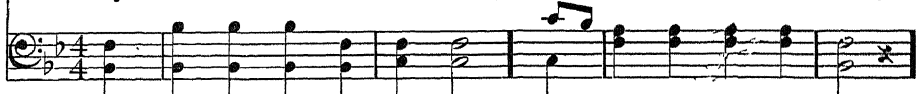
John Conder, 1789-1855.

(AULÉ. 7s, 6s.)

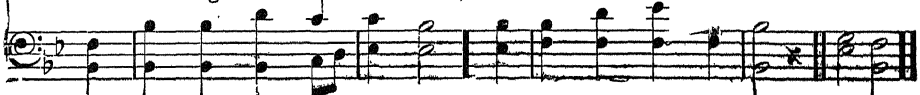
Arr. from Old Melody. E. H. J.



1. 'Tis not that I did choose Thee, For, Lord, that could not be;
2. Thou from the sin that stained me Washed me and set me free,
3. 'Twas sov-'reign mer - cy called me, And taught my ope - ning mind;
4. My heart owns none a - bove Thee; For Thy rich grace I thirst;



This heart would still re - fuse Thee, But Thou hast cho - sen me.
And to this end or - dained me, That I should live to Thee.
The world had else en - thrall'd me, To heav'n - ly glo - ries blind.
This know - ing: if I love Thee, Thou must have loved me first. A - MEN.

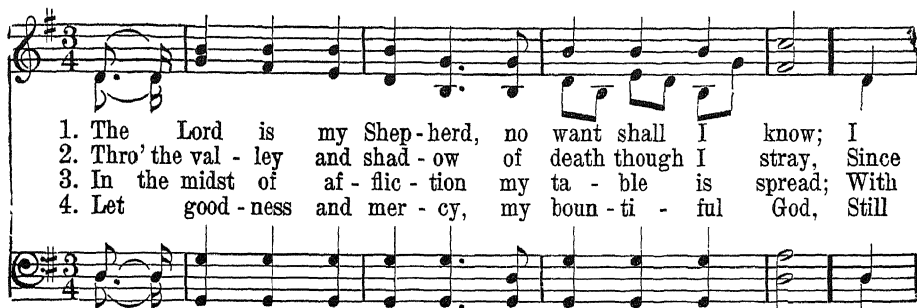


The Lord is My Shepherd

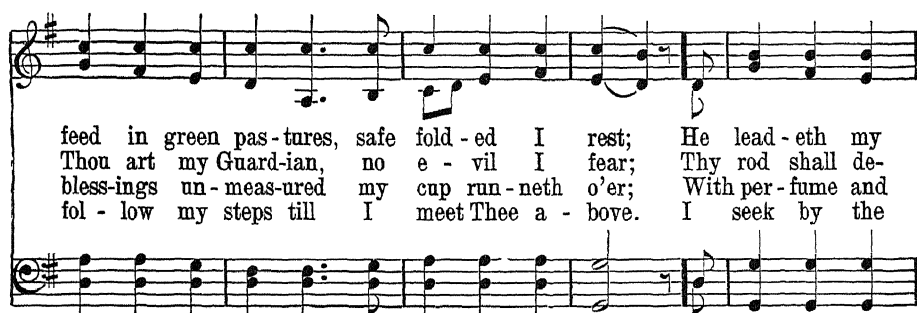
James S. Montgomery.

(POLAND. 11s.)

Thomas Koschat.



1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I
 2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death though I stray, Since
 3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With
 4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still



feed in green pas - tures, safe fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my
 Thou art my Guard - ian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de -
 bless - ings un - meas - ured my cup run - neth o'er; With per - fume and
 fol - low my steps till I meet Thee a - bove. I seek by the



soul where the still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re -
 fend me, Thy staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall, with my
 oil Thou a - noint - est my head; Oh, what shall I ask of Thy
 path which my fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy



deems when oppressed, Re - stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppressed.
 Com - fort - er near, No harm can be - fall, with my Com - fort - er near.
 prov - i - dence more? Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?
 king - dom of love, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king - dom of love. A - MEN.

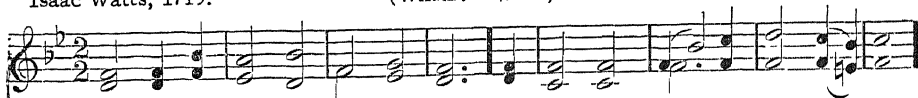
61

God is the Refuge of His Saints

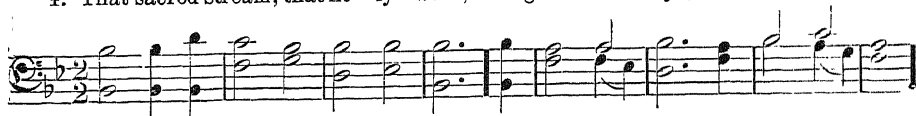
Isaac Watts, 1719.

(WARD. L. M.)

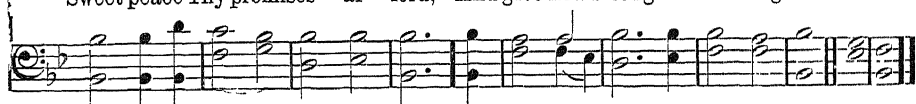
Dr. Lowell Mason, 1830.



1. God is the ref-uge of His saints, When storms of sharp dis-tress in - vade;
2. Loud may the troub-led o - cean roar; In sa - cred peace our souls a - bide.
3. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Sup - plies the cit - y of our God,
4. That sacred stream, that ho - ly word, Our grief al - lays, our fear con-trols:



Ere we can of - fer our com-plaints, Be-hold Him pres-ent with His aid.
While ev-'ry na-tion, ev - 'ry shore, Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
Life, love, and joy still glid-ing thro', And wat'ring our di-vine a - bode.
Sweet peace Thy promises af - ford, And give new strength to fainting souls. AMEN.



62

Sweet is the Memory of Thy Grace

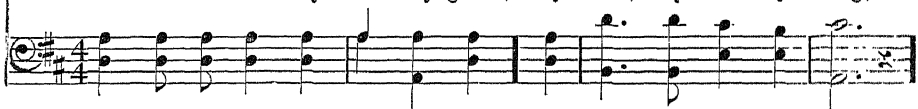
Isaac Watts, 1719.

(NAOMI. C. M.)

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



1. Sweet is the mem-'ry of Thy grace, My God, my heav'n-ly King;
2. God reigns on high, but ne'er con-fines His good-ness to the skies;
3. How kind are Thy com-pas-sions, Lord! How slow Thine an-ger moves!
4. Sweet is the mem-'ry of Thy grace, My God, my heav'n-ly King;



Let age to age Thy right-eous-ness In songs of glo - ry sing.
Thro' all the earth His boun - ty shines, And ev - 'ry want sup-plies.
But soon He sends His pard'ning word, To cheer the souls He loves.
Let age to age Thy right-eous-ness In songs of glo - ry sing. A - MEN.

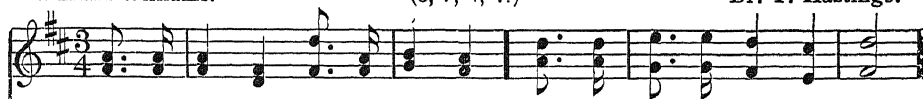


63 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah

William Williams.

(8, 7, 4, 7.)

Dr. T. Hastings.



1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow;
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side;



I am weak, but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand;
Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar, Lead me all my jour - ney through;
Bear me thro' the swell - ing cur - rent; Land me safe on Ca - naan's side:



Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more,
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield,
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee,



Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee. A - MEN.



Upward I Lift Mine Eyes

Isaac Watts, 1719.

(LISCHER. H. M.)

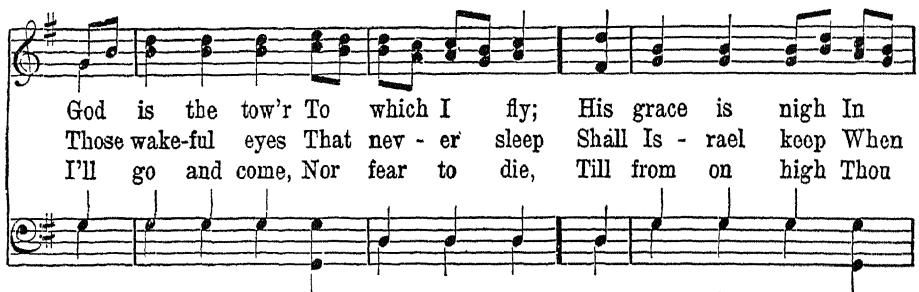
F. Schneider, 1786-1853.



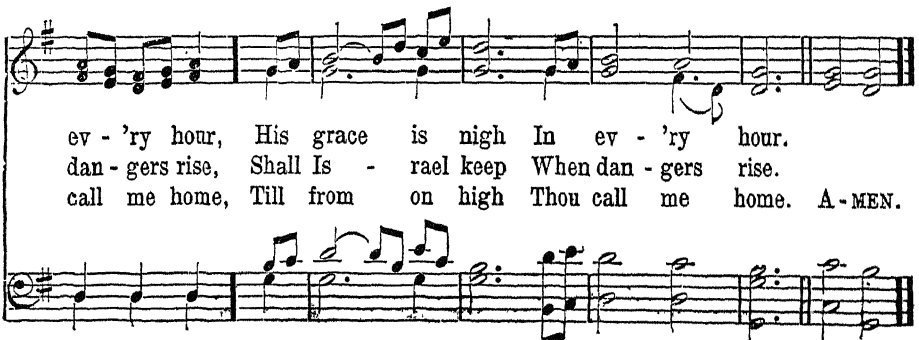
1. Up - ward I lift mine eyes; From God is all mine aid;
 2. My feet shall nev - er slide And fall in fa - tal snares.
 3. Hast Thou not giv'n Thy word To save my soul from death?



The God who built the skies, And earth and na - ture made;
 Since God, my Guard and Guide, De - fends me from my fears:
 And I can trust Thee, Lord, To keep my mor - tal breath;



God is the tow'r To which I fly; His grace is nigh In
 Those wake-ful eyes That nev - er sleep Shall Is - rael keep When
 I'll go and come, Nor fear to die, Till from on high Thou



ev - 'ry hour, His grace is nigh In ev - 'ry hour.
 dan - gers rise, Shall Is - rael keep When dan - gers rise.
 call me home, Till from on high Thou call me home. A - MEN.

65 When All Thy Mercies, O My God

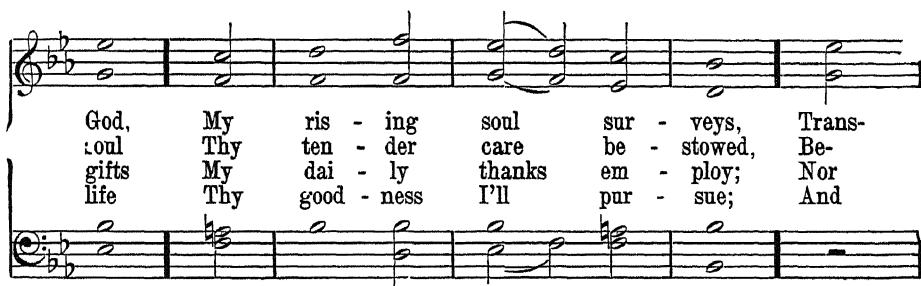
Joseph Addison, 1712.

(GENEVA. C. M.)

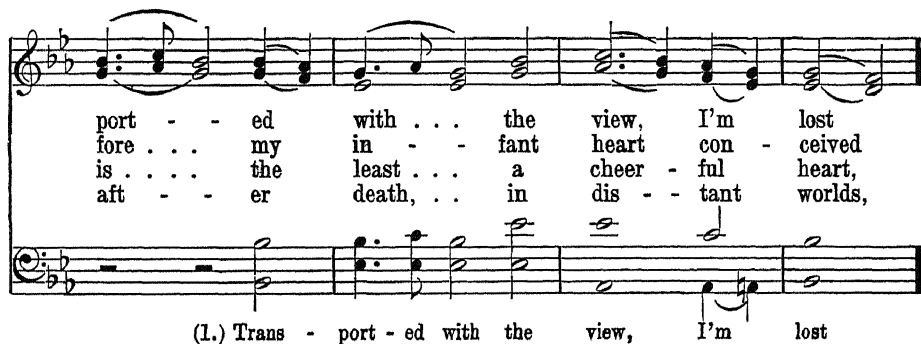
J. Cole, 1774-1855.



1. When all Thy mer - cies, O my
 2. Un - num - bered com - forts on my
 3. Ten thou - sand thou - sand pre - - - cious
 4. Through ev - - 'ry per - - iod of my
 (1.) When all Thy mer - cies, O my



God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys, Trans-
 :oul Thy ten - der care be - stowed, Be-
 gifts My dai - ly thanks em - ploy; Nor
 life Thy good - ness I'll pur - sue; And



port - - ed with . . . the view, I'm lost
 fore . . . my in - - fant heart con - ceived
 is . . . the least . . . a cheer - ful heart,
 aft - - er death, . . in dis - - tant worlds,
 (1.) Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost




In . . . won - - der, . . love, . . and praise.
 From . . whom those . . com - - forts flowed.
 That . . tastes those . . gifts . . with joy.
 The . . glo - - rious . . theme . . re - new. A - MEN.

66 God of Our Strength, Enthroned Above

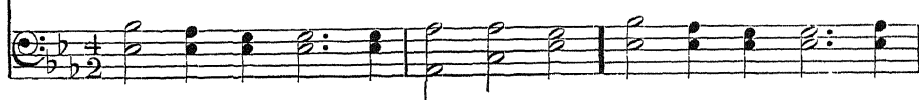
Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1882.

(8s.)

W. H. Doane.




1. God of our strength, en-throned a - bove, The source of life, the
 2. To Thee we lift our joy - ful eyes, To Thee on wings of
 3. God of our strength from day to day, Di - rect our thoughts and
 4. God of our strength, on Thee we call; God of our hope, our



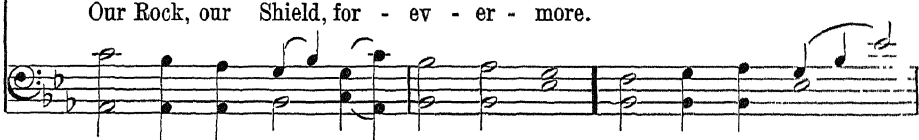


fount of love; O let de - vo - tion's sa - cred flame,
 faith we rise; Come Thou, and let Thy courts on earth,
 guide our way; O may our hearts u - nit - ed be,
 light, our all, Thy name we praise, Thy love a - dore,



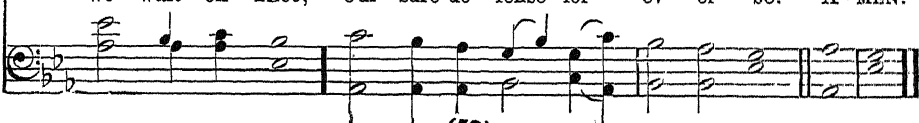
REFRAIN.



Our souls a - wake to praise Thy name.
 Ring out Thy praise in days of mirth. God of our strength, .
 In sweet com - mun - ion, Lord, with Thee.
 Our Rock, our Shield, for - ev - er - more.

we wait on Thee, Our sure de - fense for - ev - er be. A - MEN.



67

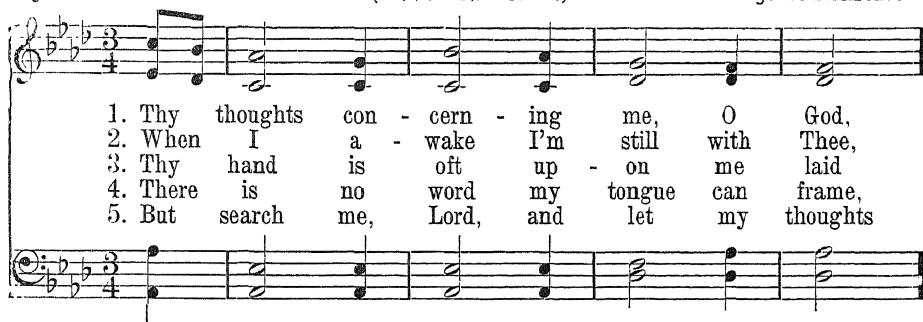
The Magnitude of Mercy

PSALM CXXXIX

J. T. N.

(ALLEYNE. C. M.)

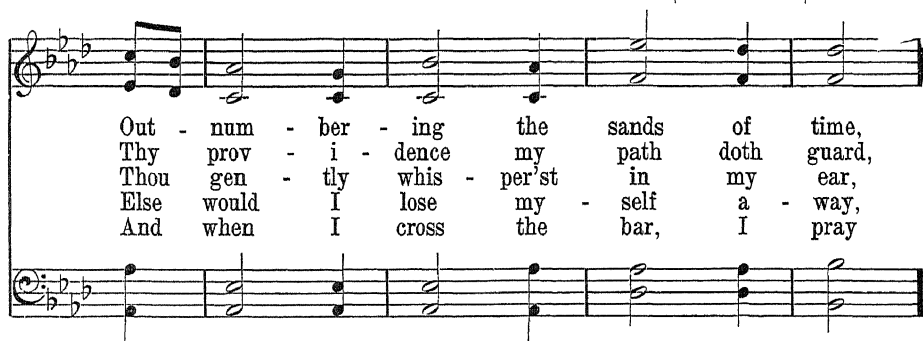
J. T. Nickens.



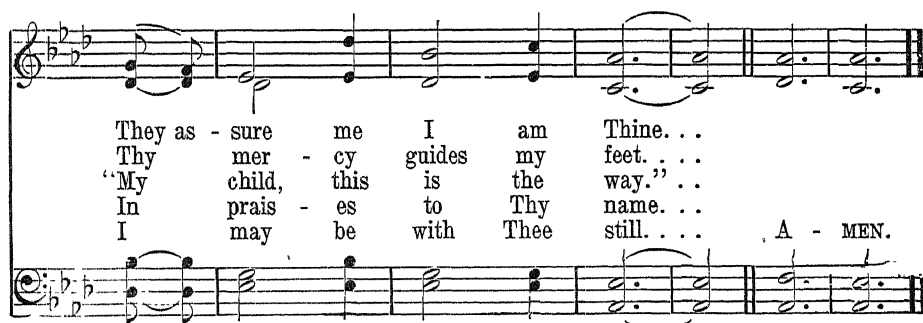
1. Thy thoughts con - cern - ing me, O God,
 2. When I a - wake I'm still with Thee,
 3. Thy hand is oft up - on me laid,
 4. There is no word my tongue can frame,
 5. But search me, Lord, and let my thoughts



Are pre - cious and di - vine, . . .
 I am by Thee be - set, . . .
 When I would go a - stray, . . .
 But what is known to Thee, . . .
 Re - flect Thy sov - 'reign will, . . .



Out - num - ber - ing the sands of time,
 Thy prov - i - dence my path doth guard,
 Thou gen - tly whis - per'st in my ear,
 Else would I lose my - self a - way,
 And when I cross the bar, I pray



They as - sure me I am Thine. . .
 Thy mer - cy guides my feet. . .
 "My child, this is the way." . .
 In prais - es to Thy name. . .
 I may be with Thee still. . . A - MEN.

68

Joy to the World! the Lord is Come

Isaac Watts, 1719.

(ANTIOCH. C. M.) Arr. from G. F. Handel, 1685-1759.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-
 2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their
 3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in-
 4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the

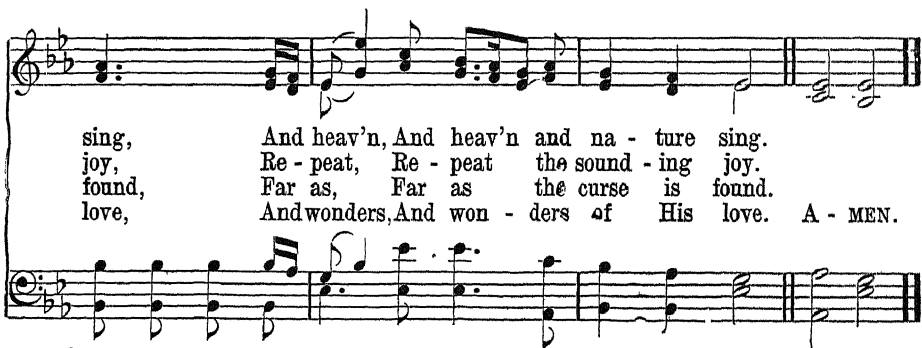


ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,
 songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
 fest the ground; He comes to make His bless-ings flow
 na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right-eous-ness,



And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture
 Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
 Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
 And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His

(L.) And heav'n and na - ture sing, And



sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na - ture sing.
 joy, Re - peat, Re - peat the sound - ing joy.
 found, Far as, Far as the curse is found.
 love, And wonders, And won - ders of His love. A - MEN.

heav'n and na - ture sing,


69

Hail, Thou Long-Expected Jesus

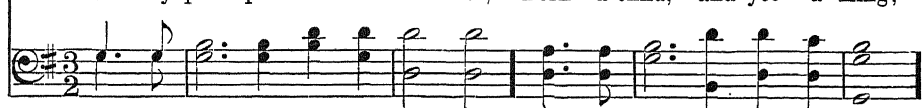

(HARWELL. 8s, 7s. D.)

Charles Wesley, 1745.

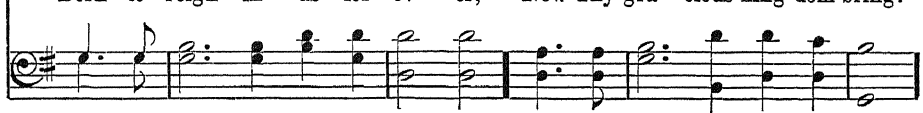
Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.




1. Hail, Thou long - ex - pect - ed Je - sus, Born to set Thy peo - ple free;
2. Born Thy peo - ple to de - liv - er, Born a child,—and yet a King,—

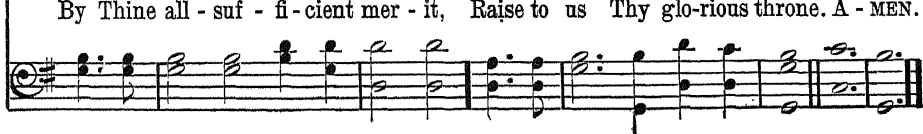
From our sins and fears re - lease us; Let us find our rest in Thee.
Born to reign in us for - ev - er, Now Thy gra - cious king - dom bring.




Is - rael's strength and con - so - la - tion; Hope of all the saints Thou art;
By Thine own e - ter - nal Spir - it, Rule in all our hearts a - lone;

Long de - sired of ev - 'ry na - tion, Joy of ev - 'ry wait - ing heart.
By Thine all - suf - fi - cient mer - it, Raise to us Thy glo - rious throne. A - MEN.



GOD THE SON—NATIVITY

70

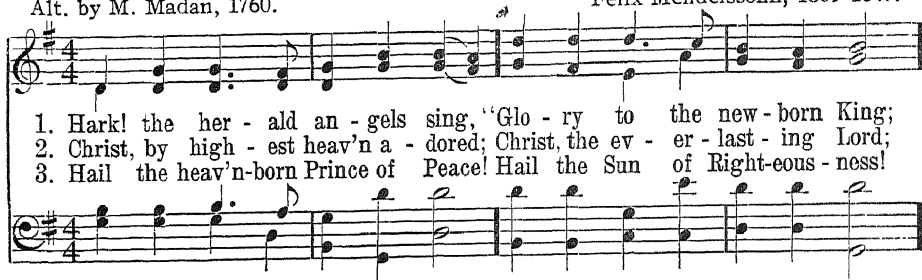
Hark! the Herald Angels Sing

C. Wesley, 1739.

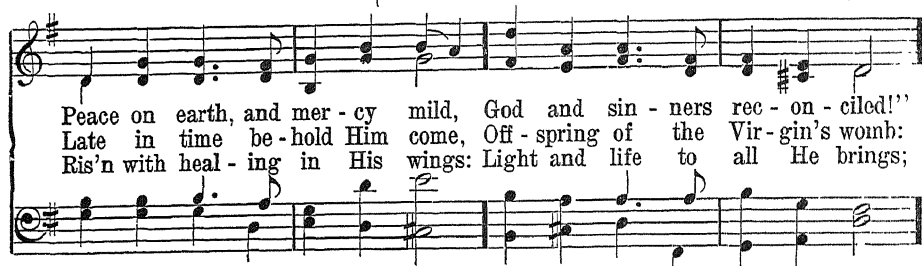
(HERALD ANGELS. 7s. D.)

Alt. by M. Madan, 1760.

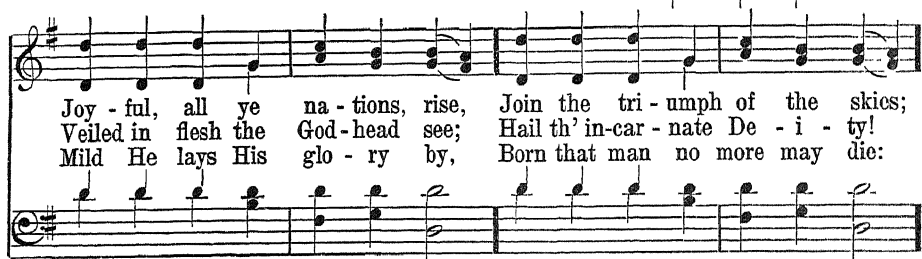
Felix Mendelssohn, 1809-1847.



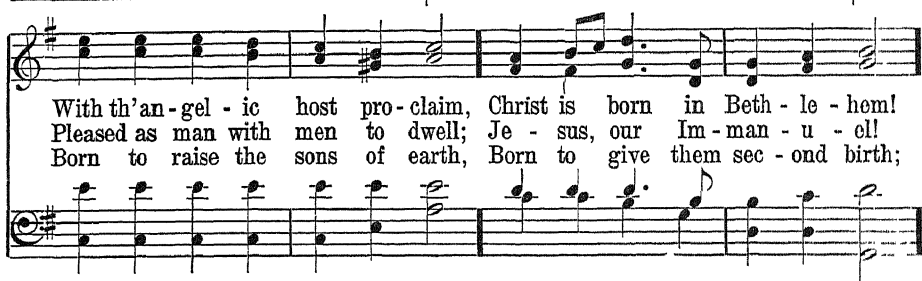
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
 2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord;
 3. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Right-eous - ness!



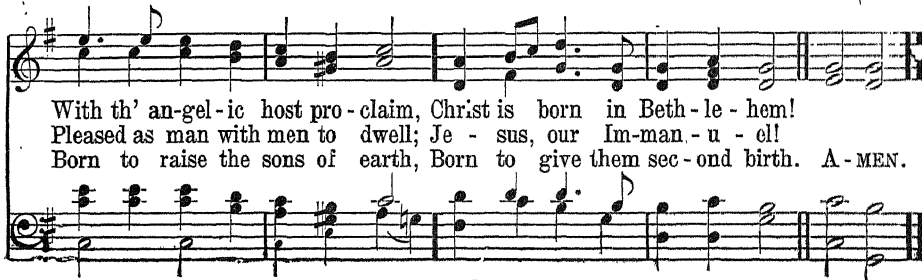
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!"
 Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of the Vir - gin's womb:
 Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings: Light and life to all He brings;



Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
 Veiled in flesh the God-head see; Hail th' in-car - nate De - i - ty!
 Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die:



With th'an - gel - ic host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!
 Pleased as man with men to dwell; Je - sus, our Im-man - u - el!
 Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth;



With th'an - gel - ic host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!
 Pleased as man with men to dwell; Je - sus, our Im-man - u - el!
 Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth. A - MEN.

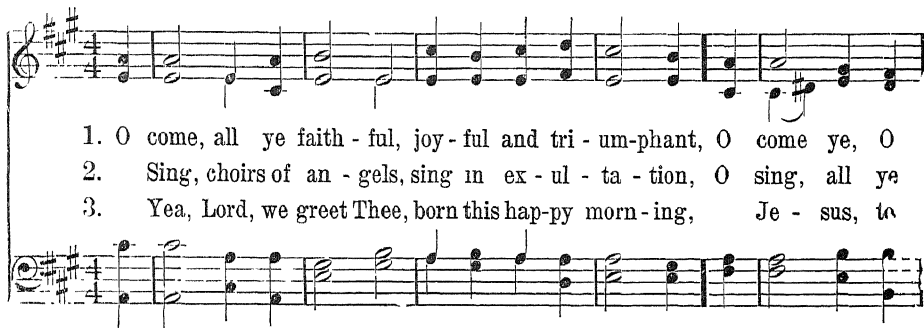
O Come, All Ye Faithful

(ADESTE FIDELES. PORTUGUESE HYMN. Irregular. With Refrain.)

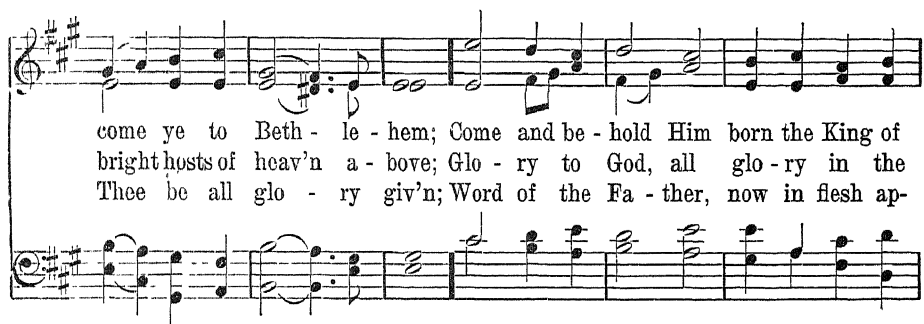
Latin Hymn, 17th Century.

Translated by Frederick Oakeley, 1841.

Wade's Cantus Diversi, 1751.



1. O come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful and tri - um - phant, O come ye, O
 2. Sing, choirs of an - gels, sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, O sing, all ye
 3. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, born this hap - py morn - ing, Je - sus, to

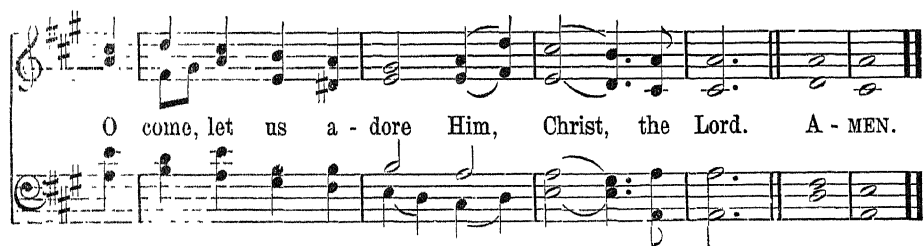


come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him born the King of
 bright - ests of heav'n a - bove; Glo - ry to God, all glo - ry in the
 Thee be all glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther, now in flesh ap -

REFRAIN.



an - gels:
 high - est: O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him,
 pear - ing:



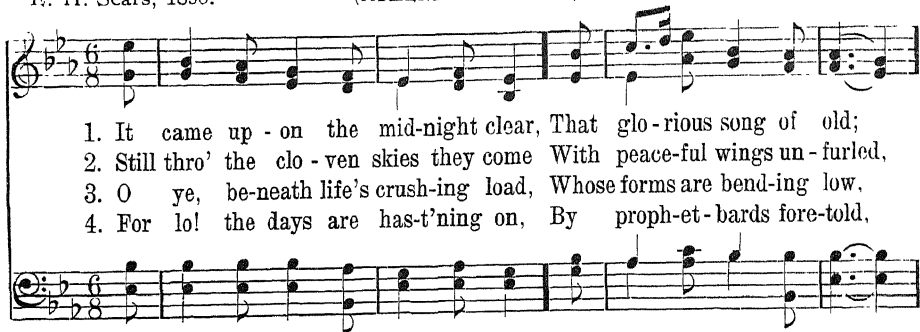
O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord. A - MEN.

It Came Upon the Midnight Clear

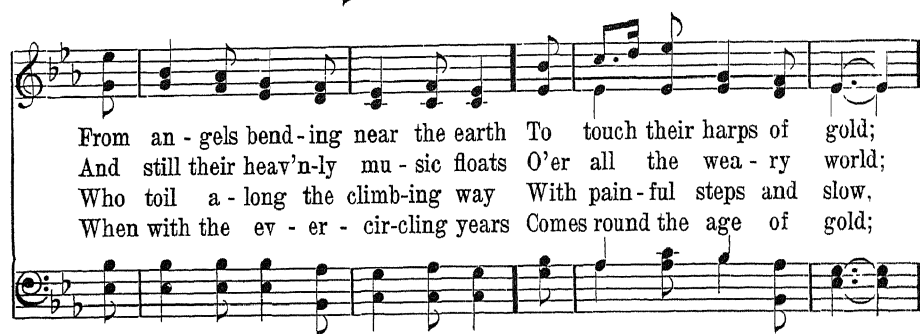
R. H. Sears, 1850.

(ATHENS. C. M. 81.)

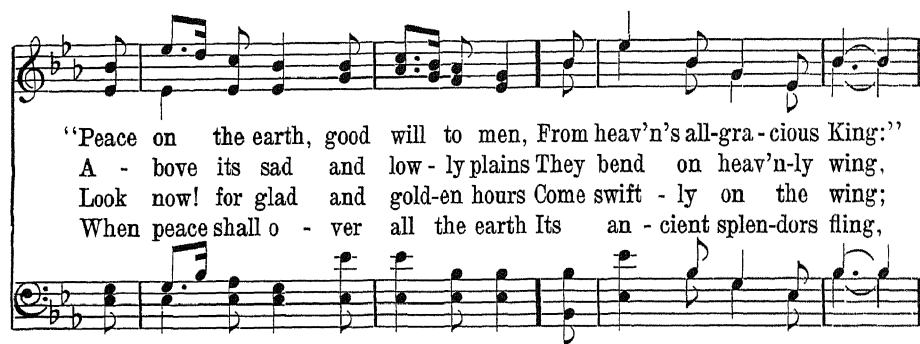
F. de Gardini, 1716-1796.



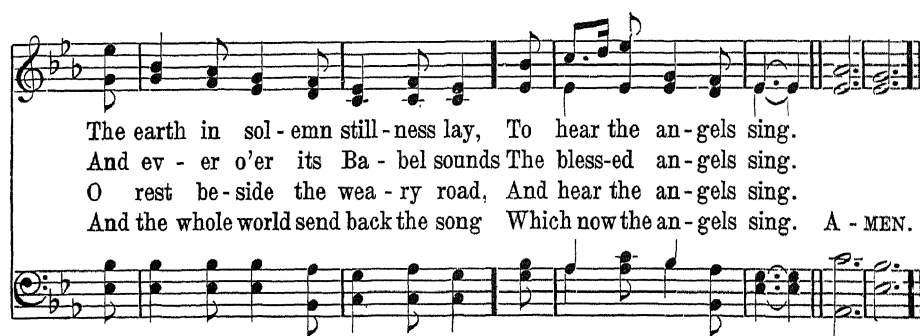
1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old;
 2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come With peace-ful wings un - furled,
 3. O ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,
 4. For lo! the days are hast'ning on, By proph-et - bards fore-told,



From an - gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
 And still their heav'n-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
 Who toil a - long the climb-ing way With pain-ful steps and slow,
 When with the ev - er - cir-ling years Comes round the age of gold;



“Peace on the earth, good will to men, From heav'n's all-gra - cious King:”
 A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on heav'n-ly wing,
 Look now! for glad and gold-en hours Come swift - ly on the wing;
 When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an - cient splen-dors fling,



The earth in sol - emn still - ness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless-ed an - gels sing.
 O rest be-side the wea - ry road, And hear the an - gels sing.
 And the whole world send back the song Which now the an - gels sing. A - MEN.

73 Calm On the Listening Ear of Night

E. H. Sears, 1834.

(CAROL. C. M. 81.)

R. Storrs Willis, 1849.



1. Calm on the lis-t'ning ear of night Comes heav'n's me-lo-dious strains,
2. The answ'ring hills of Pal-es-tine Send back the glad re-ply;
3. "Glo-ry to God!" the sound-ing skies Loud with their an-thems ring,



Where wild Ju-de-a stretch-es far Her sil-ver-man-tled plains.
 And greet, from all their ho-ly heights, The day-spring from on high.
 "Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's e-ter-nal King!"



Ce-les-tial choirs from courts a-bove Shed sa-cred glo-ries there;
 O'er the blue depths of Gal-i-lee There comes a ho-li-er calm,
 Light on thy hills, Je-ru-sa-lem! The Sav-ior now is born:



And an-gels, with their sparkling lyres, Make mu-sic on the air.
 And Shar-on waves, in sol-enn praise, Her si-lent groves of palm.
 More bright on Bethl'hem's joy-ous plains Breaks the first Christmas morn. A-MEN.

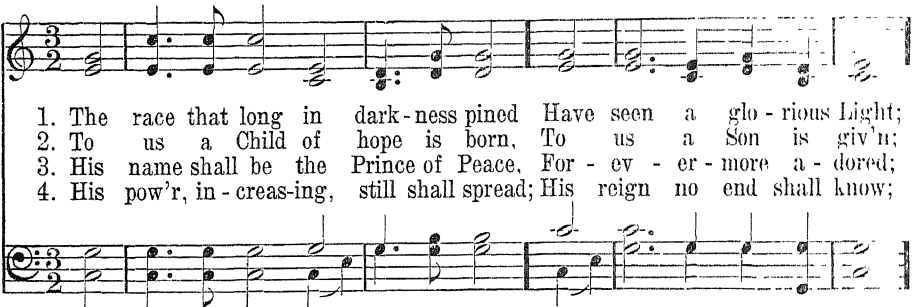


74 The Race That Long in Darkness Pined

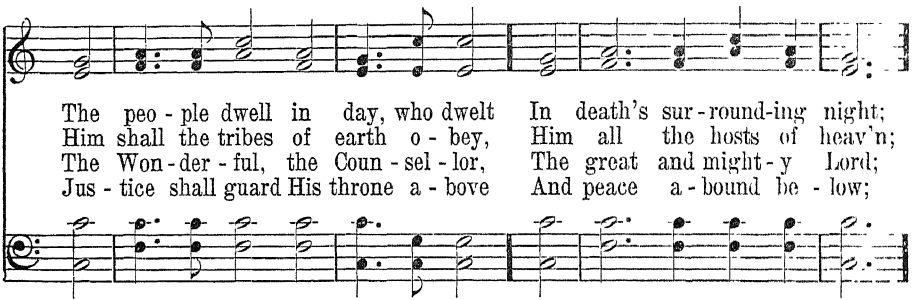
J. Morrison, 1770.

(ZERAH. C. M.)

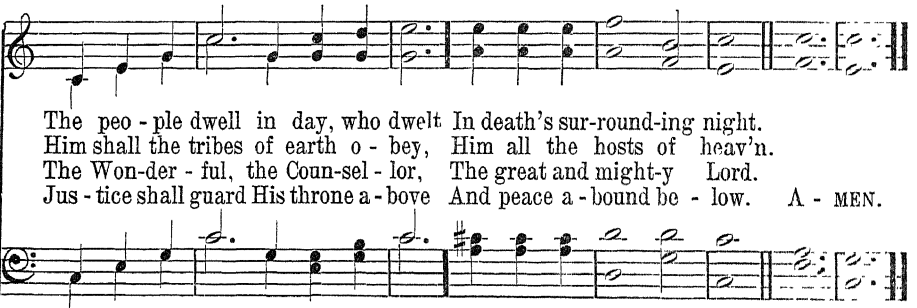
Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



1. The race that long in dark-ness pined Have seen a glo-rious Light;
 2. To us a Child of hope is born, To us a Son is giv'n;
 3. His name shall be the Prince of Peace, For-ev-er-more a-dored;
 4. His pow'r, in-creas-ing, still shall spread; His reign no end shall know;



The peo-ple dwell in day, who dwelt In death's sur-round-ing night;
 Him shall the tribes of earth o-bey, Him all the hosts of heav'n;
 The Won-der-ful, the Coun-sel-lor, The great and might-y Lord;
 Jus-tice shall guard His throne a-bove And peace a-bound be-low;

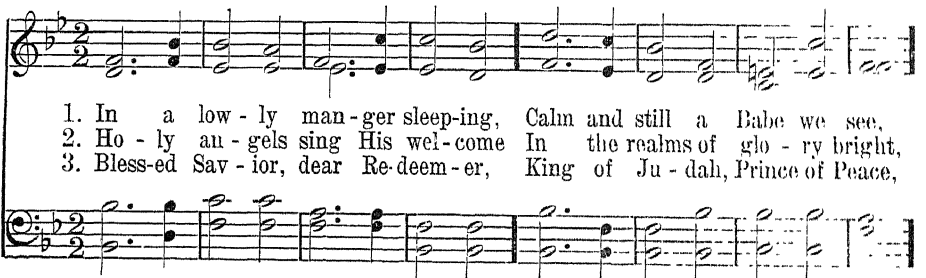


The peo-ple dwell in day, who dwelt In death's sur-round-ing night.
 Him shall the tribes of earth o-bey, Him all the hosts of heav'n.
 The Won-der-ful, the Coun-sel-lor, The great and might-y Lord.
 Jus-tice shall guard His throne a-bove And peace a-bound be-low. A-MEN.

75 In a Lowly Manger Sleeping


Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1879. (ADORATION. 8s, 7s.)

W. H. Doane.

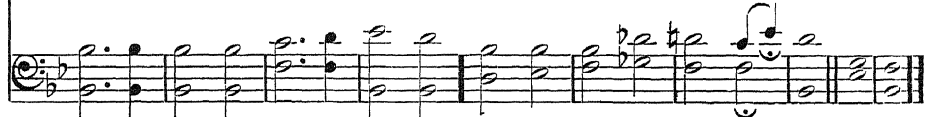


1. In a low-ly man-ger sleep-ing, Calm and still a Babe we see,
 2. Ho-ly au-gels sing His wel-come In the realms of glo-ry bright,
 3. Bless-ed Sav-ior, dear Re-deem-er, King of Ju-dah, Prince of Peace,

GOD THE SON—NATIVE,



'Tis the Ho - ly Child of prom-ise, Light of all the world is He.
While the morn-ing Stars a-round Him Fall in soft and ten - der light.
Rock of A - ges, Star of na - tions, Thy do - min - ion ne'er shall cease. A-MEN.




76 Silent Night! Holy Night!


Rev. Joseph Mohr.

(CHRISTMAS CAROL. 6s, 8s.)


Franz Gruber.




1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is dark, save the light Yon - der.
2. Si - lent night! Peace-ful night! Dark-ness flies, all is light; Shep-herds
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Guid-ing Star, lend thy light! See the
4. Si - lent night! Ho - liest night! Wondrous Star, lend thy light! With the





where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep
hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
East - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!
an - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King!



rallentando.



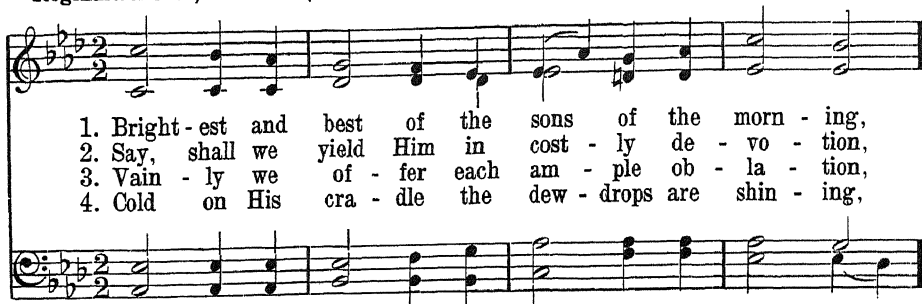
Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ the Sav - ior born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born."
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born!
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born! A - MEN.



GOD THE SON—NATIVITY

77 Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning

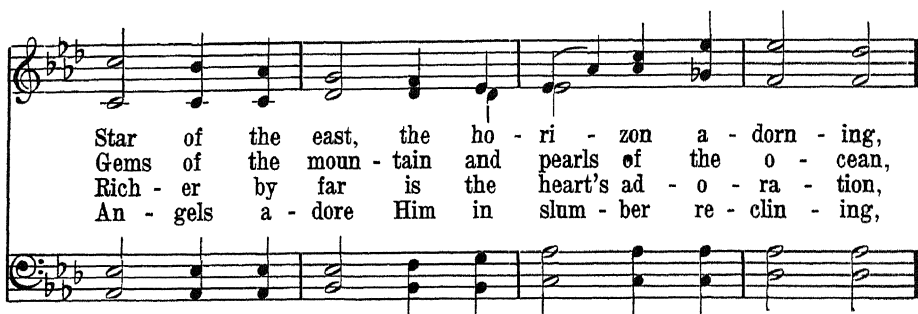
Reginald Heber, 1811. (MORNING STAR. 11, 10, 11, 10.) John P. Harding, 1861.



1. Bright - est and best of the sons of the morn - ing,
 2. Say, shall we yield Him in cost - ly de - vo - tion,
 3. Vain - ly we of - fer each am - ple ob - la - tion,
 4. Cold on His cra - dle the dew - drops are shin - ing,



Dawn on our dark - ness and lend us Thine aid,
 O - dors of E - dom and of - frings di - vine,
 Vain - ly with gifts would His fa - vor se - cure;
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;



Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing,
 Gems of the moun - tain and pearls of the o - cean,
 Rich - er by far is the heart's ad - o - ra - tion,
 An - gels a - dore Him in slum - ber re - clin - ing,



Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er is laid,
 Myrrh from the for - est, or gold from the mine?
 Dear - er to God are the prayers of the poor.
 Mak - er and Mon - arch and Sav - iour of all. A - MEN.

78

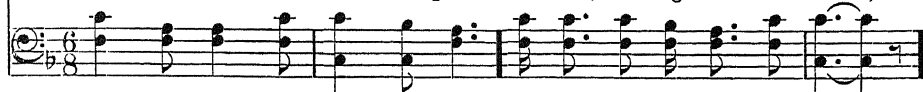
Jesus, the Light of the World

G. D. E. Arr.

Geo. D. Elderkin. Arr.



1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
2. Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
3. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored, Je - sus, the Light of the world;
4. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace! Je - sus, the Light of the world;



Glo - ry to the new - born King, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Join the tri - umph of the skies, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord, Je - sus, the Light of the world.
Hail the Sun of right - eous - ness! Je - sus, the Light of the world.



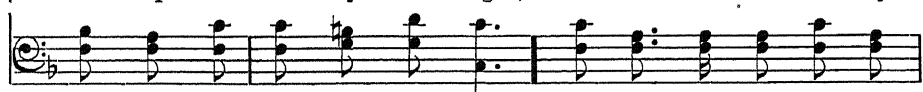
CHORUS.



We'll walk in the light, beau - ti - ful light, Come where the



dew - drops of mer - cy are bright, Shine all a - round us by

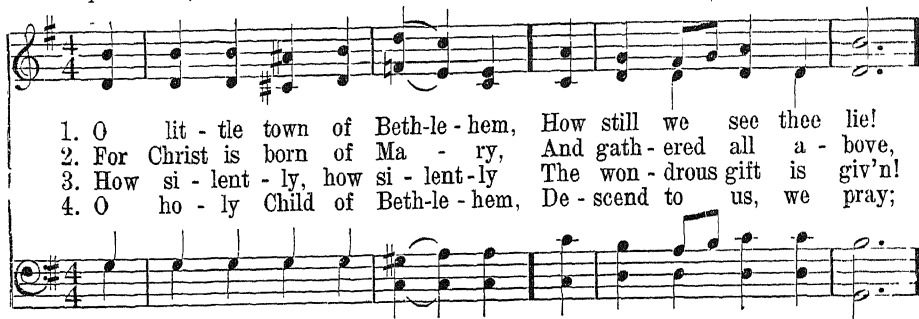


day and by night, Je - sus, the Light of the world. A - MEN.

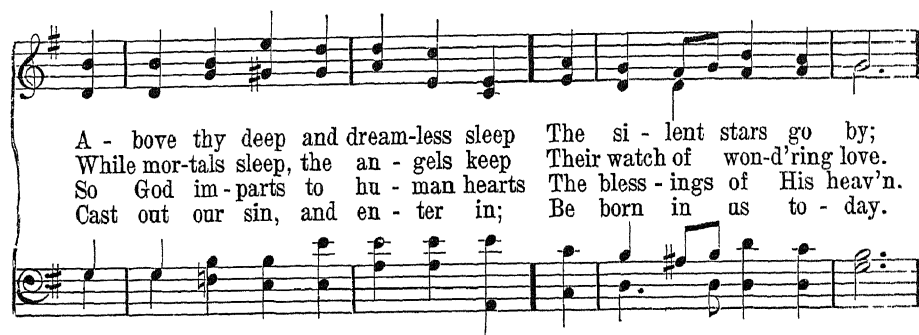


O Little Town of Bethlehem

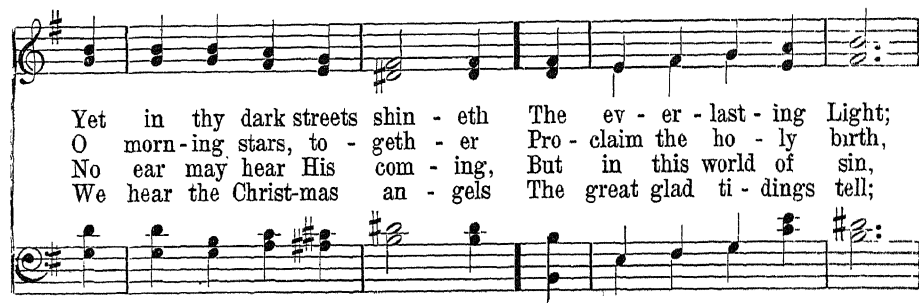
Phillips Brooks, 1868. (St. LOUIS. 8, 6, 8, 6, 7, 6, 8, 6.) Lewis H. Redner, 1868.



1. O lit - tle town of Beth-le - hem, How still we see thee lie!
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry, And gath - ered all a - bove,
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly The won - drous gift is giv'n!
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth-le - hem, De - scend to us, we pray;



A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
 While mor-tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won-d'ring love.
 So God im-parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n.
 Cast out our sin, and en - ter in; Be born in us to - day.



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth,
 No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin,
 We hear the Christ-mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell;



The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.
 And prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth!
 Where meek souls will re - ceive Him, still The dear Christ en - ters in.
 O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Im-man - u - el! A - MEN.


GOD THE SON—NATIVITY

80 While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks


(CHRISTMAS. C. M.)

Nahum Tate, 1703.

George Friedrich Handel, 1728.



1. While shepherds watched their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the
 2. "Fear not," He said,—for might-y dread Had seized their troub-led
 3. "To you, in Da - vid's town, this day, Is born of Da - vid's
 4. "The heav'n-ly Babe you there shall find To hu - man view dis-
 5. Thus spake the ser - aph—and forth-with Ap - peared a shin-ing
 6. "All glo - ry be - to God on high, And to the earth be



ground, The an - gel of the Lord came down, And
 mind,— "Glad ti - dings of great joy I bring, To
 line, The Sav - iour, who is Christ, the Lord, And
 played, All mean-ly wrapped in swath-ing bands, And
 thron'g Of an - gels, prais-ing God, who thus Ad-
 peace; Good - will hence-forth from heav'n to men Be-



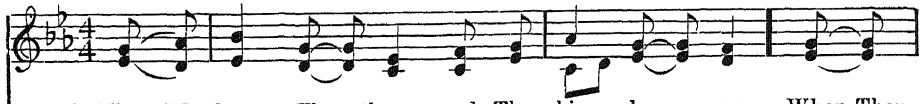
glo - ry shone a - round, And glo - ry shone a - round.
 you and all man-kind, To you and all man-kind.
 this shall be the sign, And this shall be the sign:
 in a man-ger laid, And in a man-ger laid."
 dressed their joy-ful song, Ad-dressed their joy - ful song.
 gin, and nev-er cease, Be - gin, and nev - er cease." A - MEN.

81

Thou Didst Leave Thy Throne

E. E. S. Elliott.

(VENI. P. M.)




1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy king - ly crown, When Thou
 2. Heav-en's arch - es rang when the an - gels sang, Pro - -
 3. The fox - es found rest, and the birds had their nest In the
 4. Thou cam - est, O Lord, with the liv - ing word, That should
 5. When the heav - ens shall ring, and the an - gels sing At Thy





cam - est to earth for me; But in Beth - le-hem's home was there
 claim - ing Thy roy - al de-gree; But in low - ly birth didst Thou
 shade of the for - est tree; By Thy couch was the sod, O Thou
 set Thy peo - ple free; But with mock - ing scorn, and with
 com - ing to vic - to - ry, Let Thy voice call me home, say - ing,




found no room For Thy ho - ly Na-tiv - i - ty. O
 come to earth, And in great hu - mil - i - ty. O
 Son of God, In the des - ert of Gal - i - lee. O
 crown of thorn, They bore Thee to Cal - va - ry. O
 "Yet there is room, There is room at My side for thee." And my

come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! O come to my heart, Lord
 come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! O come to my heart, Lord
 come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! O come to my heart, Lord
 come to my heart, Lord Je - sus! O come to my heart, Lord
 heart shall re-joice, Lord Je - sus, And my heart shall re-joice, Lord



GOD THE SON—NATIVITY



Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.
 Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.
 Je - sus! There is room in my heart for Thee.
 Je - sus! Thy Cross is my on - ly plea.
 Je - sus When Thou com - est and call - est for me. A - MEN.

82 Angels, From the Realms of Glory

J. Montgomery, 1819.

(REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s.)

H. Smart, 1867.



1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
 2. Shep - herds in the field a - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your flocks by night;
 3. Sa - ges, leave your con - tem - pla - tions; Bright - er vi - sions beam a - far:

Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth:
 God with man is now re - sid - ing, Yon - der shines the in - fant light:
 Seek the great De - sire of na - tions, Ye have seen His na - tal star:

Come and wor - ship, Come and wor - ship, Worship Christ, the new - born King.
 Come and wor - ship, Come and wor - ship, Worship Christ, the new - born King.
 Come and wor - ship, Come and wor - ship, Worship Christ, the new - born King. A - MEN.

83 My Dear Redeemer and My Lord

Isaac Watts, 1707.

(WINDHAM. L. M.)

Daniel Read, 1757-1836.

1. My dear Re-deem-er and my Lord, I read my du-ty in Thy word;
 2. Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal, Such def'rence to Thy Fa-ther's will,
 3. Cold mountains and the mid-night air Witnessed the fer-vor of Thy prayer;
 4. Be Thou my pat-tern; make me bear More of Thy gra-cious im-age here;

But in Thy life the law ap-pears, Drawn out in liv-ing char-ac-ters.
 Such love and meekness so di-vine, I would transcribe and make them mine.
 The des-ert Thy temptations knew, Thy con-flict and Thy vic-t'ry too.
 Then God, the Judge, shall own my name Among the foll'wers of the Lamb. A - MEN.

84 How Beauteous Were the Marks Divine

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1838. (ROCKINGHAM. L. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.

1. How beauteous were the marks di-vine, That in Thy meek-ness used to shine;
 2. O who like Thee, so calm, so bright, So pure, so made to live in light—
 3. O who like Thee so hum-bly bore The scorn, the scoffs of men, be-fore?
 4. O in Thy light be mine to go, Il-lum-ing all my way of woe:

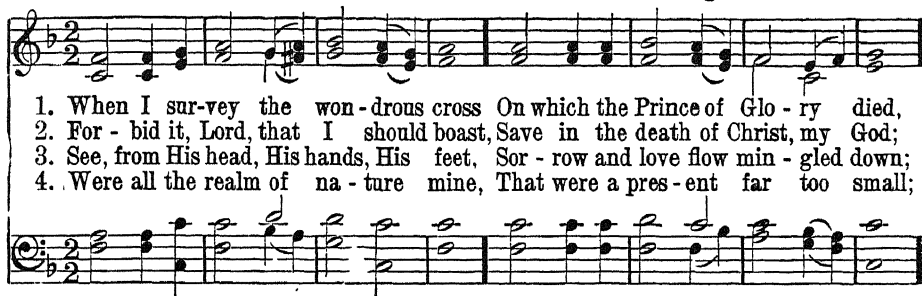
That lit Thy lone-ly pathway, trod In wondrous love, O Son of God!
 O who like Thee did ev-er go So pa-tient thro' a world of woe?
 So meek, for-giv-ing, god-like, high, So glo-rious in hu-mil-i-ty?
 And give me ev-er on the road To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God. A - MEN.

85 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

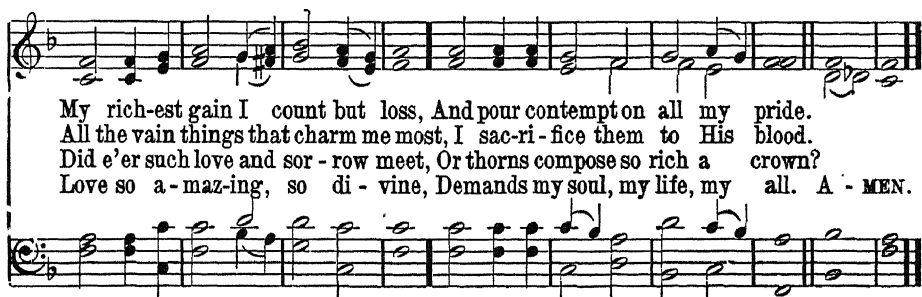
Isaac Watts, 1707.

(HAMBURG. L. M.)

Arr. by Dr. Lowell Mason,
from Gregorian. Tone VIII.



1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down;
4. Were all the realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;



My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all. A - MEN.

86 In the Cross of Christ I Glory

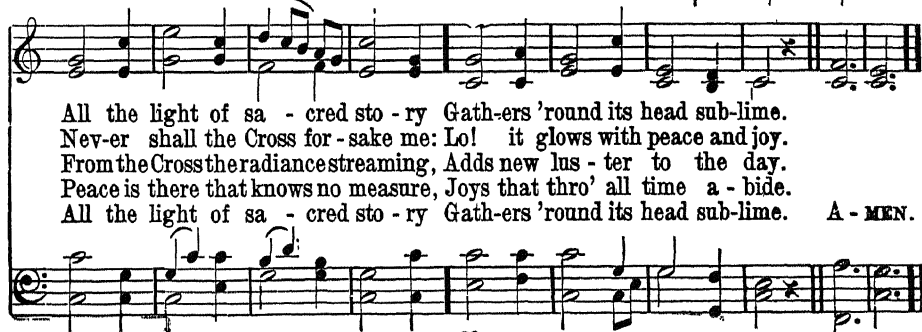
J. Bowring.

(RATHBUN. 8, 7, 8, 7.)

I. Conkey.



1. In the Cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up-on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the Cross are sanc-ti-fied;
5. In the Cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;



All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers 'round its head sub-lime.
Nev-er shall the Cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the Cross the radiance streaming, Adds new lus-ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time a-bide.
All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers 'round its head sub-lime. A - MEN.

87 To Thee Be Glory, Honor, Praise

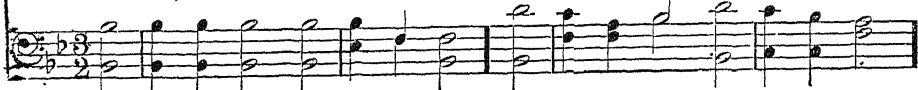
Theodulph: Tr. by C. 1861.

(HEBRON. L. M.)

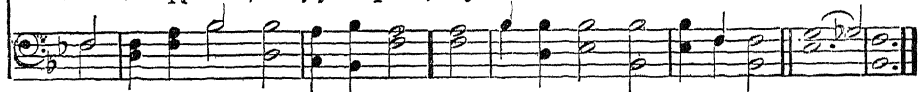
Lowell Mason.



1. To Thee be glo - ry, hon - or, praise, Je - sus, Re - deem - er, Sav - ior, King!
2. Hail, Is - rael's King! Hail Da - vid's Son! Hail, Thou that in Je - ho - vah's name
3. Then, in Thy way to Sa - lem's courts, They met Thee with tri - um - phal palms;
4. Then, from the shouts of fick - le joy Thou passedst to Thy cross, Thy grave;
5. To Thee, Re - deem - er, Sav - ior, King, To Thee be glo - ry, hon - or, praise!



In - spired with joy at Thine approach, Thy children loud ho - san - nas sing.
 Didst come Thy peo - ple to re - deem, And com - est now Thy crown to claim!
 Now, for Thy glad re - turn we watch With longing prayers, and vows, and psalms.
 Now, from the dawn of end - less day, We welcome Him that comes to save.
 At Thine approach, with joy in - spired, Thy children loud ho - san - nas raise. A - MEN.



88 Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee

Bernard.

(ST. AGNES. C. M.)

J. B. Dykes.



1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet - ness fills my breast:
2. No voice can sing, no hear can frame Nor can the mem - 'ry find
3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,
4. But what to those who find? Ah! this Nor tongue nor pen can show,



But sweet - er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
 A sweet - er sound than Je - sus' name, The Sav - ior of man - kind.
 To those who ask, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
 The love of Je - sus, what it is None but His loved ones know. A - MEN.



GOD THE SON—PASSION AND CRUCIFIXION

89

They Led Him Away

Herbert Buffum and C. H. G.

(10s, 7s, 9s.)

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. They led Him a - way to be cru - ci - fied, The meek and low - ly
 2. They led Him a - way—nor did He re - bel, The great, re-deem - ing
 3. They led Him a - way—and He died for me, The lov - ing, liv - ing

Je - sus! And there on the cross, between thieves He died, My won - der - ful,
 Je - sus! The an - guish He suf - fered no tongue can tell This won - der - ful,
 Je - sus! I'll fol - low His steps till His face I see, This won - der - ful,

CHORUS.

won - der - ful Je - sus. They led Him a - way, they led Him a - way

To Cal - va - ry's rug - ged cross! . . . He fol - lowed, a - lone,

dim. Our sins to a - tone, *ad lib.* This won - der - ful, won - der - ful Je - sus. A - MEN.

90

The Old Rugged Cross

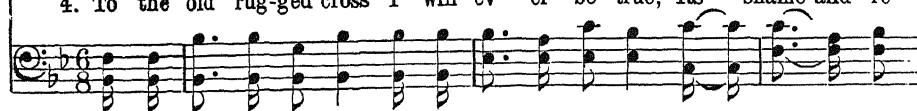
G. B.

(12s, 9s.)

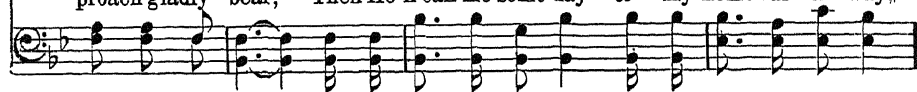
Rev. Geo. Bennard.



1. On a hill far a-way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de-spised by the world, Has a won-drous at-
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di-vine, A won-drous
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev-er be true, Its shame and re-

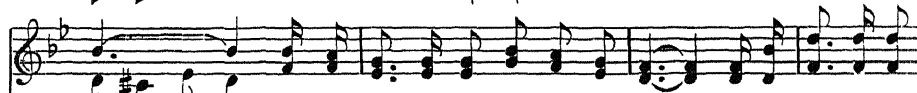
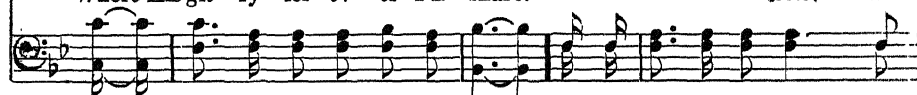


suf-f'ring and shame, And I love that old cross where the dear-est and best
trac-tion for me, For the dear Lamb of God left His glo-ry a-bove,
beau-ty I see; For 'twas on that old cross Je-sus suf-fered and died,
proach gladly bear; Then He'll call me some day to my home far a-way.

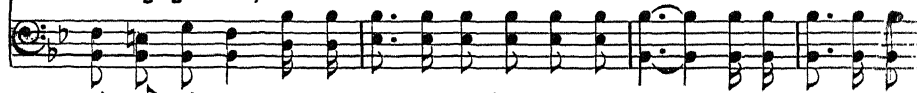


CHORUS.

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain.
To bear it to dark Cal-va-ry. So I'll cher-ish the old rug-ged
To par-don and sanc-ti-fy me.
Where His glo-ry for-ev-er I'll share.



cross, Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the
old rug-ged cross,



old rug-ged cross, And ex-change it some day for a crown. A-MEN.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,



GOD THE SON—PASSION AND CRUCIFIXION

91 There is a Green Hill Far Away

(WINCHESTER. C. M. With Refrain.)

Cecil F. Alexander, 1848.

Dr. A. M. Townsend.



1. There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall,
2. We may not know, we can - not tell What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for - giv'n, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin;



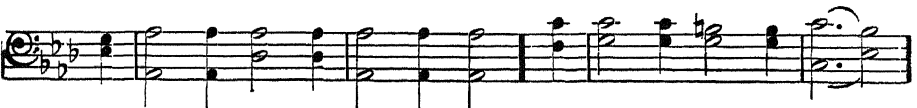
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.



REFRAIN.



Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too,



And trust in His re - deem - ing blood, And try His works to do. A - MEN.



GOD THE SON—PASSION AND CRUCIFIXION

92

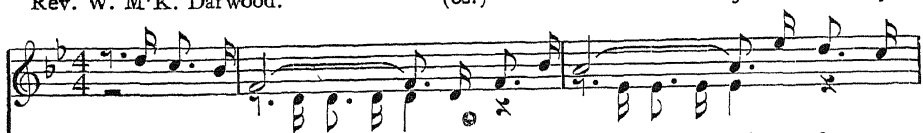
Calvary

"The place which is called Calvary, here they crucified Him."—LUKE 23: 33.

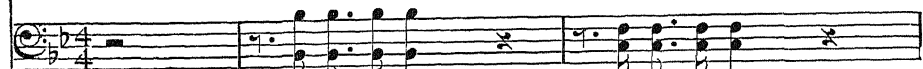
Rev. W. M'K. Darwood.

(8s.)

Jno. R. Sweney.



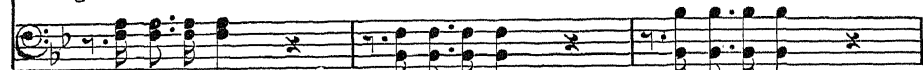
1. On Calv'ry's brow my Sav-ior died, 'Twas there my
 2. 'Mid rend-ing rocks and dark'ning skies, My Sav - ior
 3. O Je - sus, Lord, how can it be, That Thou shouldst



1. On Calv'ry's brow my Sav-ior died,



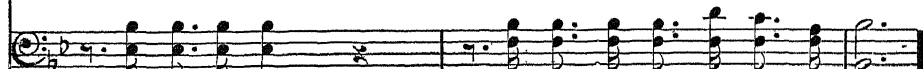
Lord . . . was cru-ci-fied: . . . 'Twas on the cross . . . He bled for
 bows . . . His head and dies; . . . The opening vail . . . re-veals the
 give . . . Thy life for me, . . . To bear the cross . . . and ag - o-



'Twas there my Lord was cru-ci-fied: 'Twas on the cross



me, And pur-chased there my par-don free.
 way To heav-en's joys and end-less day.
 ny,— In that dread hour on Cal - va - ry!

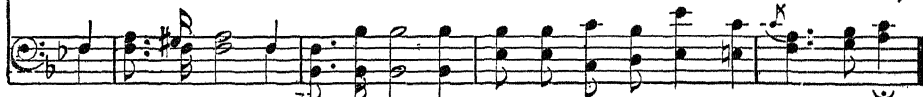


He bled for me, And pur-chased there my par - don free.

CHORUS.



O Cal - va - ry! dark Cal - va - ry! Where Je - sus shed His blood for me;
 for me;



Copyright, 1886, by Jno. R. Sweney. Used by permission.

GOD THE SON—PASSION AND CRUCIFIXION

mf *ff* *mf* *rit. p*

O Cal - va - ry! blest Cal - va - ry! 'Twas there my Sav - ior died for me. A - MEN.

93

O Garden of Olivet

(HUNTINGTON. 11s.)

1. O gar - den of Ol - i - vet, dear hon - ored spot, The fame of thy
2. Come, saints, and a - dore Him: come, bow at His feet! O, give Him the

won - der shall ne'er be for - got: The theme most transporting to ser - aphs a -
glo - ry, the praise that is meet: Let joy - ful ho - san - nas un - ceas - ing a -

1. The
2. Let

bove; The tri - umph of sor - row, the
rise, And join the full cho - rus that

theme most trans - port - ing to ser - aphs a - bove;
joy - ful ho - san - nas un - ceas - ing a - rise;

tri - umph of love! The tri - umph of sor - row, the tri - umph of love!
gladdens the skies, And join the full cho - rus that gladdens the skies. A - MEN.

GOD THE SON—PASSION AND CRUCIFIXION

94

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1100.


[First Tune]

Tr. P. Gerhardt, 1666.


(GERHARDT. 7s, 6s. 81.)

J. W. Alexander, 1829. Ab.


J. P. Holbrook, 1862.




1. O sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weighed down,
 2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain;
 3. The joy can ne'er be spo - ken, A - bove all joys be - side,
 4. What language shall I bor - row, To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,



Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed, With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;
 Mine, mine was the trans - gres - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain.
 When in Thy bod - y bro - ken I thus with safe - ty hide.
 For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?



O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now, was Thine!
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;
 My Lord of life, de - sir - ing Thy glo - ry now to see,
 Oh, make me Thine for - ev - er; And should I faint - ing be,

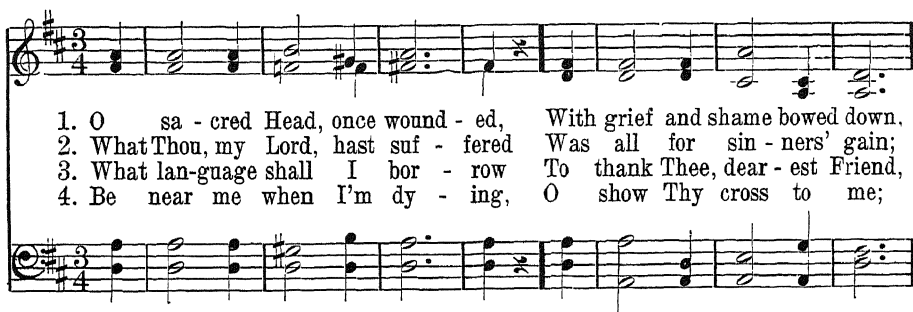


Yet, though de-spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine!
 Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
 Be - side the cross ex - pir - ing, I'd breathe my soul to Thee.
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er, Out - live my love to Thee. A - MEN.

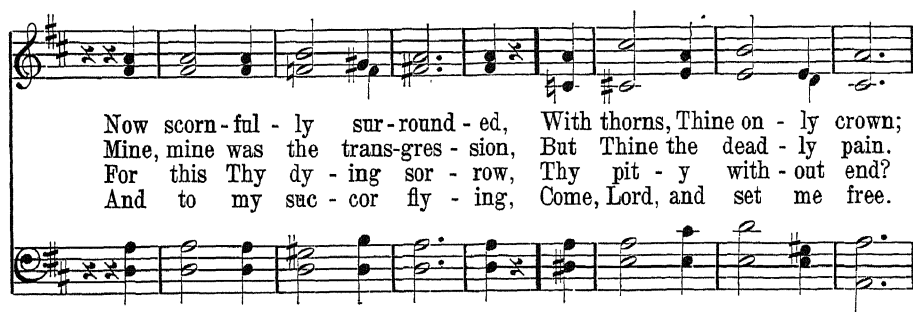
O Sacred Head, Once Wounded

[Second Tune]

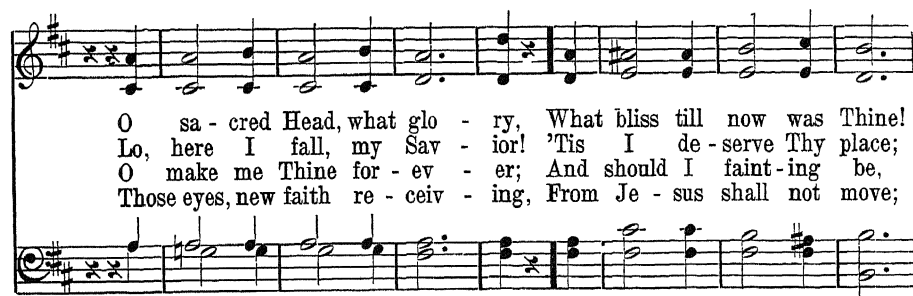
(SHIPP. 7, 6, 7, 6.)



1. O sa - cred Head, once wound - ed, With grief and shame bowed down,
 2. What Thou, my Lord, hast suf - fered Was all for sin - ners' gain;
 3. What lan - guage shall I bor - row To thank Thee, dear - est Friend,
 4. Be near me when I'm dy - ing, O show Thy cross to me;



Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed, With thorns, Thine on - ly crown;
 Mine, mine was the trans - ges - sion, But Thine the dead - ly pain.
 For this Thy dy - ing sor - row, Thy pit - y with - out end?
 And to my sac - cor fly - ing, Come, Lord, and set me free.



O sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss till now was Thine!
 Lo, here I fall, my Sav - ior! 'Tis I de - serve Thy place;
 O make me Thine for - ev - er; And should I faint - ing be,
 Those eyes, new faith re - ceiv - ing, From Je - sus shall not move;



Yet, though despised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine!
 Look on me with Thy fa - vor, Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.
 Lord, let me nev - er, nev - er Out - live my love to Thee.
 For he who dies be - liev - ing Dies safe - ly thro' Thy love. A - MEN.

Surely He Died On Calvary

(8s, 9s.

Arr. by J. D. Bushell, D. D.

Con espress. *m*

Cal - va - ry, Cal - va - ry, . . . Cal - va -

p

ry, . . . Cal - va - ry, . . . Cal - va - ry, . . . Cal - va -

m *p* *pp* FINE. LAST TIME

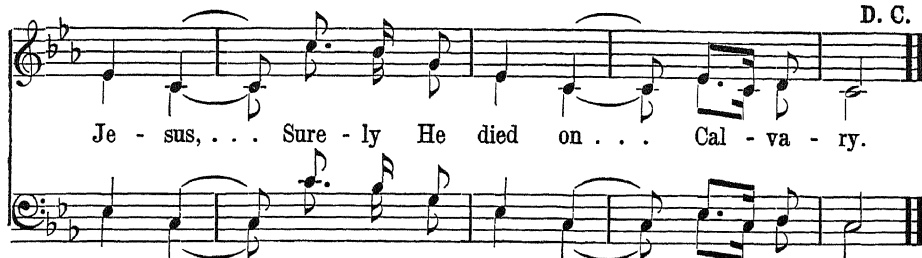
ry, . . . Sure - ly He died on Cal - va - ry. . . A - MEN.

1. Ev - 'ry time I . . . think a - bout Je - sus, Ev - 'ry

time I . . think a - bout Je - sus, Ev - 'ry time I . . think a - bout

GOD THE SON—PASSION AND CRUCIFIXION

D. C.



Je - sus, . . . Sure - ly He died on . . . Cal - va - ry.

- 2 Don't you hear the hammer ringing?
- 3 Don't you hear Him calling His Father?
- 4 Don't you hear Him say, "It is finished"?"
- 5 Jesus furnished my salvation.
- 6 Sinner, do you love my Jesus?

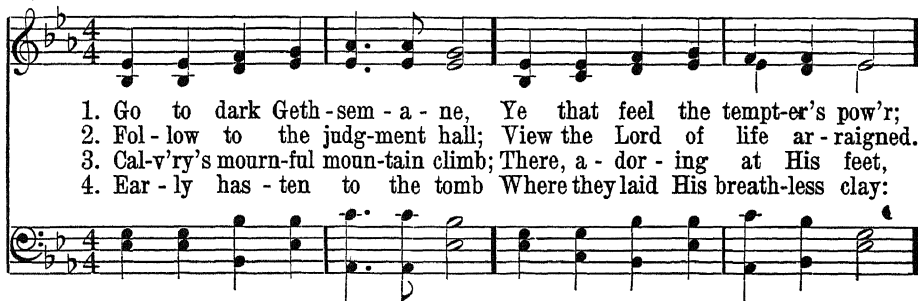
97

Go to Dark Gethsemane

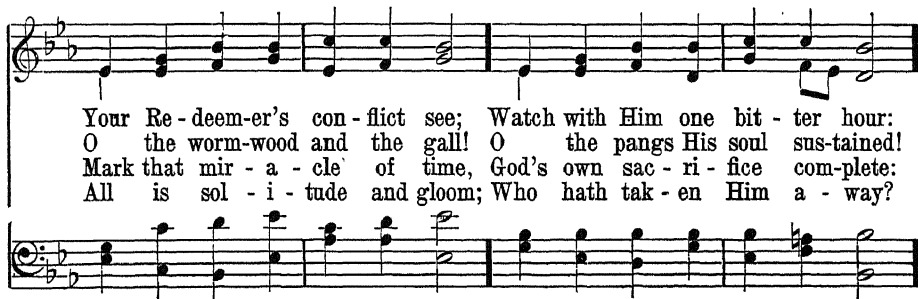
(AJALON. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.)

James Montgomery, 1820 (Text of 1853).

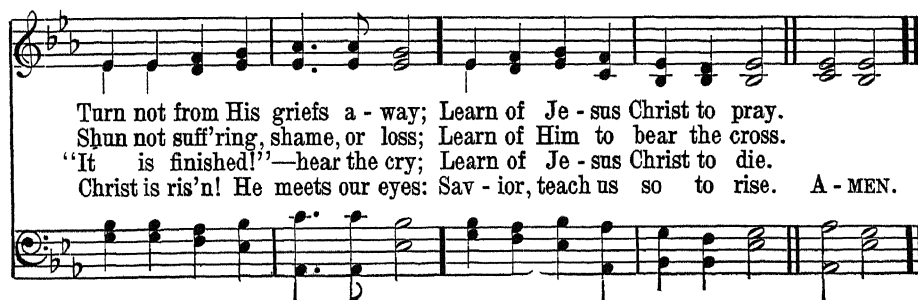
Richard Redhead, 1853.



1. Go to dark Geth-sem-a-ne, Ye that feel the tempt-er's pow'r;
2. Fol-low to the judg-ment hall; View the Lord of life ar-raigned.
3. Cal-v'ry's mourn-ful moun-tain climb; There, a-dor-ing at His feet,
4. Ear-ly has-ten to the tomb Where they laid His breath-less clay:



Your Re-deem-er's con-flict see; Watch with Him one bit-ter hour:
O the worm-wood and the gall! O the pangs His soul sus-tained!
Mark that mir-a-cle of time, God's own sac-ri-fice com-plete:
All is sol-i-tude and gloom; Who hath tak-en Him a-way?



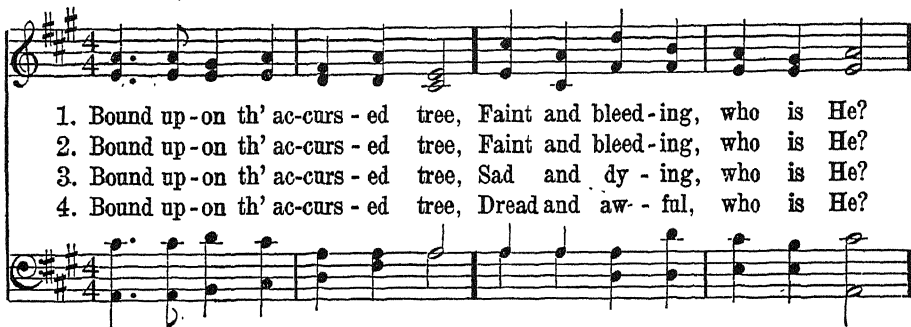
Turn not from His griefs a-way; Learn of Je-sus Christ to pray.
Shun not suff'ring, shame, or loss; Learn of Him to bear the cross.
"It is finished!"—hear the cry; Learn of Je-sus Christ to die.
Christ is ris'n! He meets our eyes: Sav-ior, teach us so to rise. A-MEN.

Bound Upon the Accursed Tree

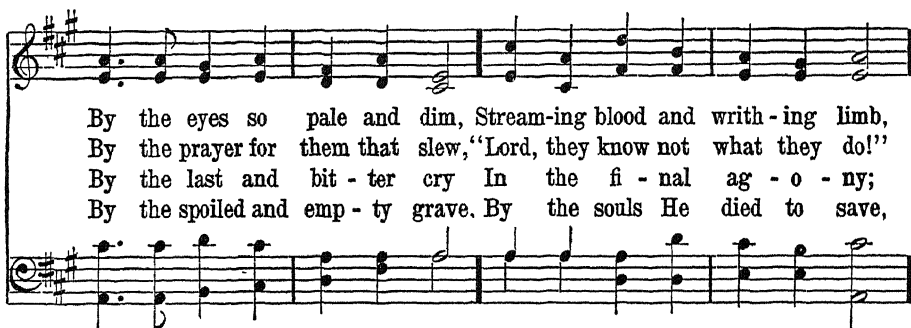
H. H. Milman, 1827.

(SPANISH HYMN. 7s. D.)

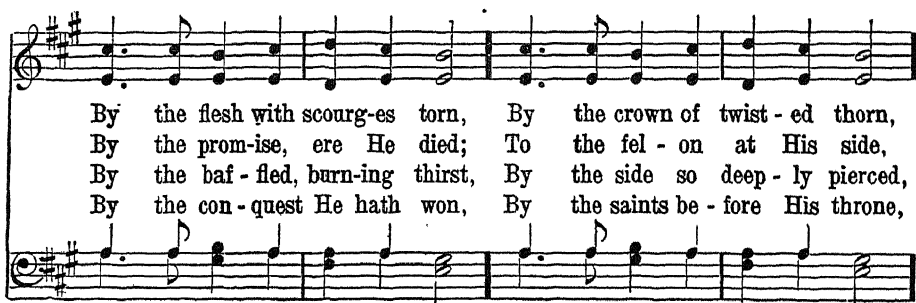
Spanish Melody.



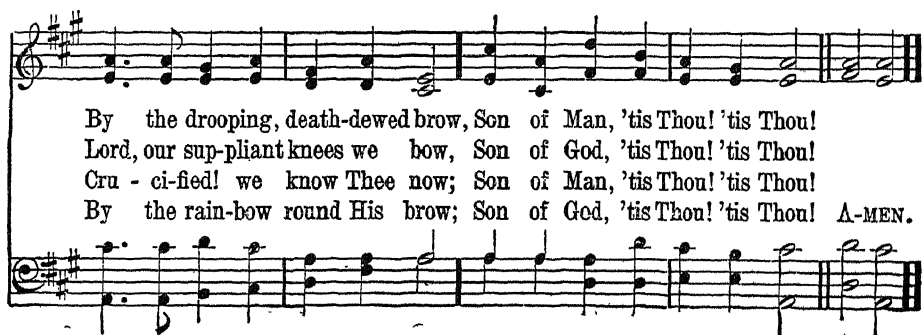
1. Bound up-on th' ac-curs - ed tree, Faint and bleed-ing, who is He?
 2. Bound up-on th' ac-curs - ed tree, Faint and bleed-ing, who is He?
 3. Bound up-on th' ac-curs - ed tree, Sad and dy-ing, who is He?
 4. Bound up-on th' ac-curs - ed tree, Dread and aw-ful, who is He?



By the eyes so pale and dim, Stream-ing blood and with-ing limb,
 By the prayer for them that slew, "Lord, they know not what they do!"
 By the last and bit-ter cry In the fi-nal ag-o-ny;
 By the spoiled and emp-ty grave. By the souls He died to save,



By the flesh with scour-ges torn, By the crown of twist-ed thorn,
 By the prom-ise, ere He died; To the fel-on at His side,
 By the haf-fled, burn-ing thirst, By the side so deep-ly pierced,
 By the con-quest He hath won, By the saints be-fore His throne,



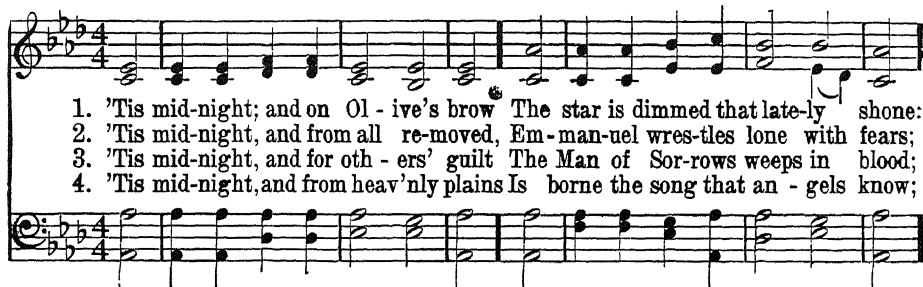
By the drooping, death-dewed brow, Son of Man, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!
 Lord, our sup-pliant knees we bow, Son of God, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!
 Cru-ci-fied! we know Thee now; Son of Man, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!
 By the rain-bow round His brow; Son of God, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou! A-MEN.

99 'Tis Midnight; and On Olive's Brow

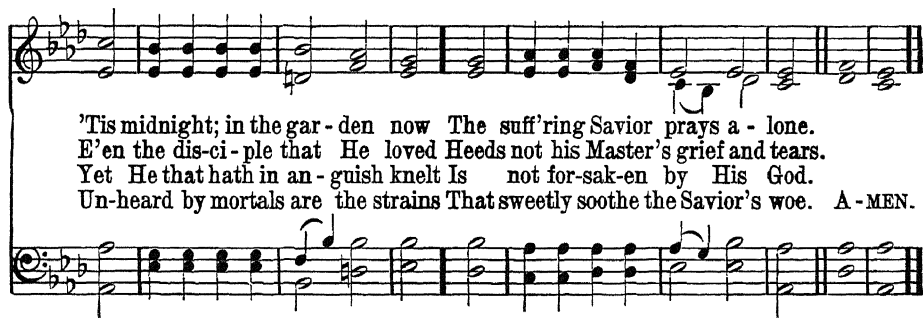
W. B. Tappan, 1822.

(OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.)

W. Bradbury, 1853.



1. 'Tis mid-night; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late-ly shone;
 2. 'Tis mid-night, and from all re-moved, Em-man-uel wres-tles lone with fears;
 3. 'Tis mid-night, and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of Sor-rows weeps in blood;
 4. 'Tis mid-night, and from heav'nly plains Is borne the song that an - gels know;

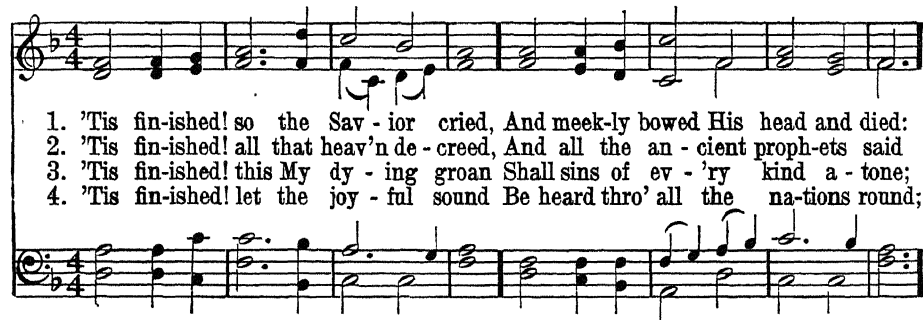


'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now The suff'ring Savior prays a - lone.
 E'en the dis-ci - ple that He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
 Yet He that hath in an - guish knelt Is not for-sak-en by His God.
 Un-heard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe. A - MEN.

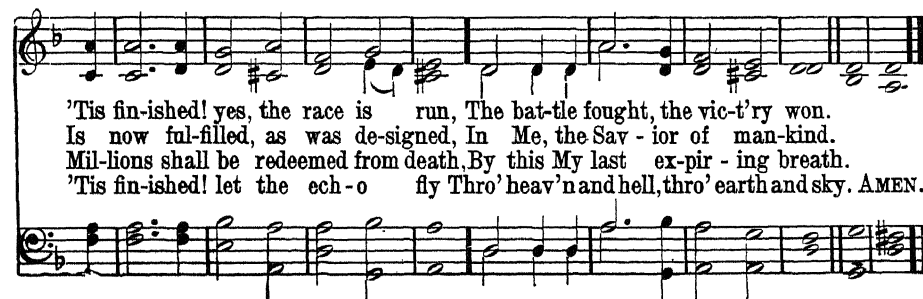
100 'Tis Finished! So the Savior Cried

S. Stennett, 1787.

(L. M.)



1. 'Tis fin-ished! so the Sav - ior cried, And meek-ly bowed His head and died:
 2. 'Tis fin-ished! all that heav'n de-creed, And all the an - cient proph-ets said
 3. 'Tis fin-ished! this My dy - ing groan Shall sins of ev - 'ry kind a - tone;
 4. 'Tis fin-ished! let the joy - ful sound Be heard thro' all the na-tions round;



'Tis fin-ished! yes, the race is run, The bat-tle fought, the vic-t'ry won.
 Is now ful-filled, as was de-signed, In Me, the Sav - ior of man-kind.
 Mil-lions shall be redeemed from death, By this My last ex-pir - ing breath.
 'Tis fin-ished! let the ech-o fly Thro' heav'n and hell, thro' earth and sky. AMEN.

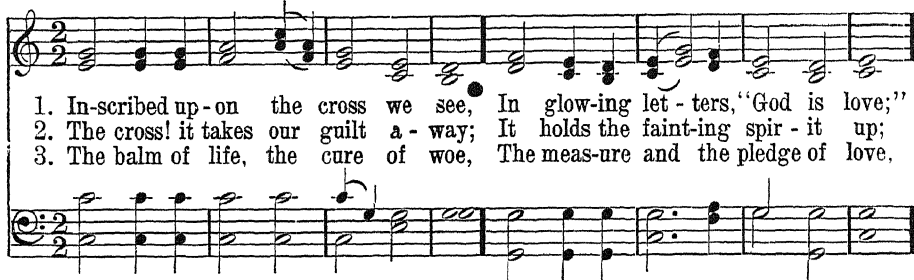
GOD THE SON—PASSION AND CRUCIFIXION

101 Inscribed Upon the Cross We See

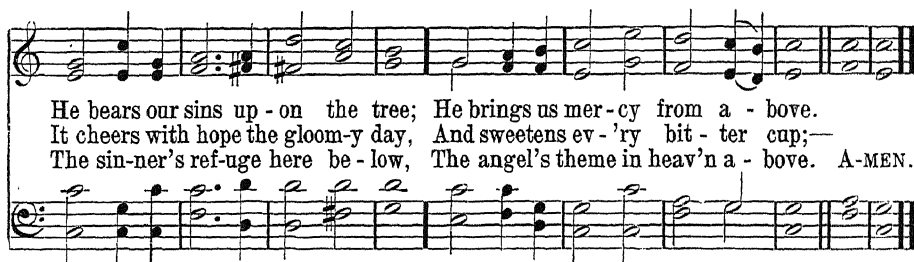
Thomas Kelly, 1769-1855.

(ZEPHYR. L. M.)

W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868.



1. In-scribed up-on the cross we see, In glow-ing let-ters, "God is love;"
 2. The cross! it takes our guilt a-way; It holds the faint-ing spir-it up;
 3. The balm of life, the cure of woe, The meas-ure and the pledge of love,



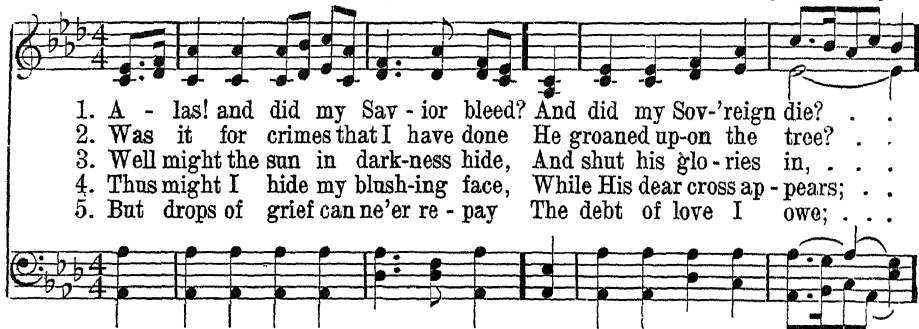
He bears our sins up-on the tree; He brings us mer-cy from a-bove.
 It cheers with hope the gloom-y day, And sweetens ev-'ry bit-ter cup;—
 The sin-ner's ref-uge here be-low, The angel's theme in heav'n a-bove. A-MEN.

102 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

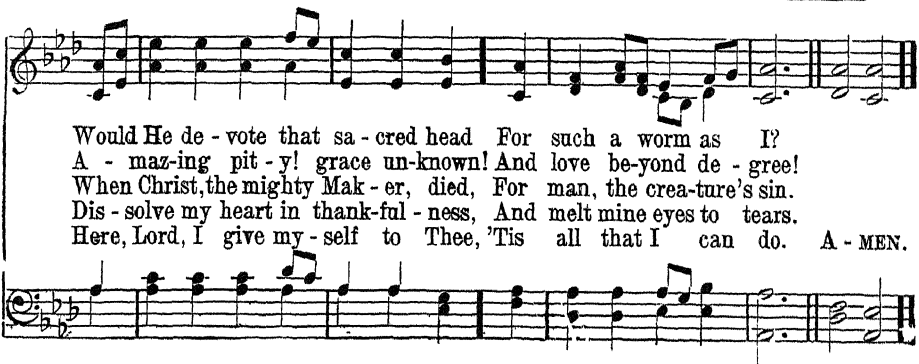
Isaac Watts.

[Second Tune]
 (PISGAH. C. M.)

J. C. Lowry.



1. A-las! and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sov'-reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up-on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo-ries in,
 4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face, While His dear cross ap-pears;
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;



Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
 A-maz-ing pit-y! grace un-known! And love be-yond de-gree!
 When Christ, the mighty Mak-er, died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.
 Dis-solve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my-self to Thee, 'Tis all that I can do. A-MEN.

103 Hark! the Voice of Love and Mercy

Jonathan Evans, 1787.

(ADELLE. 8s, 7s, 4s.)

J. M. North.

1. { Hark! the voice of love and mercy Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry; }
 { See! it rends the rocks asunder, (Omit) } Shakes the earth, and
 2. { "It is finished!" O what pleasure Do these charming words afford! }
 { Heav'nly blessings without measure, (Omit) } Flow to us from
 3. { Tune your harps anew, ye ser-aphs; Join to sing the pleasing theme; }
 { All on earth, and all in heav-en, (Omit) } Join to praise Im-

(1.) Sounds aloud from Cal-va-ry;

veils the sky: "It is finished!" "It is finished!" Hear the dying Sav-ior cry.
 Christ, the Lord: "It is finished!" "It is finished!" Saints, the dying word re-cord.
 manuel's name: Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry to the bleed-ing Lamb! A-MEN.

104 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts.

(First Tune)
 (MARTYRDOM. C. M.)

Hugh Wilson, c. 1824.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up-on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
 4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face, While His dear cross ap-pears;
 5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He de-vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz-ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be-yond de-gree!
 When Christ, the mighty Mak - er, died, For man, the creature's sin.
 Dis - solve my heart in thank-ful - ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, — 'Tis all that I can do. A - MEN.


GOD THE SON—PASSION AND CRUCIFIXION

105


Dark Was the Night

[First Tune]

(MELVIN. C. M.) Arr. by Mrs. Willa A. Townsend.



1. Dark was the night, and cold the ground On which the Lord was laid;
 2. "Fa - ther, re - move this bit - ter cup, If such Thy sa - cred will;
 3. Go to the gar - den, sin - ner, see Those pre - cious drops that flow;
 4. Then learn of Him the cross to bear; Thy Fa - ther's will o - bey;



His sweat like drops of blood ran down; In ag - o - ny He prayed.
 If not, con - tent to drink it up, Thy pleas - ure I ful - fill."
 The heav - y load He bore for thee; For thee He lies so low.
 And when temp - ta - tions press thee near, A - wake to watch and pray. AMEN.


Arrangement Copyright, 1924, by Mrs. Willa A. Townsend.

106

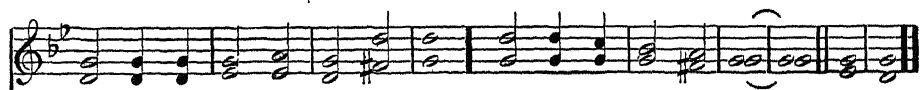
Dark Was the Night

[Second Tune]

(SORROW. C. M.) Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. Dark was the night, and cold the ground On which the Lord was laid;
 2. "Fa - ther, re - move this bit - ter cup, If such Thy sa - cred will;
 3. Go to the gar - den, sin - ner, see Those precious drops that flow;
 4. Then learn of Him the cross to bear; Thy Fa - ther's will o - bey;



His sweat like drops of blood ran down; In ag - o - ny He prayed.
 If not, con - tent to drink it up, Thy pleas - ure I ful - fill."
 The heav - y load He bore for thee; For thee He lies so low.
 And when temp - ta - tions press thee near, A - wake to watch and pray A - MEN

107 God Hath Sent His Angels to the Earth Again

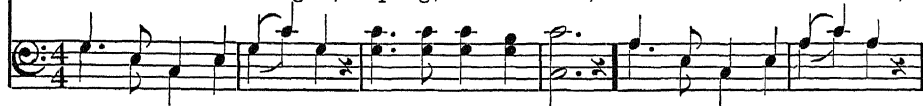
(EASTER ANGELS. 11, 11, 11, 11. With Refrain.)

Phillips Brooks, 1877.

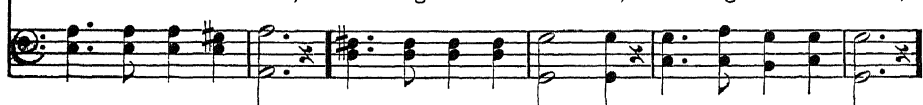
James C. D. Parker, 1828.



1. God hath sent His an - gels to the earth a - gain, Bring-ing joy - ful ti - dings
2. In the dreadful des - ert, where the Lord was tried, There the faithful an - gels
3. Yet the Christ they hon - or is the same Christ still, Who, in light and dark-ness,
4. God has still His an - gels, help-ing, at His word, All His faith-ful chil-dren,



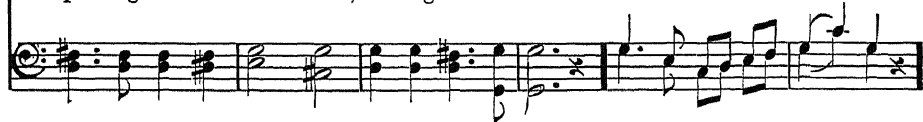
to the sons of men; They who first, at Christmas, thronged the heav'nly way,
gath-ered at His side; And when in the gar - den, grief and pain and care
did His Father's will; And the tomb de-sert - ed shin-eth like the sky,
like their faith-ful Lord; Sooth-ing them in sor - row, arm-ing them in strife,



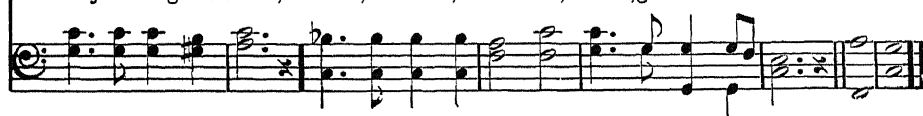
REFRAIN.



Now be-side the tomb-door sit, on Eas-ter Day.
Bowed Him down with anguish, they were with Him there. Angels, sing His tri - umph,
Since He passed out from it in - to vic - to - ry.
Ope-ning wide the tomb-doors, leading in - to life.



as you sang His birth, "Christ, the Lord, is ris - en, Peace, good-will on earth." A-MEN.



GOD THE SON—RESURRECTION


108 ✕

Christ Arose!

Rev. Robert Lowry.

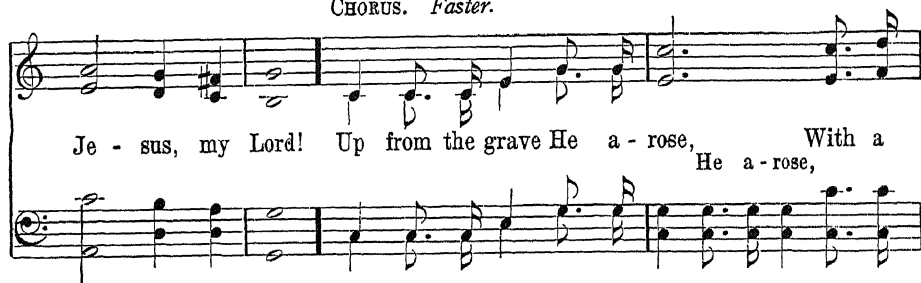
R. L.

Slow.



1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Wait - ing the com - ing day—
 2. Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
 3. Death can-not keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! He tore the bars a - way—

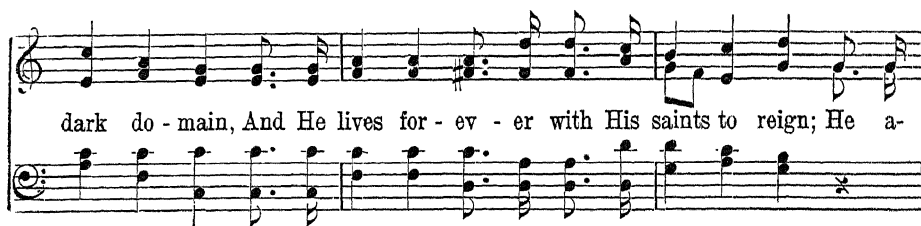
CHORUS. *Faster.*



Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, With a
 He a - rose,



might - y tri-umph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
 He a - rose;



dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign; He a -



rose! He a - rose! a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose! A-MEN.
 He a - rose! He a - rose!

GOD THE SON—RESURRECTION

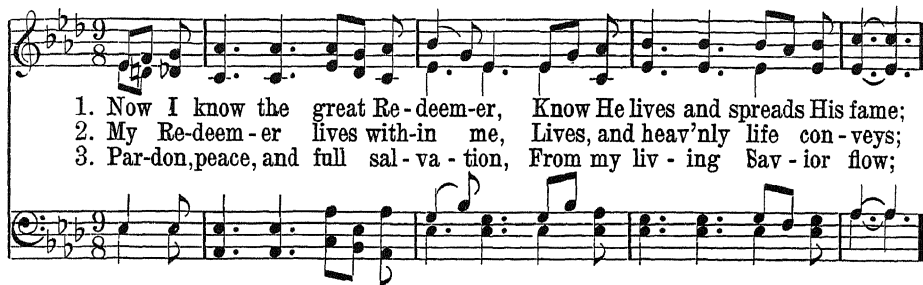
109

The Great Redeemer Lives

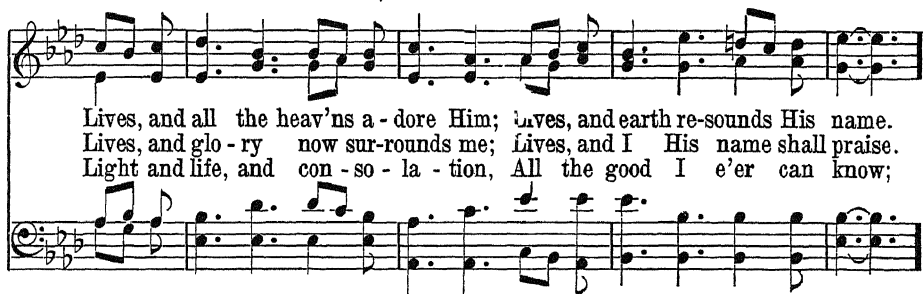
Richard Burnham.

(8s, 7s.)

Henry A. Lewis.



1. Now I know the great Re-deem-er, Know He lives and spreads His fame;
 2. My Re-deem-er lives with-in me, Lives, and heav'nly life con-veys;
 3. Par-don, peace, and full sal-va-tion, From my liv-ing Sav-ior flow;



Lives, and all the heav'n's a-dore Him; Lives, and earth re-sounds His name.
 Lives, and glo-ry now sur-rounds me; Lives, and I His name shall praise.
 Light and life, and con-so-la-tion, All the good I e'er can know;

CHORUS.



Soon shall I be-hold the Sav-ior,
 Soon shall I be-hold the Sav-ior, He who



He who lives and reigns a-bove, Lives, and I
 lives and reigns a-bove, Lives, and I shall live for-



shall live for-ev-er, Live and sing redeeming love.
 ev-er, Live and sing redeeming love. A-MEN.

GOD THE SON—RESURRECTION

110 Christ, the Lord, is Risen To-day

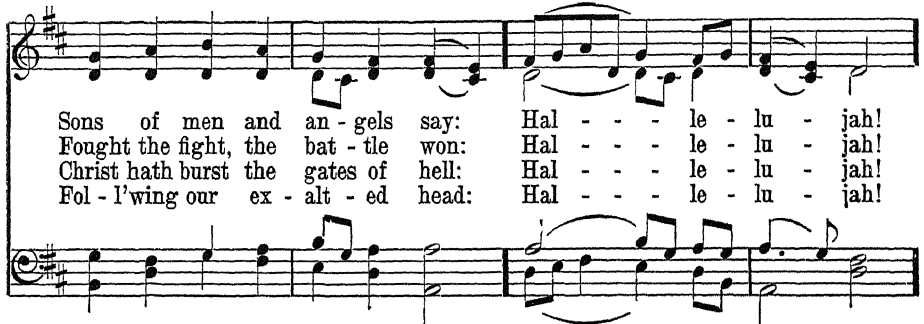
(ANGLIA. 7s.)

Charles Wesley, 1739.

Henry Carey. "Lyra Davidica," 1708.



1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day; Hal - - le - lu - jah!
 2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Hal - - le - lu - jah!
 3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Hal - - le - lu - jah!
 4. Soar we now where Christ hath led, Hal - - le - lu - jah!



Sons of men and an - gels say: Hal - - - le - lu - jah!
 Fought the fight, the bat - tle won: Hal - - - le - lu - jah!
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell: Hal - - - le - lu - jah!
 Fol - l'wing our ex - alt - ed head: Hal - - - le - lu - jah!



Raise your joys and tri - umphs high; Hal - - - le - lu - jah!
 Lo! our Sun's e - clipse is o'er; Hal - - - le - lu - jah!
 Death in vain for - bids His rise; Hal - - - le - lu - jah!
 Made like Him, like Him we rise; Hal - - - le - lu - jah!



Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply, Hal - - le - lu - jah!
 Lo! He sets in blood no more, Hal - - le - lu - jah!
 Christ hath o - pened par - a - dise, Hal - - le - lu - jah!
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Hal - - le - lu - jah! A - MEN.

111 The Strife is O'er, the Battle Done

Francis Pott, 1860.

(CONQUEROR. 8s, 4.) Arr. from Palestrina. W. H. D.



1. The strife is o'er, the bat - tle done; The vic - to - ry of
2. The pow'rs of death have done their worst, But Christ their le - gions
3. He closed the yawn - ing gates of hell; The bars from heav'n's high
4. Lord, by the stripes which wound - ed Thee, From death's dread sting Thy



life is won; O let the song of praise be sung, Al-le-lu - ia.
 hath dispersed; Let shouts of ho - ly joy out-burst, Al-le-lu - ia.
 por - tals fell; Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell, Al-le-lu - ia.
 servants free, That we may live and sing to Thee, Al-le-lu - ia. A - MEN.



112 Lift Up, Lift Up Your Voices Now

John M. Neale, 1851.

(WALTHAM. L. M.)

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872.



1. Lift up, lift up your voi - ces now! The whole wide world re-joi - ces now;
2. In vain with stone the cave they barred; In vain the watch kept ward and guard;
3. And all He did, and all He bare, He gives us as our own to share;
4. O Vic - tor, aid us in the fight, And lead thro' death to realms of light;



The Lord hath triumphed glo-rious-ly, The Lord shall reign vic-to-rious-ly.
 Ma - jes - tic from the spoil-ed tomb, In pomp of tri-umph Christ is come.
 And hope, and joy, and peace be - gin, For Christ has won, and man shall win.
 We safe-ly pass where Thou hast trod; In Thee we die to rise to God. A-MEN.



GOD THE SON—RESURRECTION

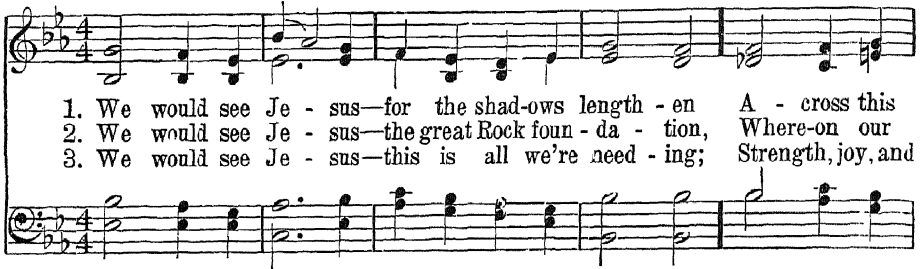
113

We Would See Jesus

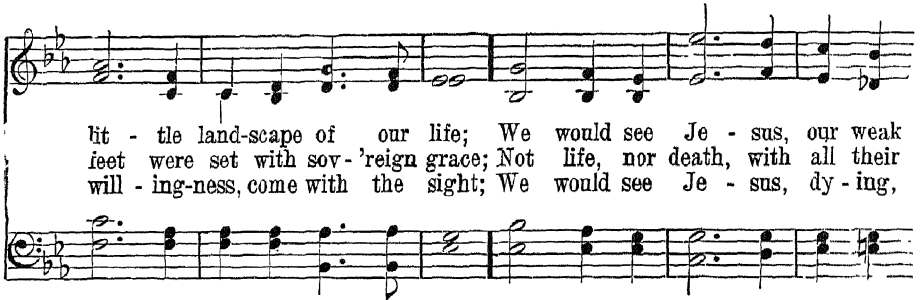
Anna B. Warner.

(11s, 10s.)

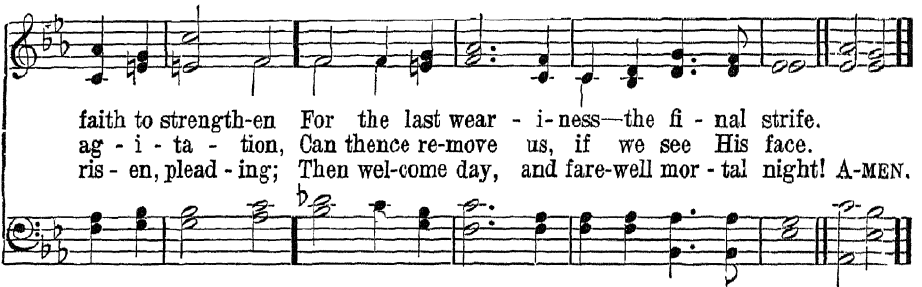
F. Mendelssohn.



1. We would see Je - sus—for the shad-ows length - en A - cross this
 2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock foun - da - tion, Where-on our
 3. We would see Je - sus—this is all we're need - ing; Strength, joy, and



lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak
 feet were set with sov - reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their
 will - ing-ness, come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing,



faith to strength-en For the last wear - i-ness—the fi - nal strife.
 ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re-move us, if we see His face.
 ris - en, plead - ing; Then wel-come day, and fare-well mor - tal night! A-MEN.

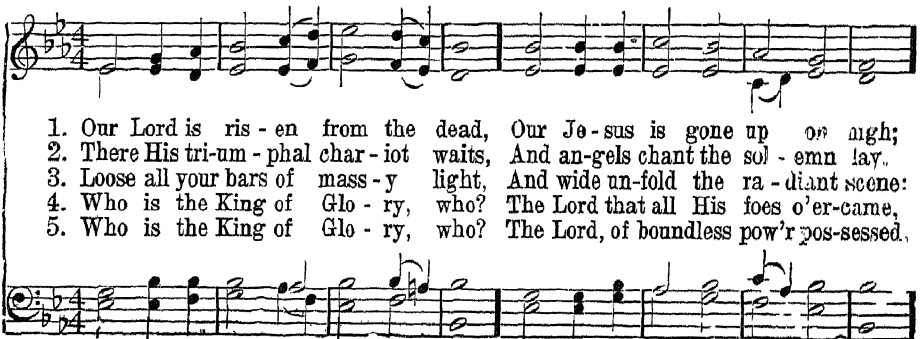
114

Our Lord is Risen From the Dead

C. Wesley, 1741.

(DUKE STREET. L. M.)

J. Hatton, c., 1790.



1. Our Lord is ris - en from the dead, Our Je - sus is gone up on high;
 2. There His tri-um - phal char - iot waits, And an-gels chant the sol - emn lay.
 3. Loose all your bars of mass - y light, And wide un-fold the ra - diant scene:
 4. Who is the King of Glo - ry, who? The Lord that all His foes o'er-came,
 5. Who is the King of Glo - ry, who? The Lord, of boundless pow'r pos-sessed,

GOD THE SON—RESURRECTION



The pow'rs of hell are cap-tive led, Dragged to the por-tals of the sky.
 "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates! Ye ev-er-last-ing doors, give way!"
 He claims these mansions as His right; Re-ceive the King of Glo-ry in.
 The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew, And Je-sus is the Conqu'ror's name.
 The King of saints and an-gels too, God, o-ver all, for-ev-er blest. A-MEN.



115

Rejoice and Be Glad

Rev. Horatius Bonar.

(5s, 6s.)

English Melody.



1. Re-joice and be glad! The Re-deem-er has come! Go look on His cra-dle,
2. Re-joice and be glad! It is sun-shine at last! The clouds have de-part-ed,
3. Re-joice and be glad! For the blood hath been shed; Re-demp-tion is fin-ished,
4. Re-joice and be glad! Now the par-don is free! The just for the un-just



CHORUS.



His cross and His tomb.
 The shad-ows are past. Sound His prais-es, tell the sto-ry, Of Him who was
 The price hath been paid.
 Hath died on the tree.



slain, Sound His prais-es, tell with glad-ness, He liv-eth a-gain. A - MEN.



GOD THE SON—RESURRECTION

116

Cross, Crown and Throne

(8s, 6s, 12s.)

G. Verdi.

Arr. by Alfred Judson.

E. E. Hewitt.

DUET, (or all Sopranos and Altos.)

1. Sing of the cross, the won - drous cross, . .
 2. Sing of His crown, His roy - - al crown, . .
 3. Sing of the throne, the ra - - diant throne, .

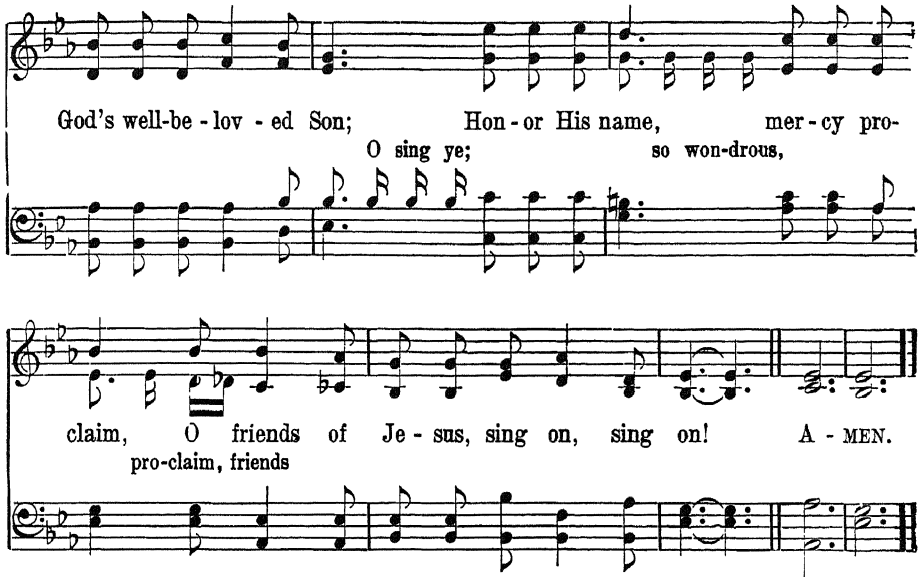
Sing . . . of its grace di - vine; . . Christ our Re - deem - er
 Sing . . . of its pow'r di - vine; . . King ev - er - last - ing,
 Throne . . of the King di - vine; . . Je - sus is reign - ing,

Saved us from sor - row and loss; . . Sing on, . . sing on! Sing of the
 Vain - ly His en - e - mies frown; . . Sing on, . . sing on! Sing of His
 Hap - py al - le - giance we own; . . Sing on, . . sing on! Sing of the

CHORUS. *Parts.*

cross, sing on, sing on! Sing of the King of glo - - ry,
 crown, sing on, sing on!
 throne, sing on, sing on! O sing of the King of glo - ry,

GOD THE SON—RESURRECTION



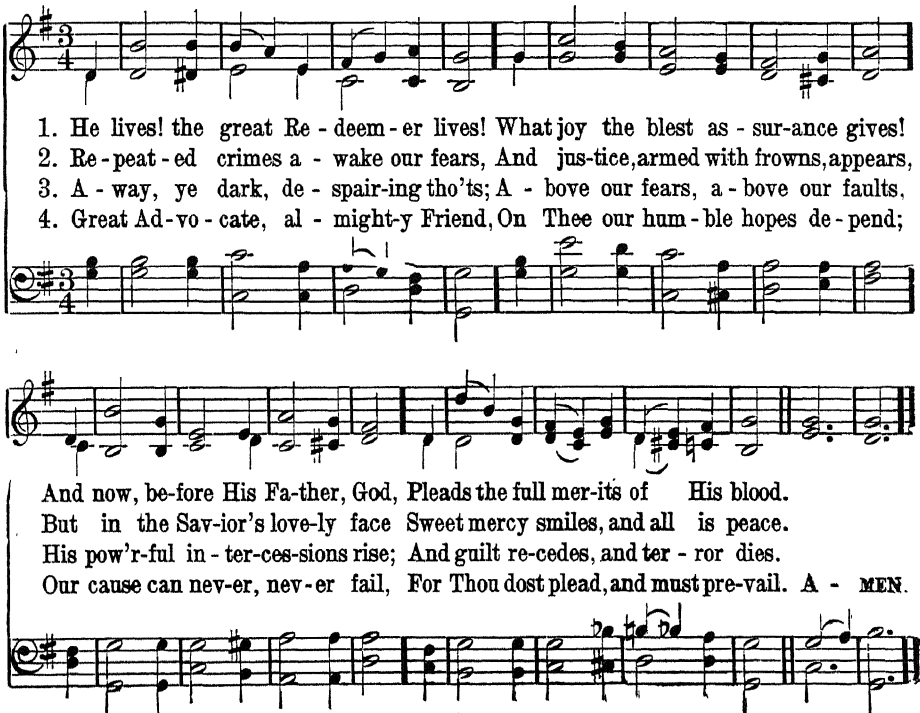
God's well-be - lov - ed Son; Hon - or His name, mer - cy pro-
 O sing ye; so won-drous,
 claim, O friends of Je - sus, sing on, sing on! A - MEN.
 pro-claim, friends

117 He Lives! the Great Redeemer Lives!

Anne Steele, 1760.

(BROOKFIELD. L. M.)

T. B. Southgate, 1814-1868.



1. He lives! the great Re - deem - er lives! What joy the blest as - sur - ance gives!
 2. Re - peat - ed crimes a - wake our fears, And jus - tice, armed with frowns, appears,
 3. A - way, ye dark, de - spair - ing tho'ts; A - bove our fears, a - bove our faults,
 4. Great Ad - vo - cate, al - might - y Friend, On Thee our hum - ble hopes de - pend;
 And now, be - fore His Fa - ther, God, Pleads the full mer - its of His blood.
 But in the Sav - ior's love - ly face Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
 His pow'r - ful in - ter - ces - sions rise; And guilt re - ced - es, and ter - ror dies.
 Our cause can nev - er, nev - er fail, For Thou dost plead, and must pre - vail. A - MEN.

GOD THE SON—RESURRECTION

118 I Know That My Redeemer Lives

[First Tune]

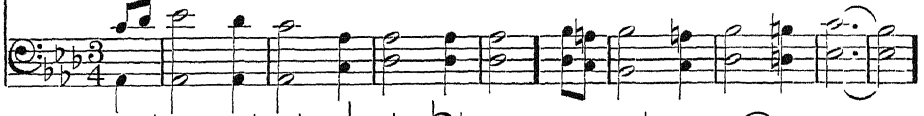
C. Wesley, 1742.

(MANOAH. C. M.)

F. J. Haydn, 1732-1809.



1. I know that my Re-deem - er lives; He lives, who once was dead;
2. He lives, tri - um - phant o'er the grave, At God's right hand on high,
3. He lives, that I may al - so live, And now His grace pro - claim;
4. Let strains of heav'n - ly mu - sic rise, While all their an - them sing



To me in grief He com - fort gives; With peace He crowns my head.
 My ransomed soul to keep and save, To bless and glo - ri - fy.
 He lives, that I may hon - or give To His most ho - ly name.
 To Christ, my precious Sac - ri - fice, And ev - er - liv - ing King. A - MEN.



119 I Know That My Redeemer Lives

[Second Tune]

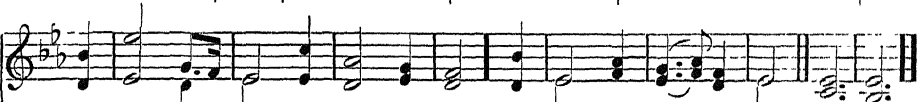
C. Wesley, 1742. Ab.

(BRADFORD. MESSIAH. C. M.)

Arr. fr. G. F. Händel, 1741.



1. I know that my Re-deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me;
2. I find Him lift - ing up my head; He brings sal - va - tion near;
3. He wills that I should ho - ly be: What can with - stand His will?
4. Je - sus, I hang up - on Thy word: I stead - fast - ly be - lieve
5. When God is mine, and I am His, Of Par - a - dise pos - sessed,



A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
 His pres - ence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.
 The coun - sel of His grace in me He sure - ly shall ful - fill.
 Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy - self re - ceive.
 I taste un - ut - ter - a - ble bliss And ev - er - last - ing rest. A - MEN.



GOD THE SON—RESURRECTION

120 The Head That Once Was Crowned

[First Tune]

Thomas Kelly, 1820.

(DENFELD. C. M.)

C. C. Glaser, 1784-1829.

1. The head that once was crowned with thorns, Is crowned with glo - ry now;
 2. The joy of all who dwell a - bove, The joy of all be - low,
 3. To them the cross, with all its shame, With all its grace, is giv'n;
 4. The cross He bore is life and health, Tho' shame and death to Him,

A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow.
 To whom He man - i - fests His love, And grants His name to know.
 Their name an ev - er - last - ing name, Their joy the joy of heav'n.
 His peo - ple's hope, His people's wealth, Their ev - er - last - ing theme. A - MEN.

121 The Head That Once Was Crowned

[Second Tune]

T. Kelly.

(LAWRENCE. C. M.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873.

1. The head that once was crowned with thorns, Is crowned with glo - ry now;
 2. The high - est place that heav'n af - fords Is His, is His by right;
 3. The joy of all who dwell a - bove, The joy of all be - low;
 4. The cross He bore is life and health, Tho' shame and death to Him;

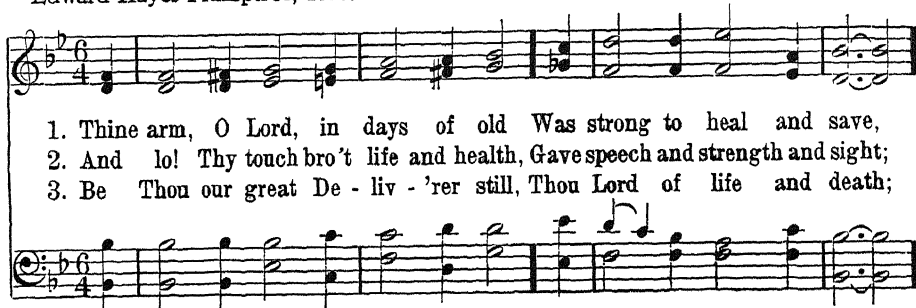
A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow
 The King of kings, and Lord of lords, And heav'n's e - ter - nal light.
 To whom He man - i - fests His love And grants His name to know.
 His peo - ple's hope, His people's wealth, Their ev - er - last - ing theme. A - MEN.

122 Thine Arm, O Lord, in Days of Old

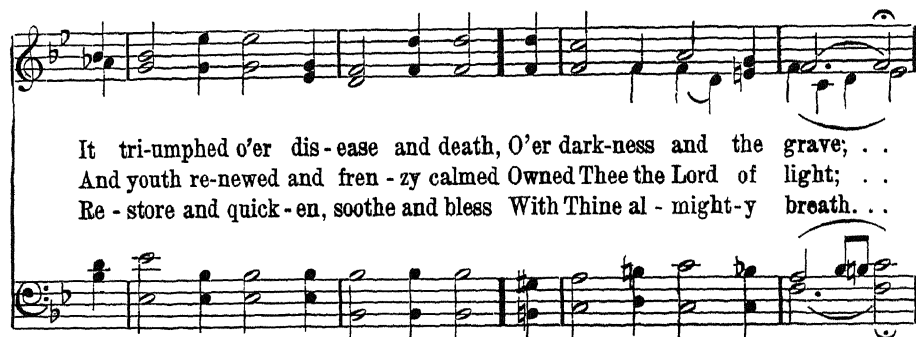
(HOPE. C. M. D.)

Edward Hayes Plumptree, 1865.

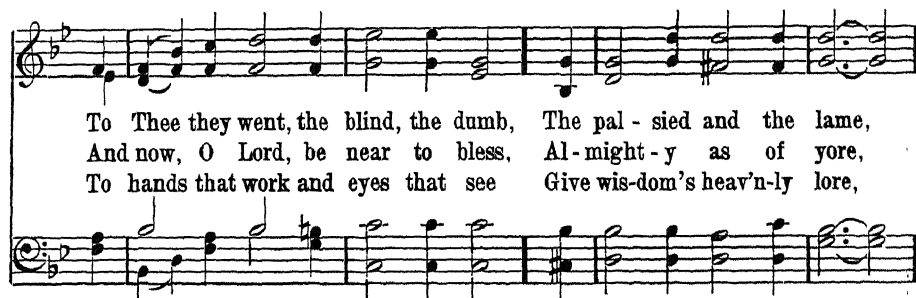
Dr. A. M. Townsend.



1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save,
 2. And lo! Thy touch bro't life and health, Gave speech and strength and sight;
 3. Be Thou our great De - liv - 'rer still, Thou Lord of life and death;

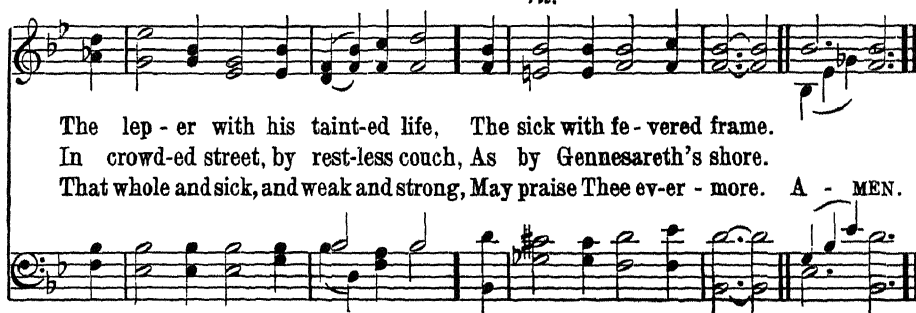


It tri-umphed o'er dis-ease and death, O'er dark-ness and the grave; . .
 And youth re-newed and fren - zy calmed Owned Thee the Lord of light; . .
 Re - store and quick-en, soothe and bless With Thine al - might-y breath. . .



To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal - sied and the lame,
 And now, O Lord, be near to bless, Al-might-y as of yore,
 To hands that work and eyes that see Give wis-dom's heav'n-ly lore,

rit.



The lep - er with his taint-ed life, The sick with fe-vered frame.
 In crowd-ed street, by rest-less couch, As by Gennesareth's shore.
 That whole and sick, and weak and strong, May praise Thee ev-er - more. A - MEN.

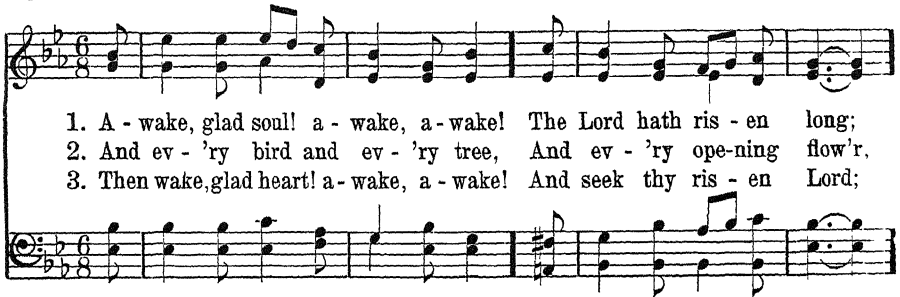
123

Awake, Glad Soul, Awake

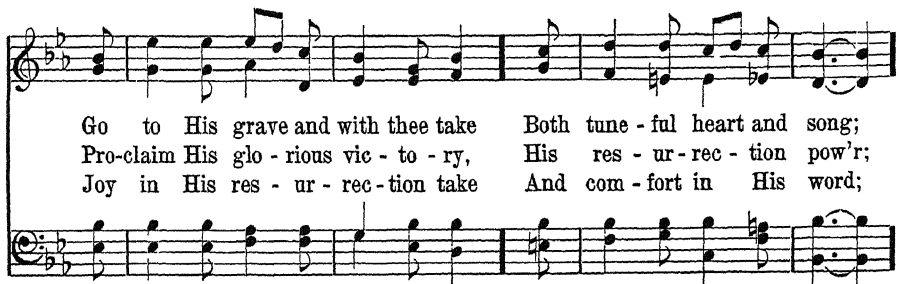
(FLORA. 8, 6, 8, 8, D.)

John S. B. Monsell, 1857.

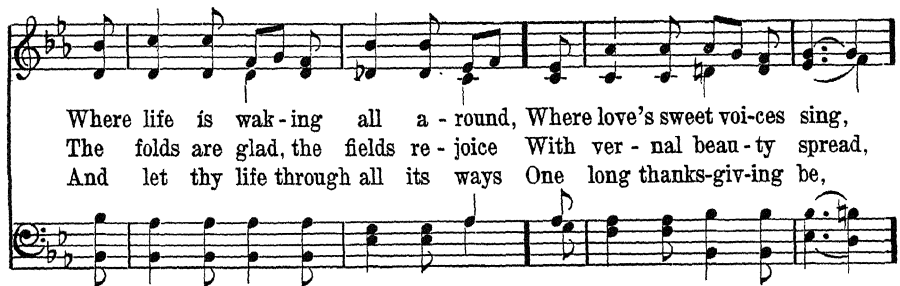
George F. Le Jeune, 1842-1904.



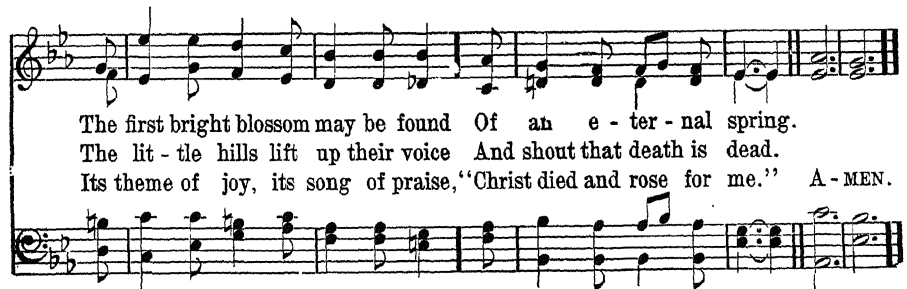
1. A - wake, glad soul! a - wake, a - wake! The Lord hath ris - en long;
 2. And ev - 'ry bird and ev - 'ry tree, And ev - 'ry ope - ning flow'r,
 3. Then wake, glad heart! a - wake, a - wake! And seek thy ris - en Lord;



Go to His grave and with thee take Both tune - ful heart and song;
 Pro-claim His glo - rious vic - to - ry, His res - ur - rec - tion pow'r;
 Joy in His res - ur - rec - tion take And com - fort in His word;



Where life is wak - ing all a - round, Where love's sweet voi - ces sing,
 The folds are glad, the fields re - joice With ver - nal beau - ty spread,
 And let thy life through all its ways One long thanks - giv - ing be,



The first bright blossom may be found Of an e - ter - nal spring.
 The lit - tle hills lift up their voice And shout that death is dead.
 Its theme of joy, its song of praise, "Christ died and rose for me." A - MEN.

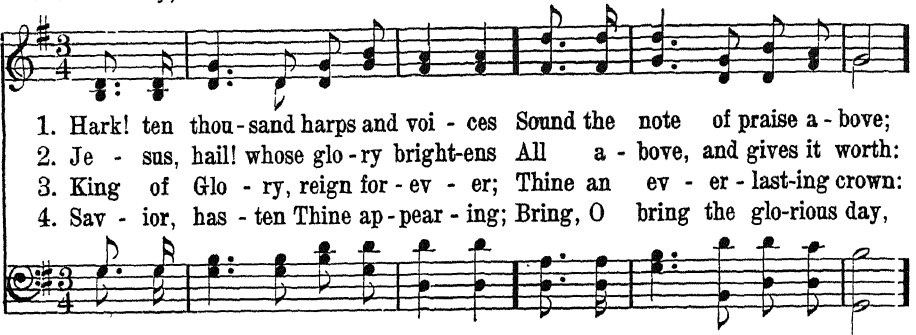
Music Copyright by Novello & Co. Used by permission.

124 Hark! Ten Thousand Harps and Voices

(HARWELL. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7. With Refrain.)

Thomas Kelly, 1836.

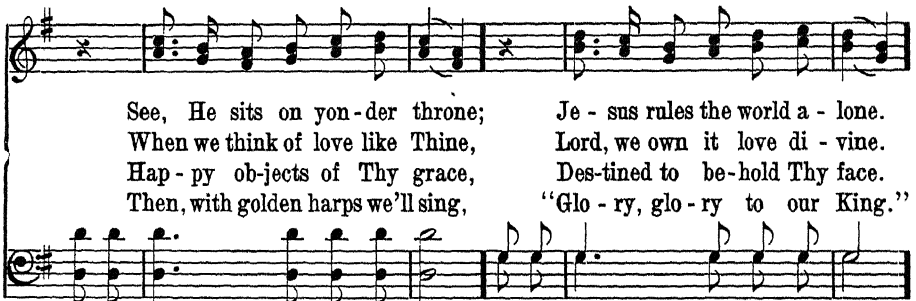
L. Mason, 1792-1872.



1. Hark! ten thou-sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove;
 2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo - ry bright-ens All a - bove, and gives it worth:
 3. King of Glo - ry, reign for - ev - er; Thine an ev - er - last-ing crown:
 4. Sav - ior, has - ten Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, O bring the glo - rious day,



Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joi - ces; Je - sus reigns, the God of love:
 Lord of life, Thy smile en - light - ens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth:
 Noth - ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
 When, the aw - ful sum - mons hear - ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way:



See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
 When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
 Hap - py ob - jects of Thy grace, Des - tined to be - hold Thy face.
 Then, with golden harps we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King."

(1.) See He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.

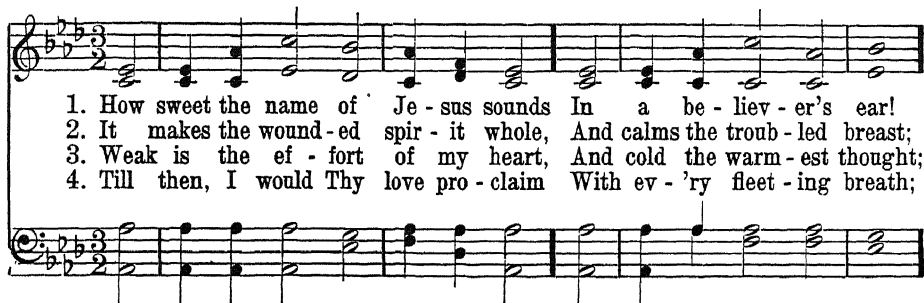


Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men. A - MEN.

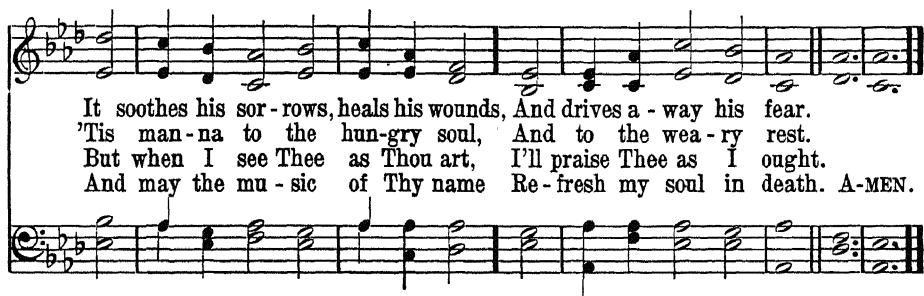
125 How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

John Newton, 1779.

(EVAN. C. M.) Rev. W. H. Havergal, 1793-1870.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
 2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the troub - led breast;
 3. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold the warm - est thought;
 4. Till then, I would Thy love pro - claim With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath;

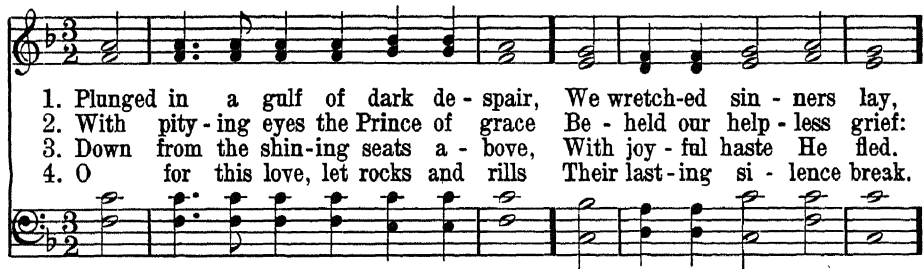


It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
 But when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
 And may the mu - sic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death. A-MEN.

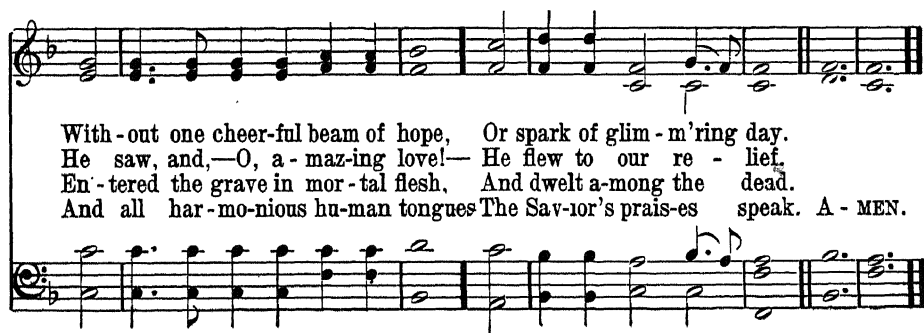
126 Plunged in a Gulf of Dark Despair

Isaac Watts, 1707.

(BYEFIELD. C. M.) Dr. Thos. Hastings, 1784-1872.



1. Plunged in a gulf of dark de - spair, We wretch - ed sin - ners lay,
 2. With pity - ing eyes the Prince of grace Be - held our help - less grief:
 3. Down from the shin - ing seats a - bove, With joy - ful haste He fled.
 4. O for this love, let rocks and rills Their last - ing si - lence break.



With - out one cheer - ful beam of hope, Or spark of glim - m'ring day.
 He saw, and,—O, a - maz - ing love!— He flew to our re - lief.
 En - tered the grave in mor - tal flesh, And dwelt a - mong the dead.
 And all har - mo - nious hu - man tongues The Sav - ior's prais - es speak. A - MEN.

GOD THE SON—PRAISE AND ADORATION

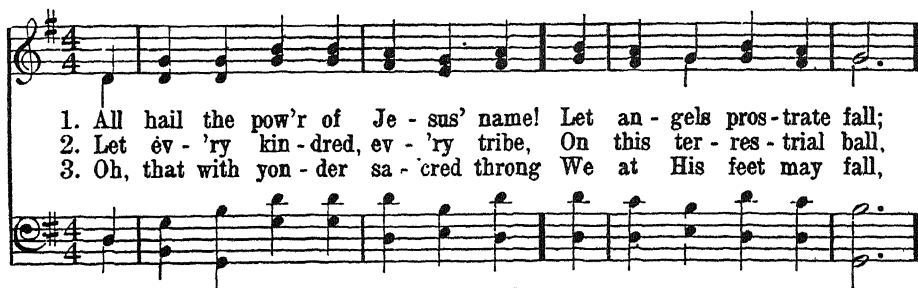
127 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

[Second Tune]

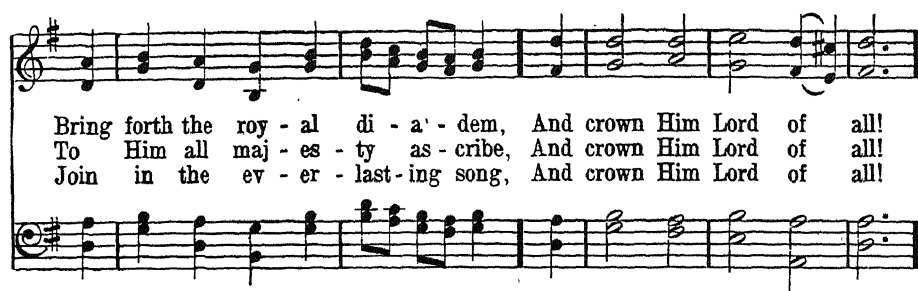
Edward Perronet, 1779.

(CORONATION. C. M.)

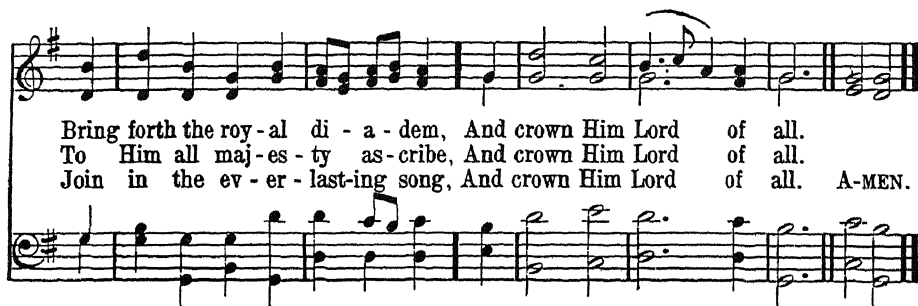
Oliver Holden, 1793.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
 Join in the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!



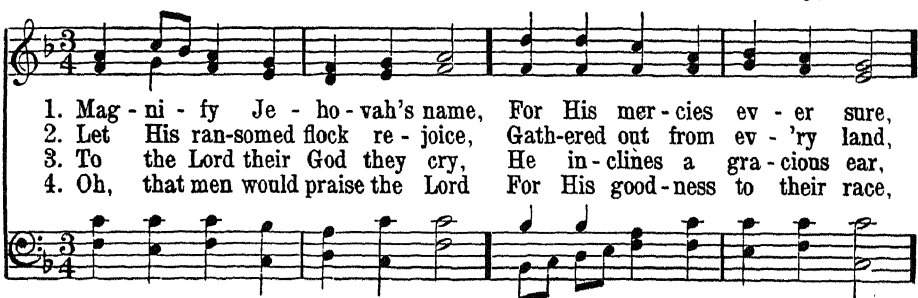
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Join in the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all. A-MEN.

128 Magnify Jehovah's Name

J. Montgomery

(SUNNYSIDE. 7s.)

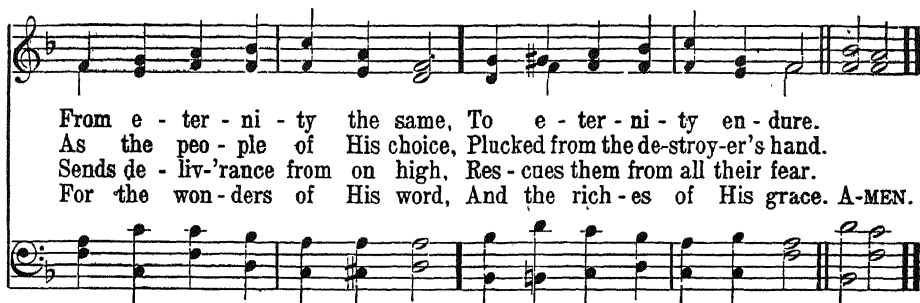
Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. Mag - ni - fy Je - ho - vah's name, For His mer - cies ev - er sure,
 2. Let His ran - somed flock re - joice, Gath - ered out from ev - 'ry land,
 3. To the Lord their God they cry, He in - clines a gra - cious ear,
 4. Oh, that men would praise the Lord For His good - ness to their race,

Copyright, 1919, by Samuel W. Beazley.

GOD THE SON—PRAISE AND ADORATION

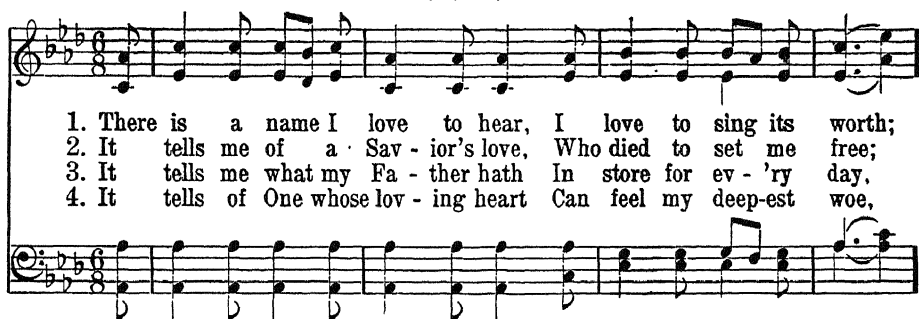


From e - ter - ni - ty the same, To e - ter - ni - ty en - dure.
 As the peo - ple of His choice, Plucked from the de - stroy - er's hand.
 Sends de - liv - rance from on high, Res - cues them from all their fear.
 For the won - ders of His word, And the rich - es of His grace. A - MEN.

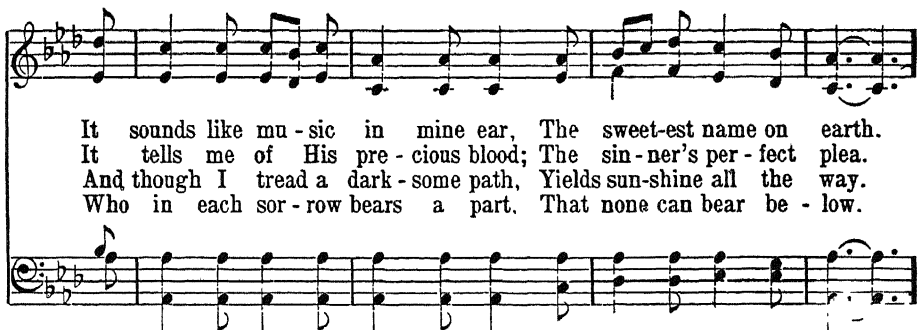
129

Oh, How I Love Jesus

(8s, 6s.)



1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
 2. It tells me of a Sav - ior's love, Who died to set me free;
 3. It tells me what my Fa - ther hath In store for ev - 'ry day,
 4. It tells of One whose lov - ing heart Can feel my deepest woe,



It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweet - est name on earth.
 It tells me of His pre - cious blood; The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
 And though I tread a dark - some path, Yields sun - shine all the way.
 Who in each sor - row bears a part, That none can bear be - low.



{ Oh, how I love Je - sus. Oh, how I love Je - sus, }
 { Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - (Omit . . .) } cause He first loved me. A - MEN.

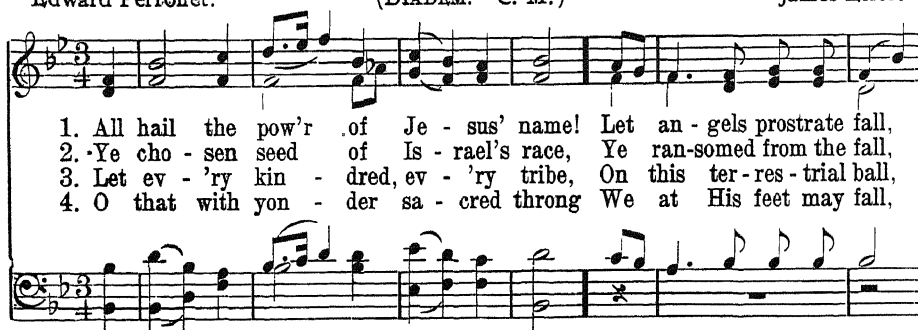
130 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name

[Third Tune]

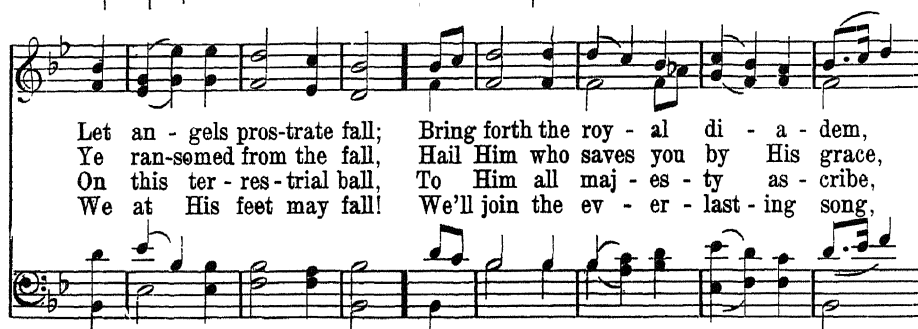
Edward Perronet.

(DIADEM. C. M.)

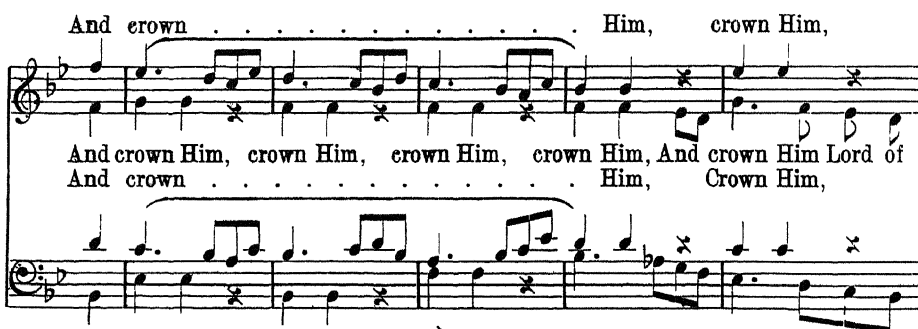
James Ellor.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall,
 2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,



Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
 Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite,
 We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,



And crown Him, crown Him,
 And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
 And crown Him, Crown Him,



And crown Him, crown Him, Crown
 crown Him,
 all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all!
 crown . . . Him; And crown Him Lord of all! A - MEN.

. Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

Hail, Thou Once Despised Jesus

(AUTUMN. 8s, 7s. D.)

John Bakewell, 1760.

Spanish Melody from Mareaño.



1. Hail, Thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus, Crowned in mock-er-y a king!
2. Je-sus hail! enthroned in glo-ry, There for-ev-er to a-bide,
3. One is there a-bove all oth-ers, Well de-serves the name of Friend;



Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us; Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring.
All the heav'n-ly hosts a-dore Thee, Seat-ed at Thy Fa-ther's side;
His is love be-yond a broth-er's, Cost-ly, free, and knows no end.



Hail, Thou ag-o-niz-ing Sav-ior, Bear-er of our sin and shame!
There for sin-ners Thou art plead-ing; There Thou dost our place pre-pare;
Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood?



By Thy mer-its we find fa-vor; Life is giv-en thro' Thy name.
Ev-er for us in-ter-ced-ing, Till in glo-ry we ap-pear.
But our Je-sus died to have us Rec-on-ciled in Him to God. A-MEN.



GOD THE SON—PRAISE AND ADORATION

132 O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth

(ARIEL. C. P. M.)

Samuel Medley, 1789.

Arr. by Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glo-ries
2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ran-som from the dreadful
3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters He bears, And all the forms of love He



forth Which in my Sav-ior shine! I'd soar and touch the
guilt Of sin and wrath di-vine! I'd sing His glo-rious
wears, Ex-alt-ed on His throne: In loft-iest songs of



heav'n-ly strings, And vie with Ga-briel while he sings
right-eous-ness In which all-per-fect, heav'n-ly dress
sweet-est praise, I would to ev-er-last-ing days



In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
Make all His glo-ries known, Make all His glo-ries known. A - MEN.




133 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing


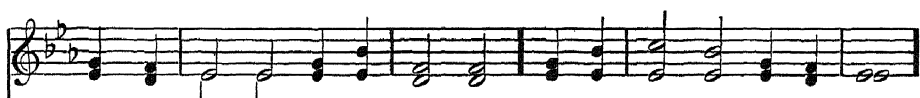
Robert Robinson, 1757.

(NETTLETON. 8s, 7s. D.)

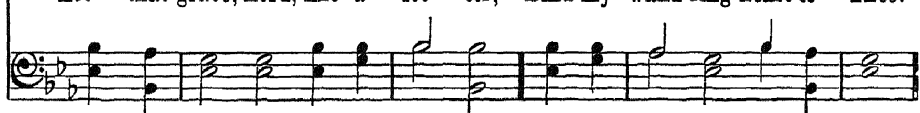

J. Wyeth's Coll., 1812.



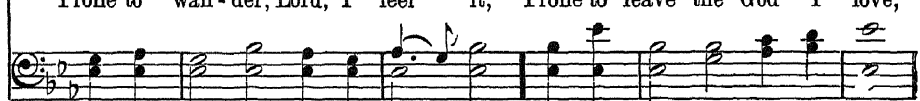

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise my Eb-en-e-zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O, to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!

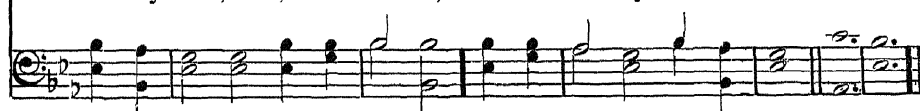
Streams of mer-cy nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise:
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home:
Let that grace, Lord, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee.

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
Je-sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan-der, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love;

Praise the mount,—O fix me on it, Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.
He, to save my soul from dan-ger, In-ter-posed His pre-cious blood.
Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it; Seal it from Thy courts a-bove. A-MEN.



GOD THE SON—PRAISE AND ADORATION

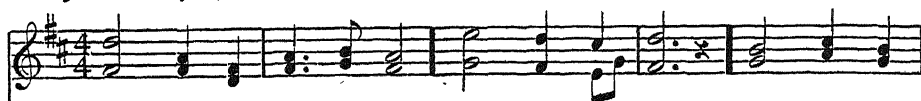
134

Jesus, Thou Mighty Lord

F. J. Van Alstyne, 1823.

(6s, 4s.)

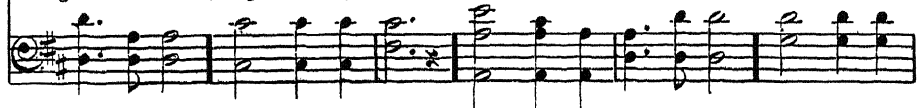
W. H. Doane.



1. Je - sus, Thou might-y Lord, Great is Thy name; Still through e-
2. Je - sus, Thou might-y Lord, Je - sus, our King, Praise for Thy
3. Sought by Thy mer-cy, Lord, Saved by Thy pow'r, Led by Thy



ter - nal years, Thou art the same: Change-less Thy ho - ly word, True ev - er-
won-drous love Glad - ly we sing. Love in Thy di - a-dem Shines ev - er-
gra-cious hand, Kept ev - 'ry hour. Thine shall the hon - or be, Thine ev - er-



more, Thy name we glo - ri - fy, Thy name a - dore.
more; Thy name we glo - ri - fy, Thy name a - dore.
more, Thy name we glo - ri - fy, Thy name a - dore. A - MEN



135

Oh, Bless the Lord, My Soul

J. Montgomery.

(MALDEN. S. M.)

Samuel W. Beazley 1873—



1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, . . His grace to thee pro - claim
2. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, . . His mer - cies bear in mind,
3. He par - dons all thy sins, . . Pro - longs thy fee - ble breath,
4. Then bless His ho - ly name, . . Whose grace has made thee whole



GOD THE SON—PRAISE AND ADORATION



And all that is with-in me join To bless His ho - ly name.
 For-get not all His ben - e - fits, The Lord to thee is kind.
 He heal - eth thine in - firm - i - ties, And ran - soms thee from death.
 Whose lov - ing kind-ness crowns thy days. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul. A - MEN.

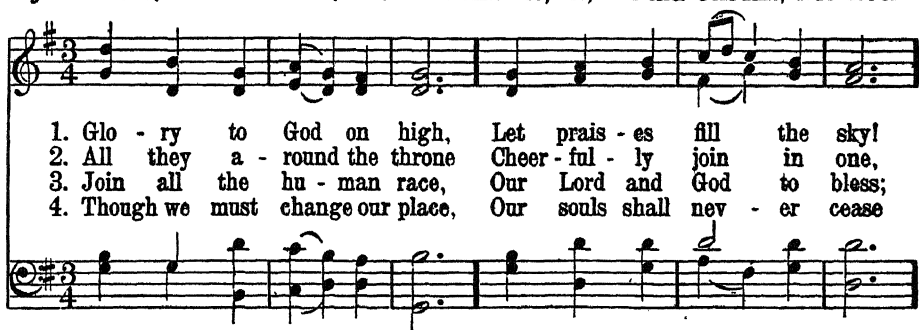
136

Glory to God On High

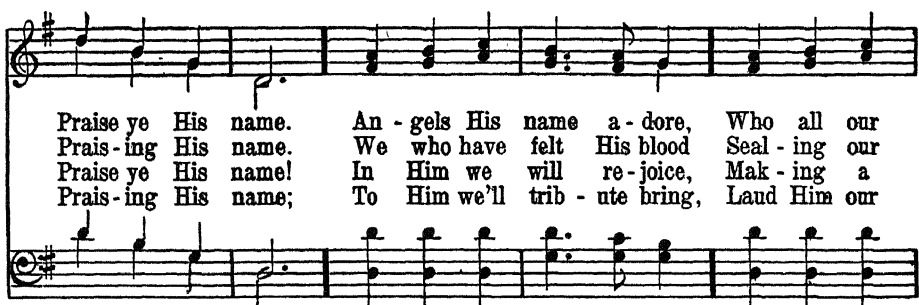
James Allen, 1761.

(ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.)

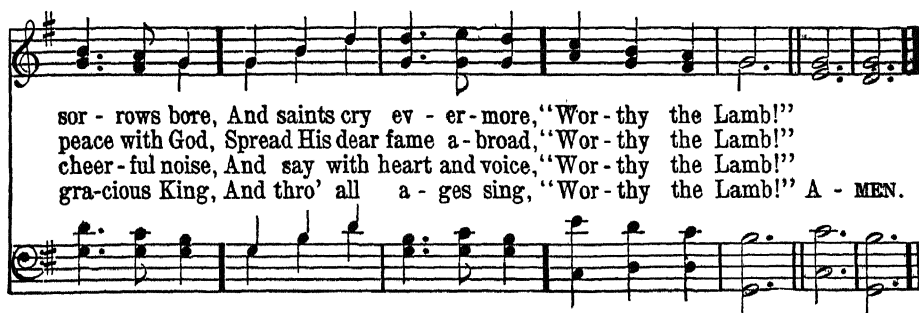
Felici Giardini, 1716-1796.



1. Glo - ry to God on high, Let prais - es fill the sky!
 2. All they a - round the throne Cheer - ful - ly join in one,
 3. Join all the hu - man race, Our Lord and God to bless;
 4. Though we must change our place, Our souls shall nev - er cease



Praise ye His name. An - gels His name a - dore, Who all our
 Prais - ing His name. We who have felt His blood Seal - ing our
 Praise ye His name! In Him we will re - joice, Mak - ing a
 Prais - ing His name; To Him we'll trib - ute bring, Laud Him our



sor - rows bore, And saints cry ev - er - more, "Wor - thy the Lamb!"
 peace with God, Spread His dear fame a - broad, "Wor - thy the Lamb!"
 cheer - ful noise, And say with heart and voice, "Wor - thy the Lamb!"
 gra - cious King, And thro' all a - ges sing, "Wor - thy the Lamb!" A - MEN.

GOD THE SON—PRAISE AND ADORATION

137 Holy God, We Praise Thy Name!

Tr. by C. A. Walworth, 1853. (THE DRUM. P. M.) Arr. from J. S. Bach, 1685-1750.

1. Ho - ly God, we praise Thy name! Lord of all, we bow be - fore Thee,
 2. Hark! the loud ce - les - tial hymn, An - gel choirs a - bove are rais - ing;
 3. Ho - ly Fa - ther, Ho - ly Son, Ho - ly Spir - it, three we name Thee;
 4. Spare Thy peo - ple, Lord, we pray, By a thou - sand snares sur - round - ed;

All on earth Thy scep - ter claim, All in heav'n a - bove a - dore Thee;
 Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim In un - ceas - ing cho - rus prais - ing,
 While in es - sence, on - ly One, Un - di - vid - ed God, we claim Thee;
 Keep us with - out sin to - day, Nev - er let us be con - found - ed.

In - fi - nite Thy vast do - main, Ev - er - last - ing is Thy reign!
 Fill the heav'n's with sweet ac - cord, Ho - ly! ho - ly! ho - ly Lord!
 And, a - dor - ing, bend the knee, While we own the mys - ter - y.
 Lo! I put my trust in Thee, Nev - er, Lord, a - ban - don me. A - MEN.

138 Awake, and Sing the Song

W. Hammond.

(JUNIOR. S. M.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

1. A - wake, and sing the song Of Mos - es and the Lamb!
 2. Sing of His dy - ing love! Sing of His ris - ing pow'r!
 3. Sing on your heav'n - ly way! Ye ran - somed sin - ners, sing;
 4. Soon shall ye hear Him say, "Ye bless - ed chil - dren, come,"
 5. There shall our rap - tured tongue His end - less praise pro - claim,

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GOD THE SON—PRAISE AND ADORATION



Wake ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry tongue To praise the Sav - ior's name.
Sing how He in - ter-cedes a - bove For those whose sins He bore.
Sing on, re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day In Christ th'e - ter - nal King.
Soon will He call you hence a - way, And take His wan-d'rers home.
And sweet-er voi - ces swell the song Of glo - ry to the Lamb. A - MEN.



139

No, Not One

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

(10s, 6s.)

Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.



1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!



None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin-ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!



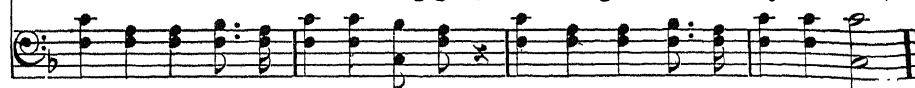
D.S.—There's not a friend like the low-ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one! A - MEN.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug-gles, He will guide till the day is done;



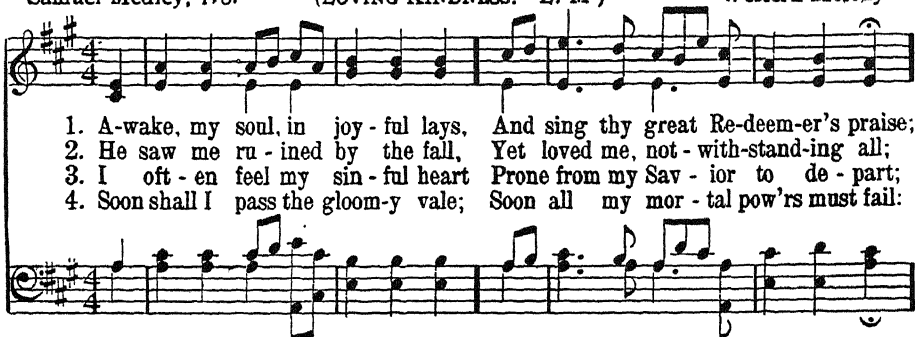
Used by permission of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of Copyright.

140 Awake, My Soul, in Joyful Lays

Samuel Medley, 1787

(LOVING KINDNESS. L. M.)

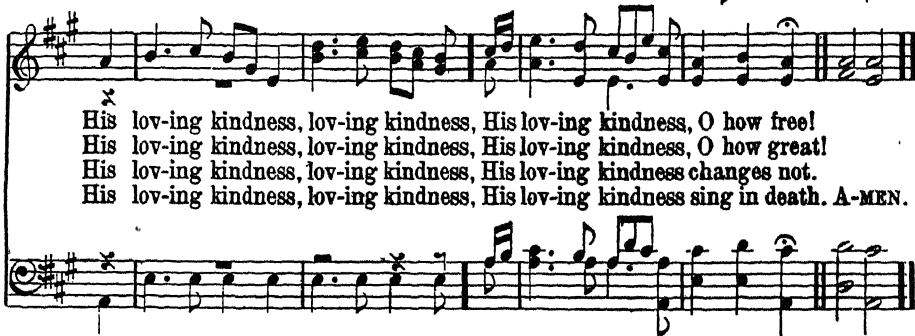
Western Melody.



1. A-wake, my soul in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;
 2. He saw me ru-ined by the fall, Yet loved me, not-with-stand-ing all;
 3. I oft-en feel my sin-ful heart Prone from my Sav-ior to de-part;
 4. Soon shall I pass the gloom-y vale; Soon all my mor-tal pow'rs must fail:



He just-ly claims a song from me! His lov-ing kind-ness, O how free!
 He saved me from my lost es-tate; His lov-ing kind-ness, O how great!
 But tho' I oft have Him for-got, His lov-ing kind-ness changes not.
 O, may my last, ex-pir-ing breath His lov-ing kind-ness sing in death.



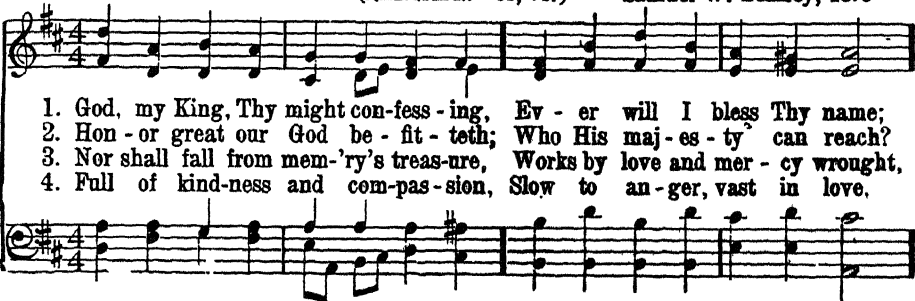
His lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kindness, O how free!
 His lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kindness, O how great!
 His lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kindness changes not.
 His lov-ing kindness, lov-ing kindness, His lov-ing kindness sing in death. A-MEN.

141 God, My King, Thy Might Confessing

R. Mant.

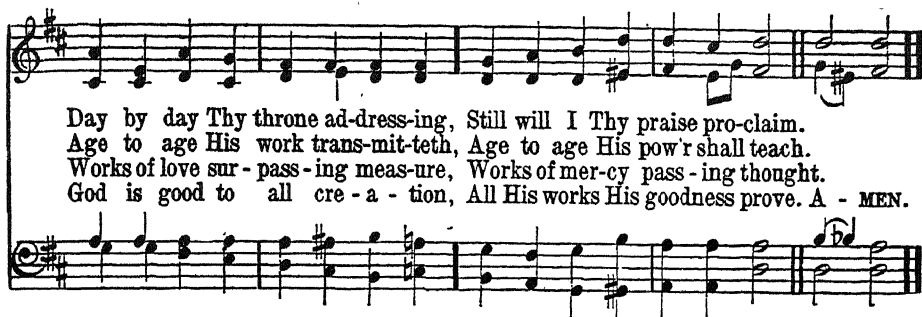
(LAKESIDE. 8s, 7s.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. God, my King, Thy might con-fess-ing, Ev-er will I bless Thy name;
 2. Hon-or great our God be-fit-teth; Who His maj-es-ty can reach?
 3. Nor shall fall from mem-'ry's treas-ure, Works by love and mer-cy wrought,
 4. Full of kind-ness and com-pas-sion, Slow to an-ger, vast in love.

GOD THE SON—PRAISE AND ADORATION



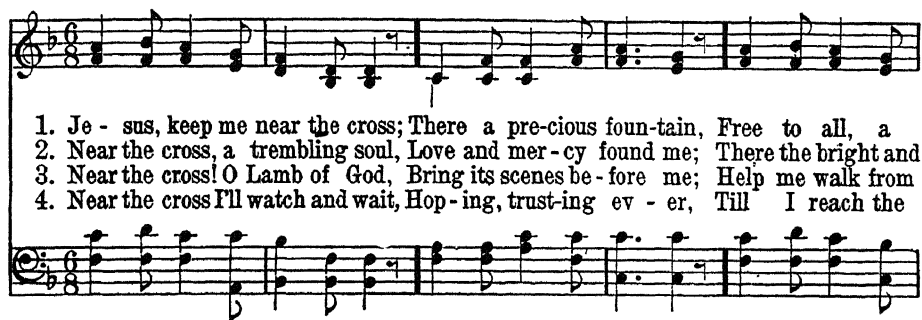
Day by day Thy throne ad-dress-ing, Still will I Thy praise pro-claim.
 Age to age His work trans-mit-teth, Age to age His pow'r shall teach.
 Works of love sur-pass-ing meas-ure, Works of mer-cy pass-ing thought.
 God is good to all cre-a-tion, All His works His goodness prove. A - MEN.

142 Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross

(NEAR THE CROSS. P. M.)

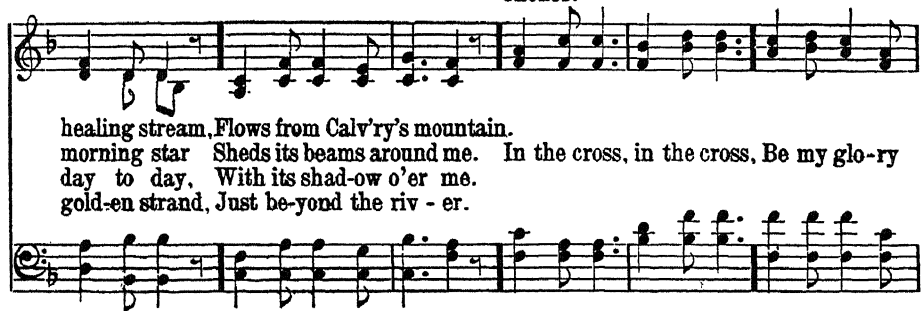
Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1869.

W. H. Doane.

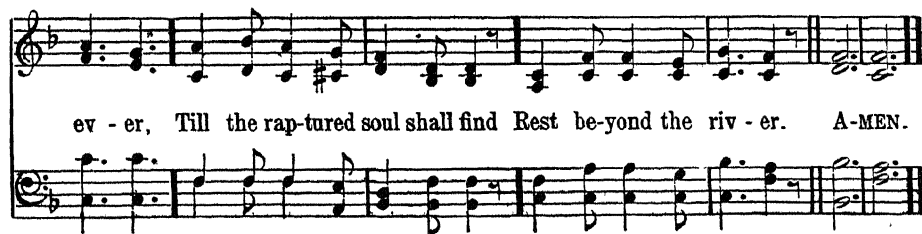


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross; There a pre-cious foun-tain, Free to all, a
 2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer-cy found me; There the bright and
 3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be-fore me; Help me walk from
 4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop-ing, trust-ing ev - er, Till I reach the

CHORUS.



healing stream, Flows from Calv'ry's mountain.
 morning star Sheds its beams around me. In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo-ry
 day to day, With its shad-ow o'er me.
 gold-en strand, Just be-yond the riv - er.



ev - er, Till the rap-tured soul shall find Rest be-yond the riv - er. A-MEN.

GOD THE SON—PRAISE AND ADORATION


143

'Tis the Promise of God

Philip P. Bliss, 1874.

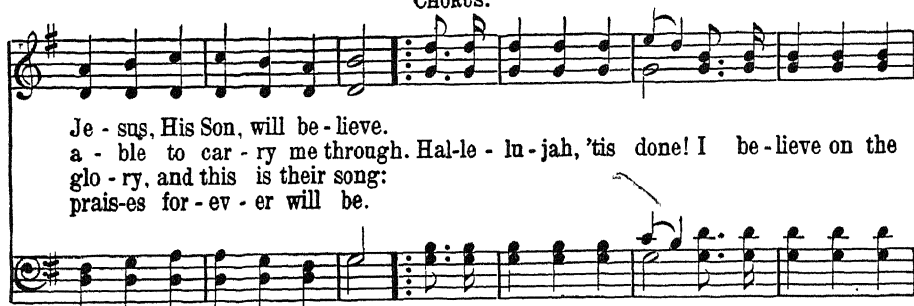
(HALLELUJAH, 'TIS DONE! 12s.)

P. P. Bliss, 1838-1877.

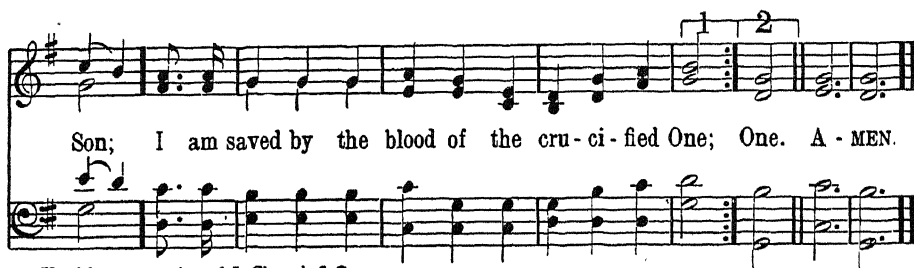


1. 'Tis the prom-ise of God, full sal-va-tion to give Un-to him who on
 2. Tho' the path-way be lone-ly, and dan-ger-ous too, Sure-ly Je-sus is
 3. Man-y loved ones have I in yon heav-en-ly throng, They are safe now in
 4. There's a part in that cho-rus for you and for me, And the theme of our

CHORUS.



Je-sus, His Son, will be-lieve.
 a-ble to car-ry me through. Hal-le-lu-jah, 'tis done! I be-lieve on the
 glo-ry, and this is their song:
 prais-es for-ev-er will be.



Son; I am saved by the blood of the cru-ci-fied One; One. A-MEN.

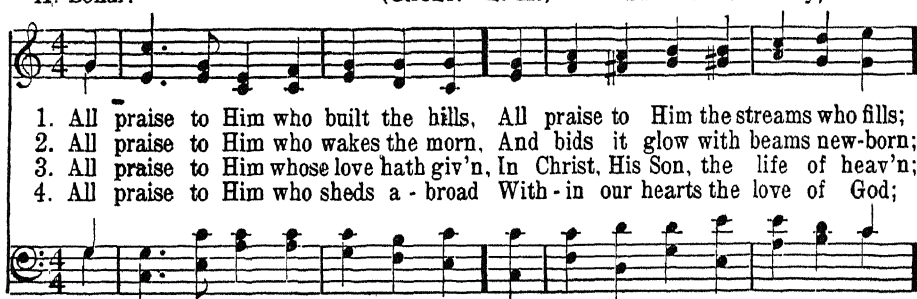
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144 All Praise to Him Who Built the Hills

H. Bonar.

(GAULT. L. M.)

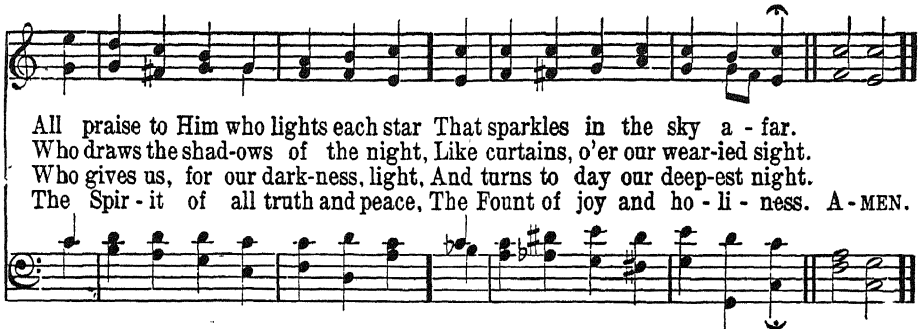
Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. All praise to Him who built the hills, All praise to Him the streams who fills;
 2. All praise to Him who wakes the morn, And bids it glow with beams new-born;
 3. All praise to Him whose love hath giv'n, In Christ, His Son, the life of heav'n;
 4. All praise to Him who sheds a-broad With-in our hearts the love of God;

Copyright, 1920, by Samuel W. Beazley

GOD THE SON—PRAISE AND ADORATION



All praise to Him who lights each star That sparkles in the sky a - far.
 Who draws the shad-ows of the night, Like curtains, o'er our wear-ied sight.
 Who gives us, for our dark-ness, light, And turns to day our deep-est night.
 The Spir - it of all truth and peace, The Fount of joy and ho - li - ness. A - MEN.

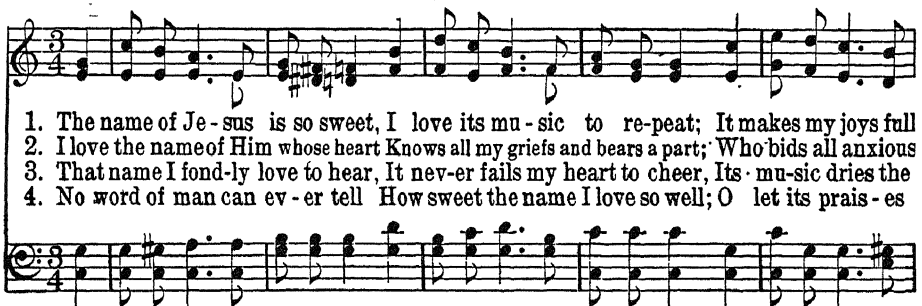
145

The Name of Jesus

Rev. W. C. Martin.

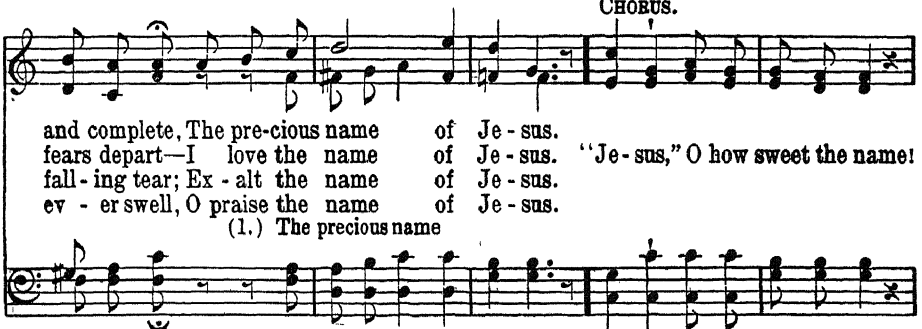
(8s, 7.)

E. S. Lorenz.

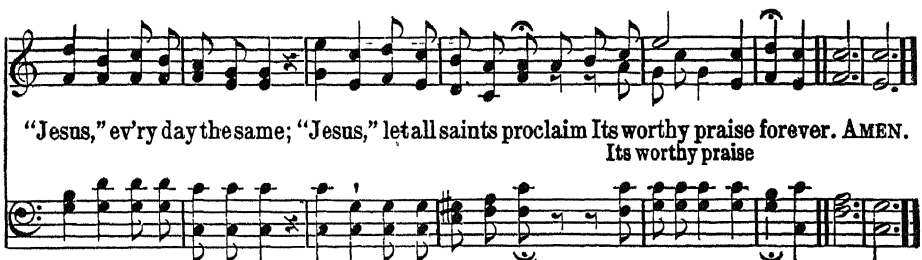


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re-peat; It makes my joys full
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs and bears a part; Who bids all anxious
3. That name I fond-ly love to hear, It nev-er fails my heart to cheer, Its mu-sic dries the
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well; O let its prais - es

CHORUS.



and complete, The pre-cious name of Je - sus.
 fears depart—I love the name of Je - sus. "Je - sus," O how sweet the name!
 fall - ing tear; Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.
 ev - er swell, O praise the name of Je - sus.
 (1.) The precious name



"Jesus," ev'ry day the same; "Jesus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise forever. AMEN.
 Its worthy praise

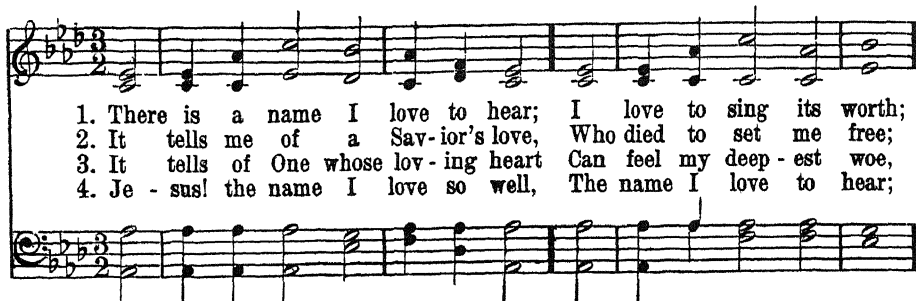
GOD THE SON—PRAISE AND ADORATION

146 There Is a Name I Love to Hear

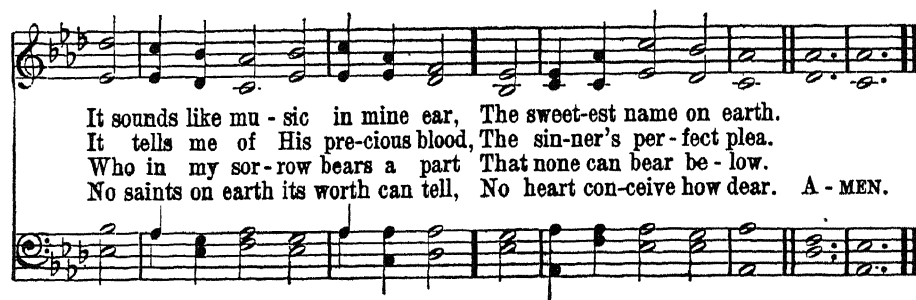
F. Whitfield.

(EVAN. C. M.)

W. H. Havergal.



1. There is a name I love to hear; I love to sing its worth;
 2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free;
 3. It tells of One whose lov-ing heart Can feel my deep-est woe,
 4. Je - sus! the name I love so well, The name I love to hear;



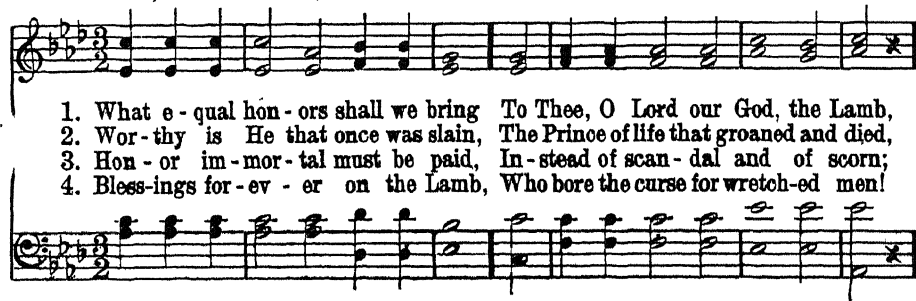
It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
 It tells me of His pre-cious blood, The sin-ner's per-fect plea.
 Who in my sor-row bears a part That none can bear be-low.
 No saints on earth its worth can tell, No heart con-ceive how dear. A - MEN.

147 What Equal Honors Shall We Bring

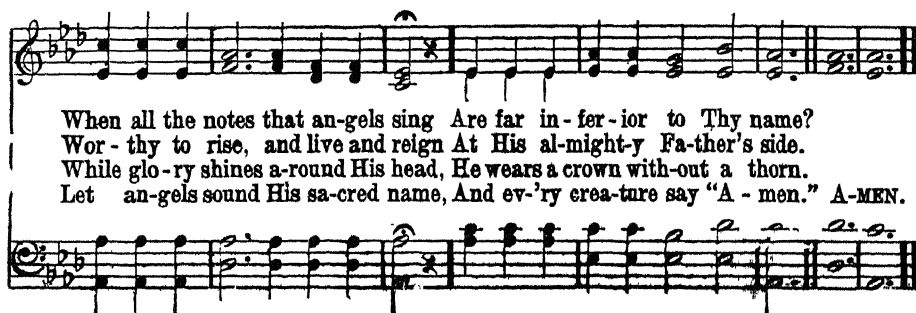
Isaac Watts, 1707.

(MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.)

H. C. Zeuner, 1795-1857.



1. What e - qual hon - ors shall we bring To Thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,
 2. Wor - thy is He that once was slain, The Prince of life that groaned and died,
 3. Hon - or im - mor - tal must be paid, In - stead of scan - dal and of scorn;
 4. Bless-ings for - ev - er on the Lamb, Who bore the curse for wretch-ed men!



When all the notes that an-gels sing Are far in - fer - ior to Thy name?
 Wor - thy to rise, and live and reign At His al-might-y Fa-ther's side.
 While glo-ry shines a-round His head, He wears a crown with-out a thorn.
 Let an-gels sound His sa-cred name, And ev-'ry crea-ture say "A - men." A-MEN.

148 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned

[First Tune]

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

(ORTONVILLE. C. M.)

Dr. T. Hastings, 1784-1872.

1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Up-on the Sav-ior's brow; His head with ra-diant
2. No mor-tal can with Him compare, Among the sons of men; Fair-er is He than
3. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me tri-umph
4. Since from His bounty I re-ceive Such proofs of love divine, Had I a thou-sand

glories crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
all the fair That fill the heav'n-ly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
o - ver death, He saves me from the grave, He saves me from the grave.
hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine, Lord, they should all be Thine. A-MEN.

149 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

[Second Tune]

Samuel Stennett, 1787.

(ANSLEY PARK. C. M.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

1. Ma - jes - tic sweet-ness sits en-throned Up - on the Sav - ior's brow; ..
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of men; ..
3. He saw me plunge in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re - lief; ...
4. Since from His boun - ty I re - ceive Such proof of love di - vine, ..

His head with ra-diant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
Fair-er is He than all the fair That fill the heav'n-ly train.
For me He bore the shame-ful cross, And car-ried all my grief.
Had I a thou-sand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be Thine. A-MEN.

GOD THE SON—PRAISE AND ADORATION

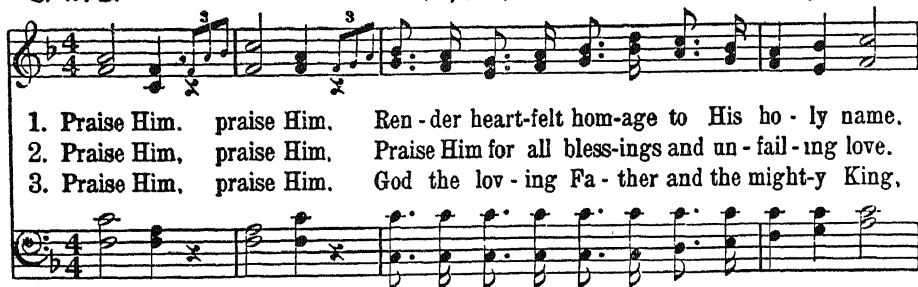
150

Praise Him

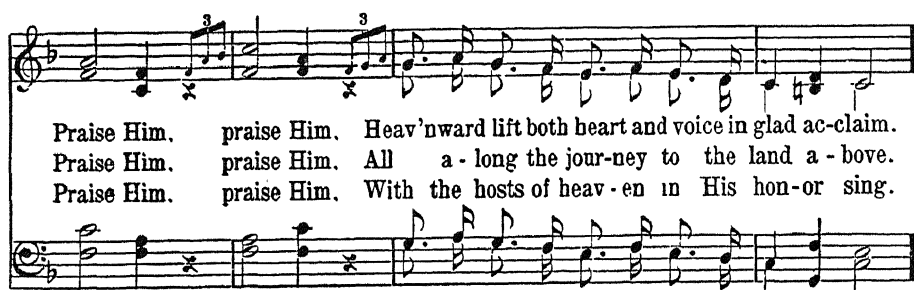
S. W. B.

(4s, 11s.)

Samuel W Beazley, 1873—

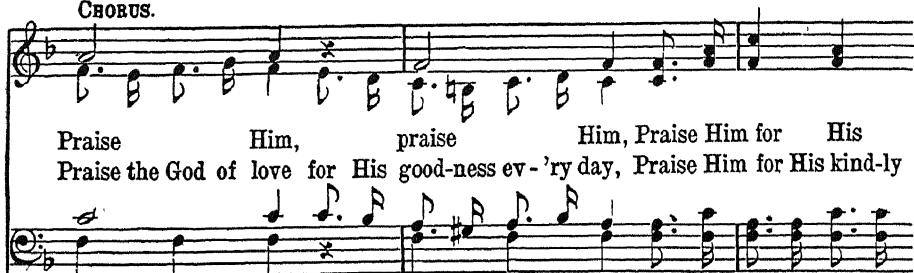


1. Praise Him. praise Him. Ren - der heart-felt hom-age to His ho - ly name.
 2. Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him for all bless-ings and un - fail - ing love.
 3. Praise Him, praise Him. God the lov - ing Fa - ther and the might-y King,



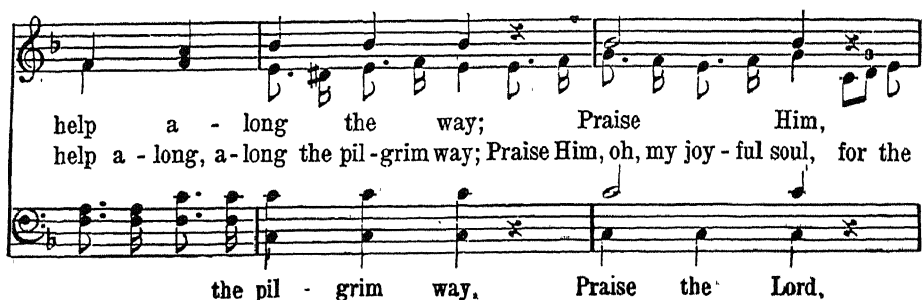
Praise Him, praise Him. Heav'nward lift both heart and voice in glad ac-claim.
 Praise Him. praise Him. All a - long the jour-ney to the land a - bove.
 Praise Him. praise Him. With the hosts of heav - en in His hon-or sing.

CHORUS.



Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him for His
 Praise the God of love for His good-ness ev - 'ry day, Praise Him for His kind-ly

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord



help a - long the way; Praise Him,
 help a - long, a-long the pil-grim way; Praise Him, oh, my joy - ful soul, for the
 the pil - grim way, Praise the Lord,

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GOD THE SON - PRAISE AND ADORATION



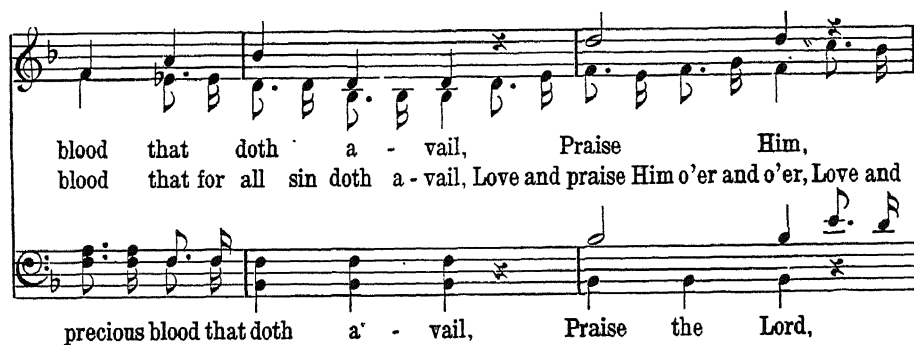
Praise Him, His gra - cious hand o'er - flows; oh,
 bless-ings He be-stows, His bless-ings full and free with which His hand o'erflows; oh,

Praise the Lord,



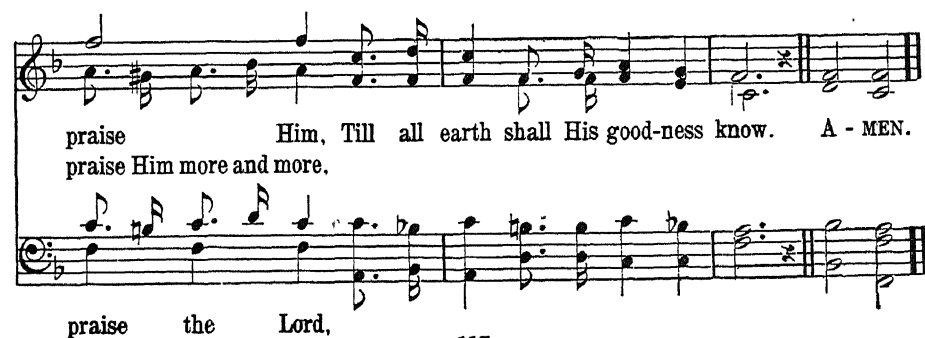
Praise Him, praise Him, Praise Him for the
 Praise Him for His word that shall nev - er, nev - er fail, Praise Him for the

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Praise Him for the blood, the



blood that doth a - vail, Praise Him,
 blood that for all sin doth a - vail, Love and praise Him o'er and o'er, Love and

precious blood that doth a - vail, Praise the Lord,



praise Him, Till all earth shall His good-ness know. A - MEN.
 praise Him more and more.

praise the Lord,

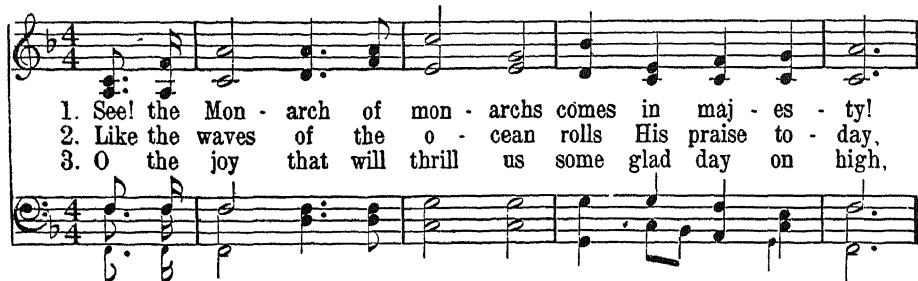
151

Our King Immanuel

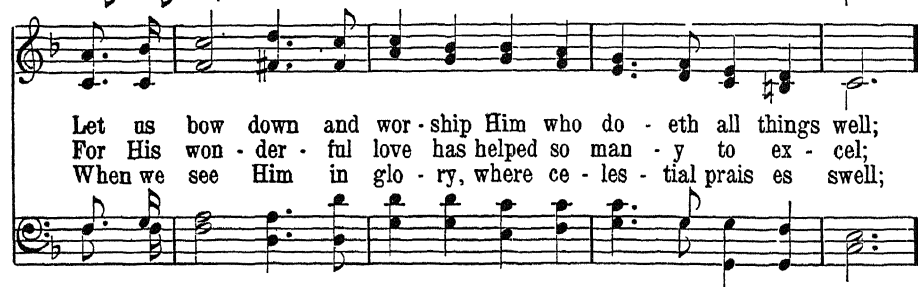
James Rowe.

(12, 14s, 8)

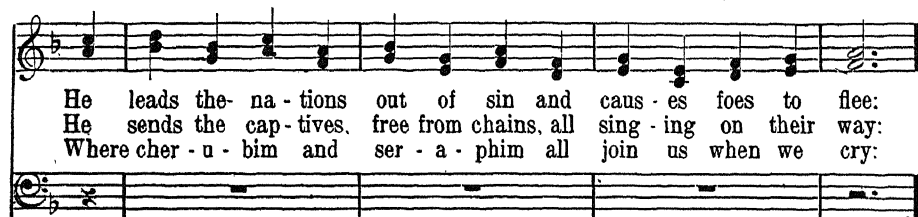
Samuel W Beazley, 1873—



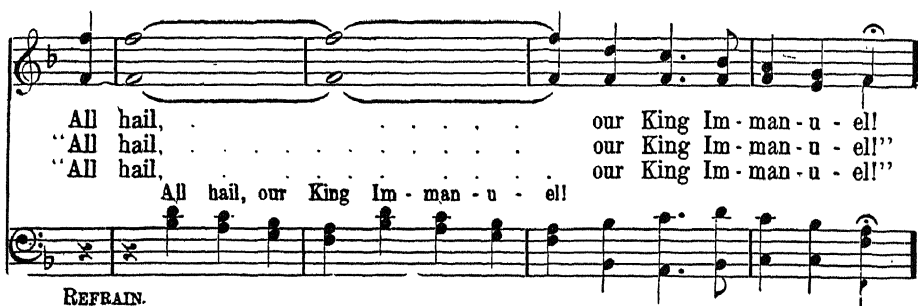
1. See! the Mon - arch of mon - archs comes in maj - es - ty!
 2. Like the waves of the o - cean rolls His praise to - day,
 3. O the joy that will thrill us some glad day on high,



Let us bow down and wor - ship Him who do - eth all things well;
 For His won - der - ful love has helped so man - y to ex - cel;
 When we see Him in glo - ry, where ce - les - tial prais es swell;

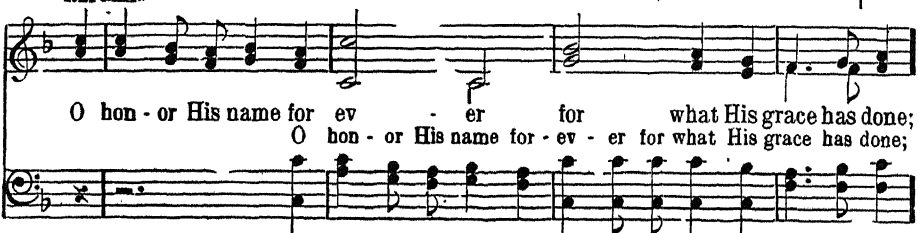


He leads the - na - tions out of sin and caus - es foes to flee:
 He sends the cap - tives, free from chains, all sing - ing on their way:
 Where cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim all join us when we cry:



All hail, our King Im - man - u - el!
 "All hail, our King Im - man - u - el!"
 "All hail, our King Im - man - u - el!"
 All hail, our King Im - man - u - el!

REFRAIN.



O hon - or His name for ev - er for what His grace has done;
 O hon - or His name for - ev - er for what His grace has done;

GOD THE SON—PRAISE AND ADORATION



His might-y love in ev - 'ry heart should dwell.
His might-y love, His might-y love in ev - 'ry heart should dwell, should dwell,



For He is the world's Re-deem - - er. Je - - ho-vah's on - ly Son!
For He is the world's Re-deem - er, Je - ho - vah's on - ly Son!



All hail. our King Im-man-u-ell A - MEN
All hail, our King Im-man-u-ell our King Im - - - man-u - ell

152

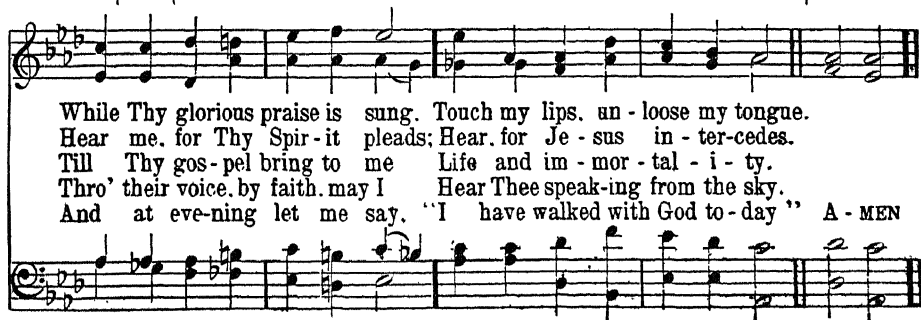
To Thy Temple I Repair

(BUENA. 7s.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. To Thy tem - ple I re - pair; Lord, I love to wor - ship there;
2. While the prayers of saints as - cend, God of love, to mine at - tend;
3. While I heark - en to Thy law, Fill my soul with hum - ble awe.
4. While Thy min - is - ters pro - claim Peace and par - don in Thy name.
5. From Thy house when I re - turn, May my heart with - in me burn;



While Thy glorious praise is sung. Touch my lips, un - loose my tongue.
Hear me, for Thy Spir - it pleads; Hear, for Je - sus in - ter - cedas.
Till Thy gos - pel bring to me Life and im - mor - tal - i - ty.
Thro' their voice, by faith, may I Hear Thee speak - ing from the sky.
And at eve - ning let me say, "I have walked with God to - day " A - MEN

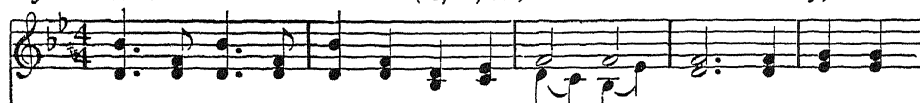
153

Join in Exultation

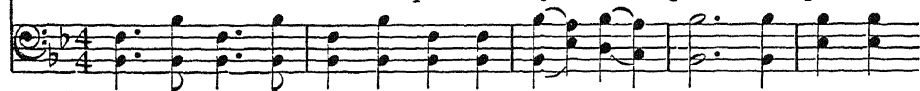
James Rowe.

(8s, 9s, 3s.)

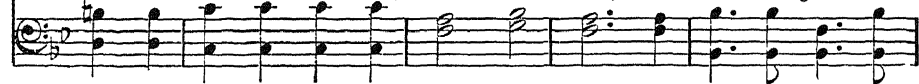
Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



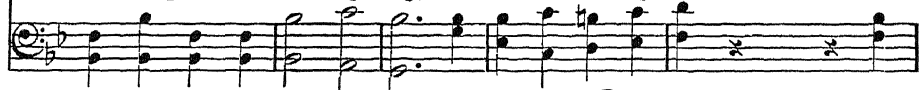
1. Peo - ple, join in ex - ul - ta - tion, Voi - ces raise; Let ev - 'ry
2. He has brought us full sal - va - tion, Sing, friends, sing; Fill earth and
3. We shall reach the home su - per - nal By His grace, And, gath - ered



peo - ple, tribe, and na - tion Sing God's praise. Make all the hills and
sky with ju - bi - la - tion, Praise the King. Oh, wor - thy of our
round the throne e - ter - nal, See His face; Then let us give our



vales to - day With mu - sic ring; Let voi - ces soar with joy, more and more. Ex -
praise is He For - ev - er - more; His love proclaim, give praise to His name. Till
hearts' best praise—A - dor - ing, sing; With heart and voice proclaim Him our choice, Our



REFRAIN.



tol the e - ter - nal King. . .
Our King, our e - ter - nal King.
all shall our God a - dore. Sing, tribes and na - tions,
All na - tions our God a - dore.
great and e - ter - nal King. Sing, all ye tribes and na - tions,
Our King, our e - ter - nal King.



Wake the vales and the hills with song: Ex - tol the Sav - ior,
with song: Ex - tol and bless the Sav - ior,



GOD THE SON—PRAISE AND ADORATION



Un - to whom prais-es glad be - long, Till earth and heav - en
be - long, Till all the earth and heav - en

Shall with glad hal - le - lu - jahs ring; Let voi - ces soar with
ring, ring;

joy, more and more, Ex - tol our e - ter - nal King. A-MEN.
Ex - tol our King, our e - ter - nal King.

our King.....


154

To Bless Thy Chosen Race

Brady.

(MONTROSE. S. M.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. To bless Thy cho - sen race, In mer - cy, Lord, in - cline;
2. That so Thy won - drous way May through the world be known;
3. Oh, let them shout and sing With joy and pi - ous mirth;
4. Let dif - f'ring na - tions join To cel - e - brate Thy fame.

And cause the bright-ness of Thy face On all Thy saints to shine.
While dis-tant lands their trib-ute pay, And Thy sal - va - tion own.
For Thou, the right-eous Judge and King, Shall gov-ern all the earth.
Let all the world, O Lord, com-bine, To praise Thy ho - ly name. A - MEN.

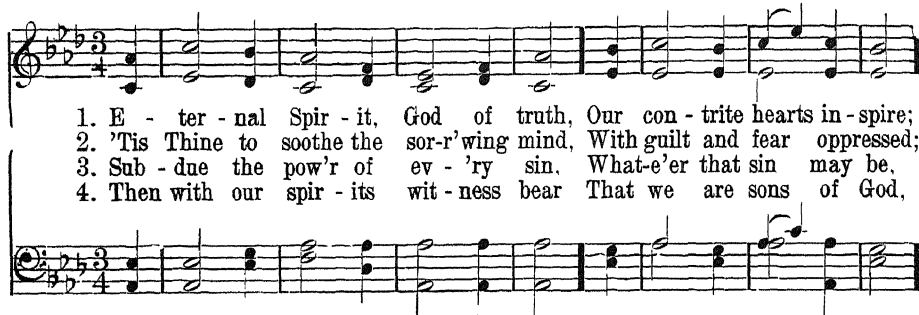
THE HOLY SPIRIT

155

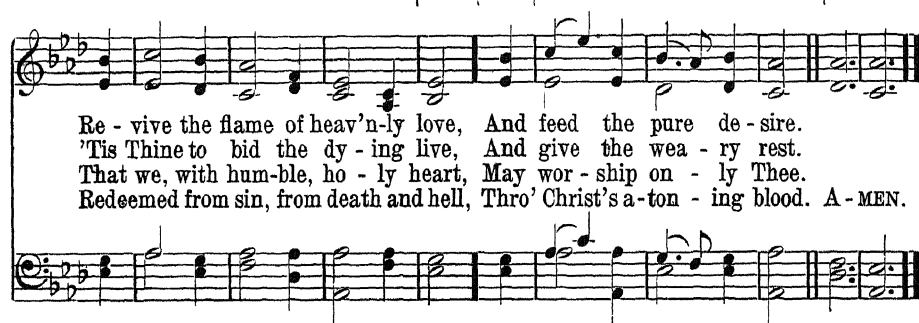
Eternal Spirit, God of Truth

(BALERMA. C. M.)

R. Simpson.



1. E - ter - nal Spir - it, God of truth, Our con - trite hearts in - spire;
 2. 'Tis Thine to soothe the sor - r'wing mind, With guilt and fear oppressed;
 3. Sub - due the pow'r of ev - 'ry sin. What - e'er that sin may be,
 4. Then with our spir - its wit - ness bear That we are sons of God,



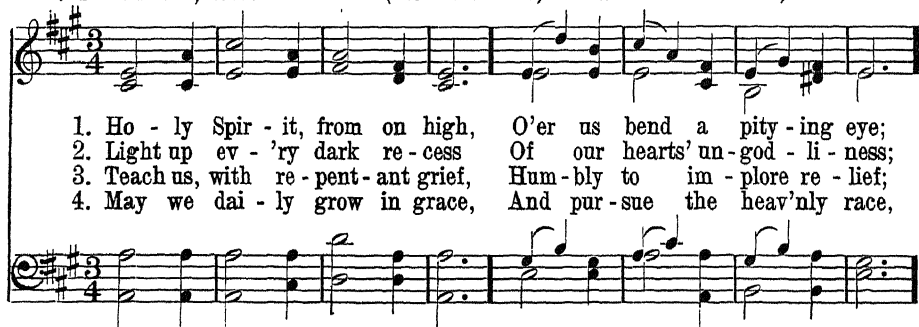
Re - vive the flame of heav'n - ly love, And feed the pure de - sire.
 'Tis Thine to bid the dy - ing live, And give the wea - ry rest.
 That we, with hum - ble, ho - ly heart, May wor - ship on - ly Thee.
 Redeemed from sin, from death and hell, Thro' Christ's a - ton - ing blood. A - MEN.

156

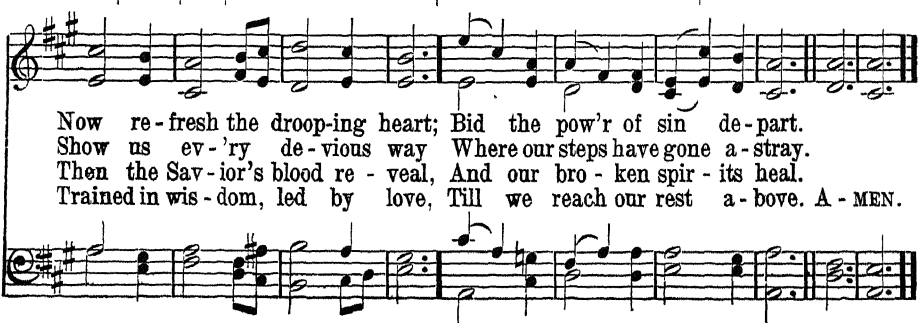
Holy Spirit, From On High

W. H. Bathurst, 1831.

(HORTON. 7s.) X. S. Von Wartensee, 1786-1868.



1. Ho - ly Spir - it, from on high, O'er us bend a pity - ing eye;
 2. Light up ev - 'ry dark re - cess, Of our hearts' un - god - li - ness;
 3. Teach us, with re - pent - ant grief, Hum - bly to im - plore re - lief;
 4. May we dai - ly grow in grace, And pur - sue the heav'nly race,



Now re - fresh the droop - ing heart; Bid the pow'r of sin de - part.
 Show us ev - 'ry de - vious way Where our steps have gone a - stray.
 Then the Sav - ior's blood re - veal, And our bro - ken spir - its heal.
 Trained in wis - dom, led by love, Till we reach our rest a - bove. A - MEN.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

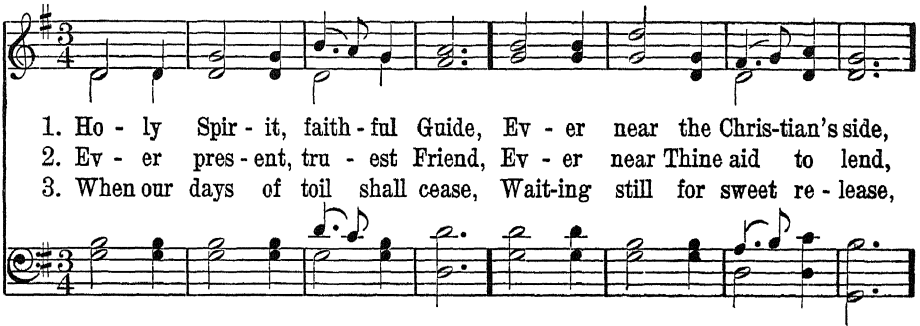
157

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide

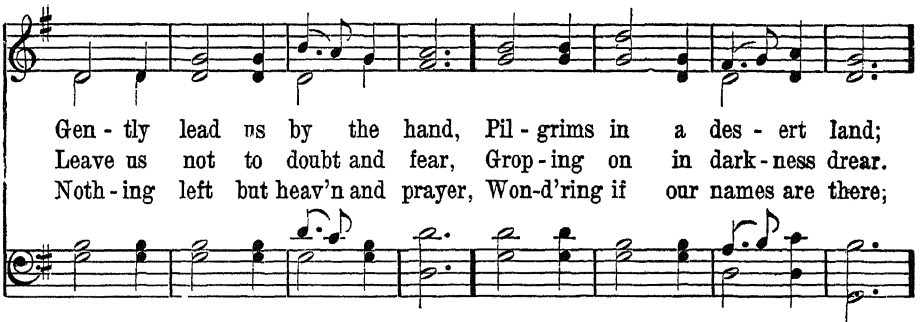
(GUIDE. 7s. D.)

M. M. Wells, 1858.

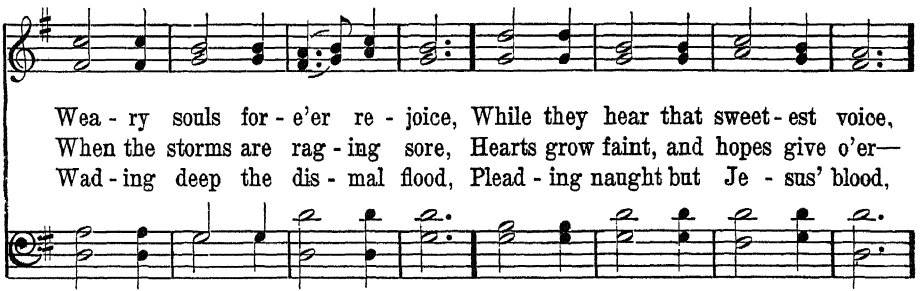
M. M. Wells.



1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side,
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease,



Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear.
Noth - ing left but heav'n and prayer, Won - d'ring if our names are there;



Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er -
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,



Whis - p'ring soft - ly, "Wand' rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand' rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft - ly, "Wand' rer, come! Fol - low Me, I'll guide thee home." A - MEN.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

158

Holy Ghost, With Light Divine

A. Reed.

(MERCY. 7s.)

Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
 2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt - y heart of mine;
 3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this sad - dened heart of mine;
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.
 Long hath sin with - out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
 Bid my man - y woes de - part, Heal my wound - ed, bleeding heart.
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol - throne, Reign supreme — and reign a - lone. A - MEN.

159 Come, Gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove

Simon Browne, 1720.

(WARD. L. M.)

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.

1. Come, gra - cious Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With light and
 2. To us the light of truth dis - play, And make us
 3. Lead us to ho - li - ness, the road Which we must
 4. Lead us to God, our fi - nal rest, To be with

com - fort from a - bove; Be Thou our Guard - ian, Thou our
 know and choose Thy way; Plant ho - ly fear in ev - 'ry
 take to dwell with God; Lead us to Christ, the liv - ing
 Him for - ev - er blest; Lead us to heav'n, its bliss to

THE HOLY SPIRIT

Guide; O'er ev - 'ry thought and step pre - side.
heart, That we from God may ne'er de - part.
way, Nor let us from His pas - tures stray.
share, Full - ness of joy for - ev - er there. A - MEN.

160

Eternal Spirit, We Confess

Isaac Watts, 1709.

(WIMBORNE. L. M.)

J. Whitaker, 1820.

1. E - ter - nal Spir - it, we con - fess And sing the
2. En - light - ened by Thine heav'n - ly ray, Our shades and
3. Thy pow'r and glo - ry work with - in, And break the
4. The troub - led con - science knows Thy voice: Thy cheer - ing

won - ders of Thy grace: Thy pow'r con - veys Thy bless - ings
dark - ness turns to day; Thine in - ward teach - ings make us
chains of reign - ing sin; Our wild, im - pe - rious lusts sub -
words a - wake our joys; Thy words al - lay the storm - y

down From God the Fa - ther and the Son.
know Our dan - ger and our ref - uge too.
due, And form our wretch - ed hearts a - new.
wind, And calm the surg - es of the mind. A - MEN.

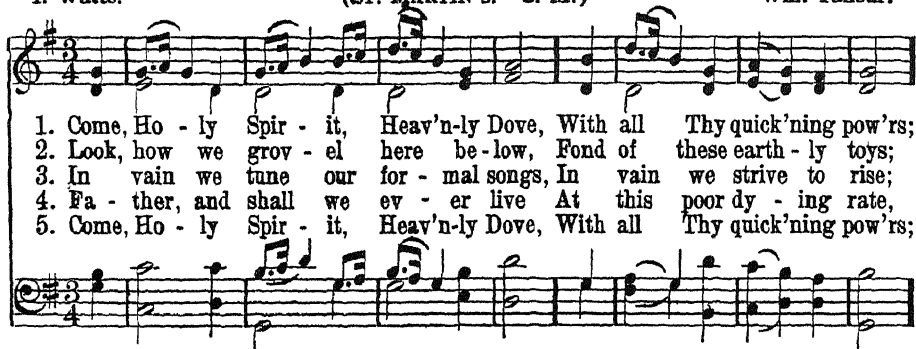
THE HOLY SPIRIT

161 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove

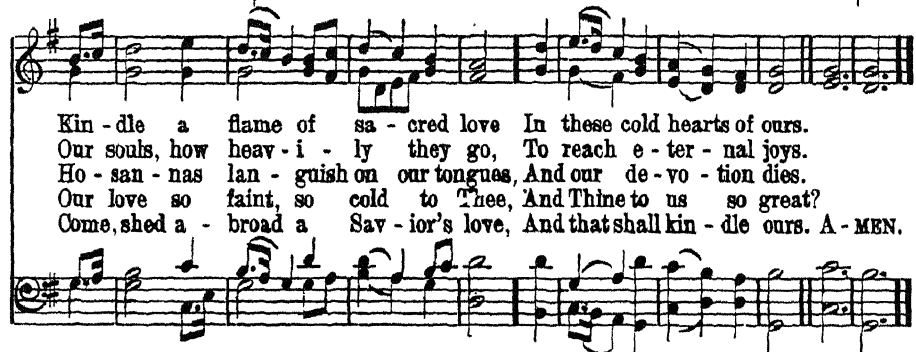
I. Watts.

(ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.)

Wm. Tansur.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
 2. Look, how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
 3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;
 4. Fa - ther, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate,
 5. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;

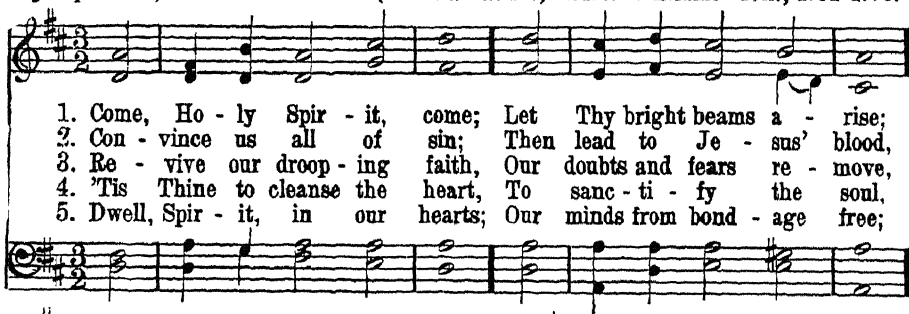


Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
 Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?
 Come, shed a - broad a Sav - ior's love, And that shall kin - dle ours. A - MEN.

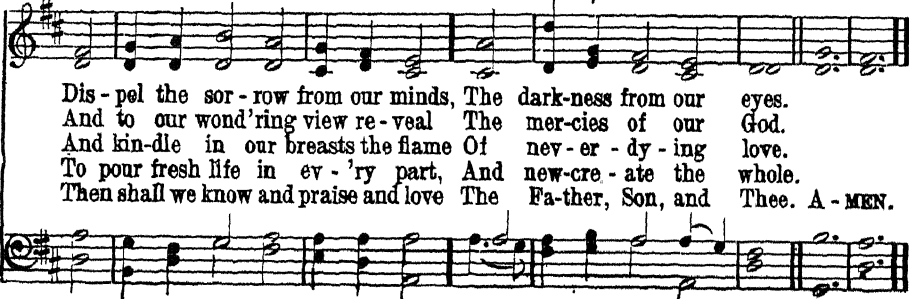
162 Come, Holy Spirit, Come

Joseph Hart, 1759.

(DOVER. S. M.) Aaron Williams' Coll., 1731-1776.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, come; Let Thy bright beams a - rise;
 2. Con - vince us all of sin; Then lead to Je - sus' blood,
 3. Re - vive our droop - ing faith, Our doubts and fears re - move,
 4. 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart, To sanc - ti - fy the soul,
 5. Dwell, Spir - it, in our hearts; Our minds from bond - age free;



Dis - pel the sor - row from our minds, The dark - ness from our eyes.
 And to our wond'ring view re - veal The mer - cies of our God.
 And kin - dle in our breasts the flame Of nev - er - dy - ing love.
 To pour fresh life in ev - 'ry part, And new - cre - ate the whole.
 Then shall we know and praise and love The Fa - ther, Son, and Thee. A - MEN.

THE TRINITY

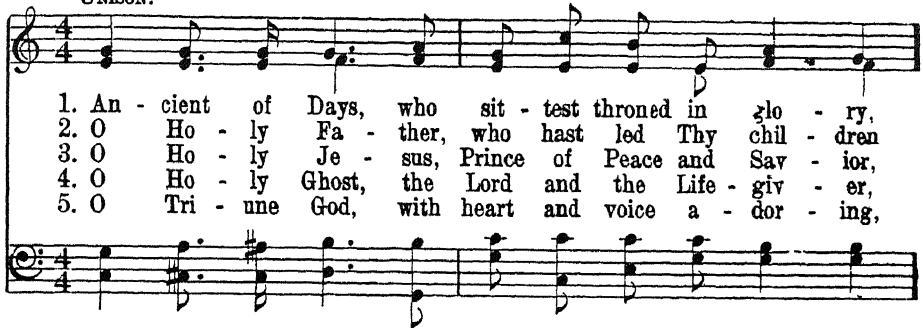
163 Ancient of Days, Who Sittest Throned in Glory

(ANCIENT OF DAYS. 11, 10, 11, 10.)

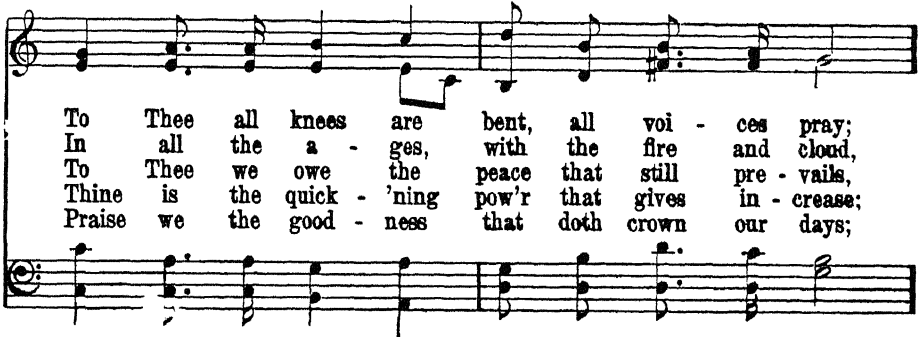
William C. Doane, 1886.

J. Albert Jeffery, 1886.

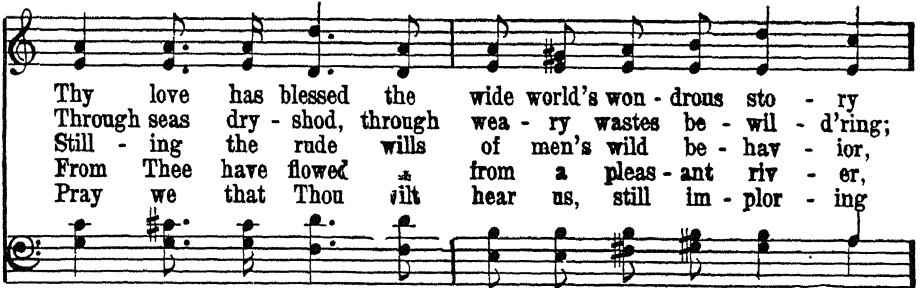
UNISON.



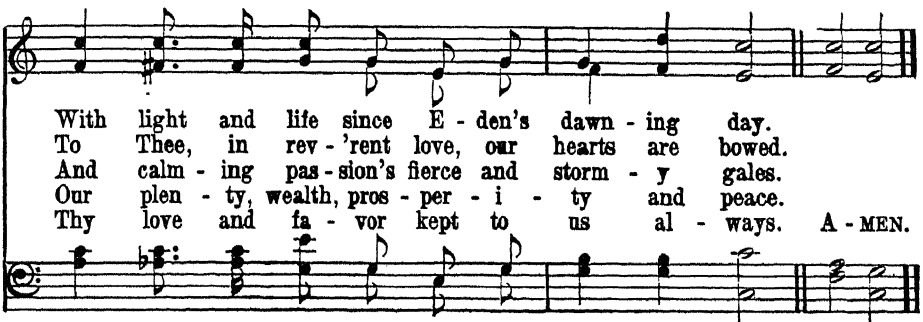
1. An - cient of Days, who sit - test throned in glo - ry,
 2. O Ho - ly Fa - ther, who hast led Thy chil - dren
 3. O Ho - ly Je - sus, Prince of Peace and Sav - ior,
 4. O Ho - ly Ghost, the Lord and the Life - giv - er,
 5. O Tri - une God, with heart and voice a - dor - ing,



To Thee all knees are bent, all voi - ces pray;
 In all the a - ges, with the fire and cloud,
 To Thee we owe the peace that still pre - vails,
 Thine is the quick - 'ning pow'r that gives in - crease;
 Praise we the good - ness that doth crown our days;



Thy love has blessed the wide world's won - drous sto - ry
 Through seas dry - shod, through wea - ry wastes be - wil - d'ring;
 Still - ing the rude wills of men's wild be - hav - ior,
 From Thee have flowed from a pleas - ant riv - er,
 Pray we that Thou wilt hear us, still im - plor - ing



With light and life since E - den's dawn - ing day.
 To Thee, in rev - 'rent love, our hearts are bowed.
 And calm - ing pas - sion's fierce and storm - y gales.
 Our plen - ty, wealth, pros - per - i - ty and peace.
 Thy love and fa - vor kept to us al - ways. A - MEN.

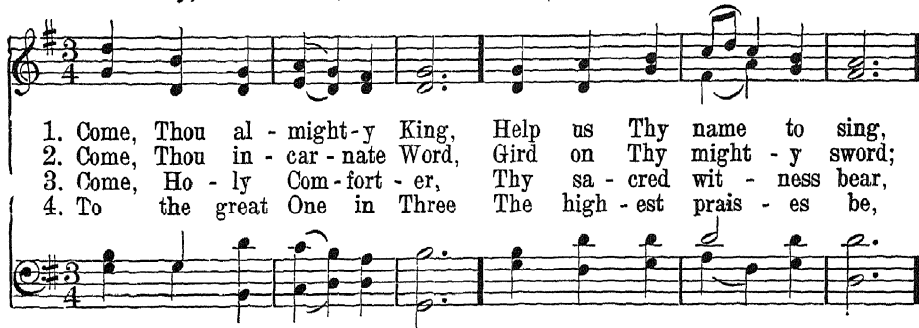
164

Come, Thou Almighty King

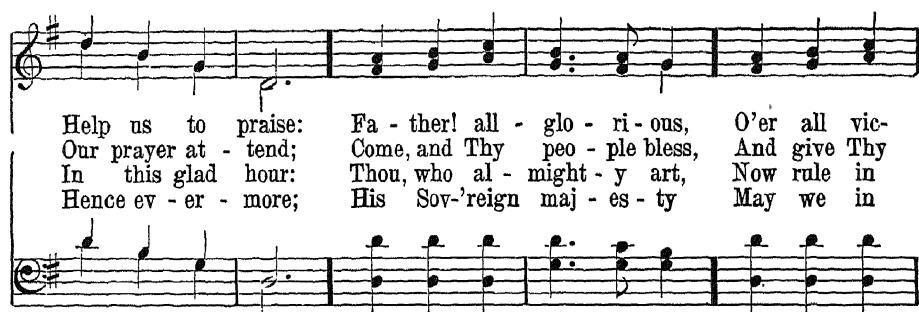
Charles Wesley, 1757.

(ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.)

F. Giardini, 1716-1796.



1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword;
 3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
 4. To the great One in Three The high - est prais - es be,



Help us to praise: Fa - ther! all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
 Our prayer at - tend; Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour: Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in
 Hence ev - er - more; His Sov'-reign maj - es - ty May we in



to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
 word suc - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r!
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore. A - MEN.

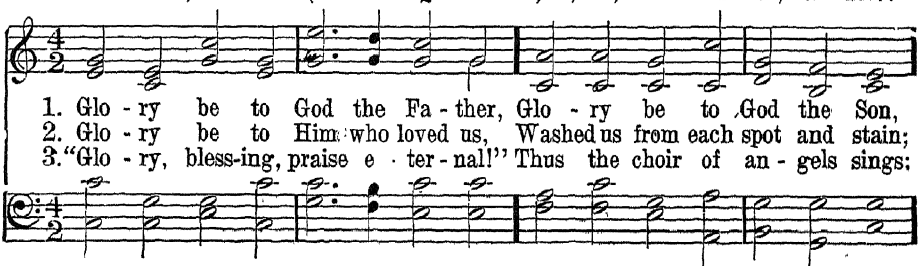
165

Glory Be to God the Father

Horatius Bonar, 1863.

(REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s, 4s.)

H. Smart, 1812-1879.



1. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to God the Son,
 2. Glo - ry be to Him: who loved us, Washed us from each spot and stain;
 3. "Glo - ry, bless - ing, praise e - ter - nal!" Thus the choir of an - gels sings:

THE TRINITY



Glo - ry be to God the Spir - it, Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One;
 Glo - ry be to Him who bought us, Made us kings with Him to reign;
 "Hon - or, rich - es, pow'r, do - min - ion!" Thus its praise cre - a - tion brings;

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, While e - ter - nal a - ges run.
 Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, To the Lamb that once was slain!
 Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Glo - ry to the King of kings! A-MEN.

166 Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty!

Reginald Heber, 1827.

(NICAEA. P. M.)

Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876.



1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, he - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
 gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim
 praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 Lord God Al - might - y! God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty. A-MEN.


167

We Praise Thee, O God



(REVIVE US AGAIN. 11s, 12s.)

W. P. Mackay, 1863.


J. J. Husband, 1798—




1. We praise Thee, O God, for the Son of Thy love!
 2. We praise Thee, O God, for the Spir - it of light!
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 4. Re - vive us a - gain: fill each heart with Thy love!

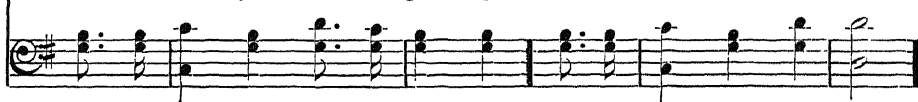
For Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.
 Who has shown us the Sav - ior, and scat - tered our night.
 Who hath borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
 May our souls be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.



REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.




Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Re - vive us a - gain. A - MEN.



168

Wonderful Words of Life

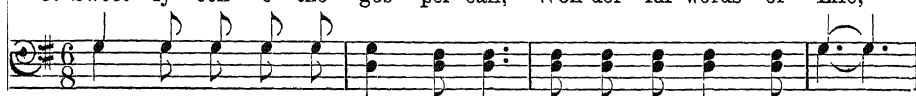
P. P. B.

(8s, 6s.)

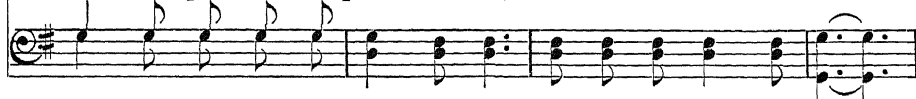
P. P. Bliss.



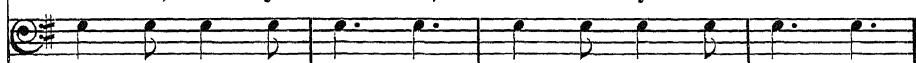
1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life,
 2. Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of Life;
 3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life,



Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.
 Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.



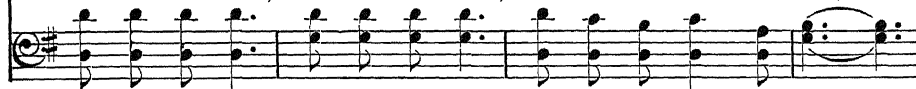
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.



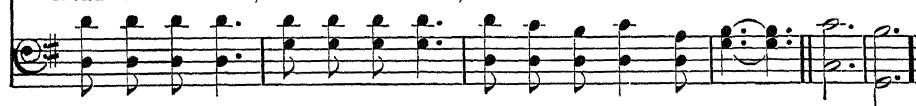
REFRAIN.



Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life, . .



Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life. A - MEN.



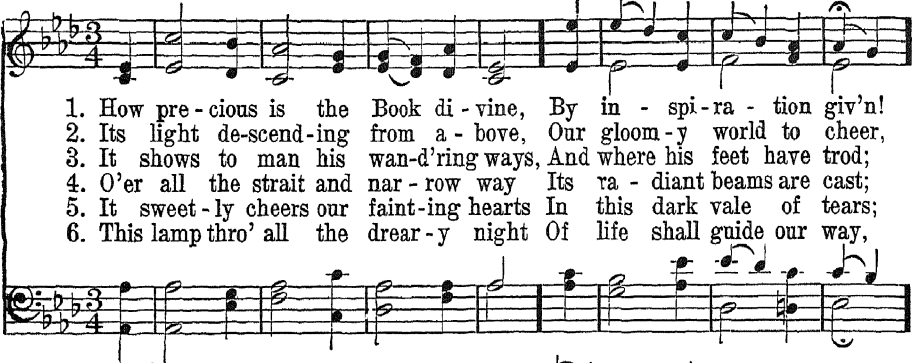
169

How Precious is the Book Divine

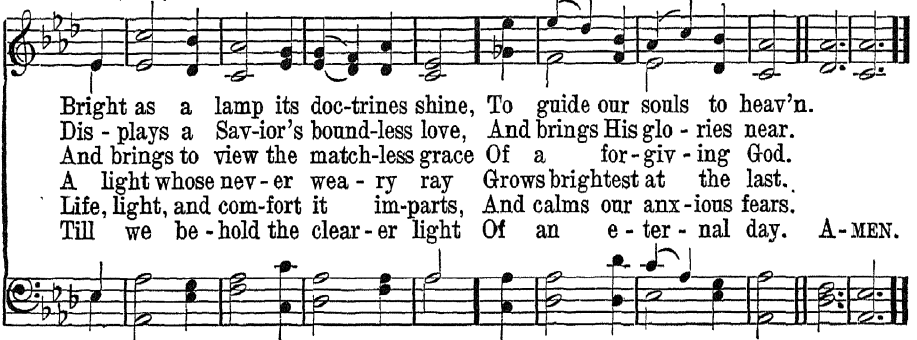
John Fawcett.

(BELMONT. C. M.)

Fr. William Gardiner



1. How pre-cious is the Book di-vine, By in-spi-ra-tion giv'n!
 2. Its light de-scend-ing from a-bove, Our gloom-y world to cheer,
 3. It shows to man his wan-d'ring ways, And where his feet have trod;
 4. O'er all the strait and nar-row way Its ra-diant beams are cast;
 5. It sweet-ly cheers our faint-ing hearts In this dark vale of tears;
 6. This lamp thro' all the drear-y night Of life shall guide our way,



Bright as a lamp its doc-trines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.
 Dis-plays a Sav-ior's bound-less love, And brings His glo-ries near.
 And brings to view the match-less grace Of a for-giv-ing God.
 A light whose nev-er wea-ry ray Grows brightest at the last.
 Life, light, and com-fort it im-parts, And calms our anx-ious fears.
 Till we be-hold the clear-er light Of an e-ter-nal day. A-MEN.

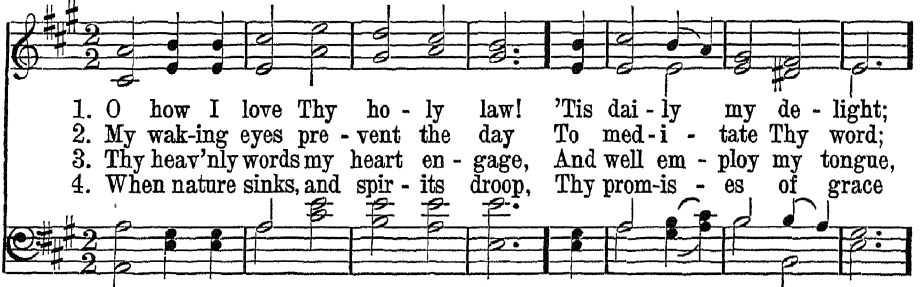
170

O How I Love Thy Holy Law

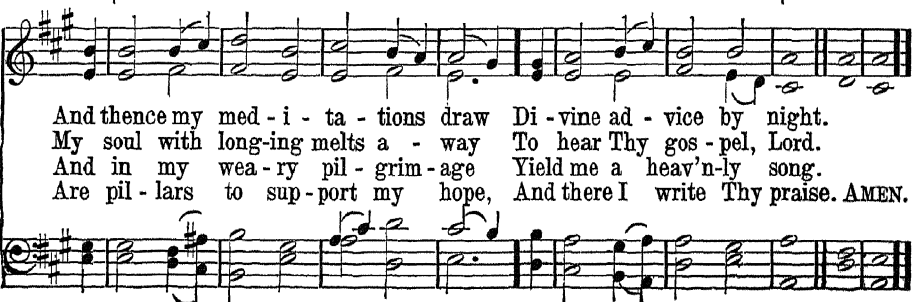
Isaac Watts, 1719.

(DEDHAM. C. M.)

W. Gardiner, 1766-1853.



1. O how I love Thy ho-ly law! 'Tis dai-ly my de-light;
 2. My wak-ing eyes pre-vent the day To med-i-tate Thy word;
 3. Thy heav'nly words my heart en-gage, And well em-ploy my tongue,
 4. When nature sinks, and spir-its droop, Thy prom-is-es of grace



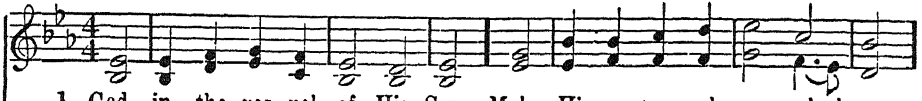
And thence my med-i-ta-tions draw Di-vine ad-vice by night.
 My soul with long-ing melts a-way To hear Thy gos-pel, Lord.
 And in my wea-ry pil-grim-age Yield me a heav'n-ly song.
 Are pil-lars to sup-port my hope, And there I write Thy praise. AMEN.

171 God, in the Gospel of His Son

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

(UXBRIDGE. L. M.)

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



1. God, in the gos-pel of His Son, Makes His e - ter - nal coun - sels known;
2. Here, sin - ners of an hum - ble frame May taste His grace, and learn His name;
3. Here, faith re - veals to mor - tal eyes A bright - er world be - yond the skies;
4. O grant us grace, al - might - y Lord, To read and mark Thy ho - ly word,



Here love in all its glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines.
May read, in char - ac - ters of blood, The wisdom, pow'r, and grace of God.
Here shines the light which guides our way From earth to realms of end - less day.
Its truth with meekness to re - ceive, And by its ho - ly pre - cepts live. A - MEN



172 Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts

R Palmer.

(BROADWAY. L. M.)

Samuel W Beazley, 1873-



1. Je - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou fount of life, Thou light of men,
2. Thy truth unchanged hath ev - er stood, Thou sav - est those who on Thee call,
3. Our rest - less spir - its yearn for Thee, Where'er our changeful lot is cast,
4. Oh, Je - sus, ev - er with us stay, Make all our mo - ments calm and bright,



From the best bliss that earth imparts We turn un - filled to Thee a gain
To those who seek Thee, Thou art good, To those who find Thee all in all
Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see, Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.
Chase the dark night of sin a - way, Shed o'er the world Thy ho - ly light A - MEN.




O Word of God Incarnate

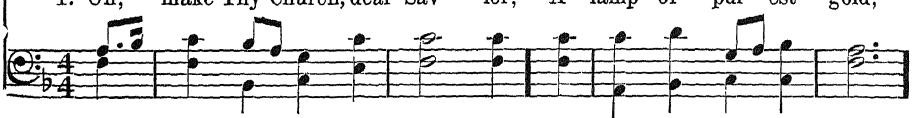

(MUNICH. 7s, 6s, 81.)

W. W. How, 1867.



J. G. C. Störl's Choralbuch, 1710.



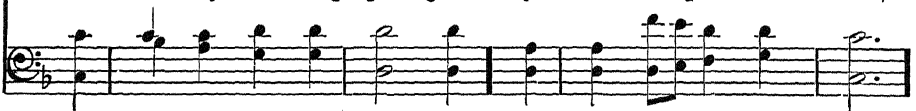

1. O Word of God in - car - nate, O Wis - dom from on high,
 2. The Church from her dear Mas - ter Re - ceived the gift di - vine,
 3. It float - eth like a ban - ner Be - fore God's host un - furled,
 4. Oh, make Thy Church, dear Sav - ior, A lamp of pur - est gold,

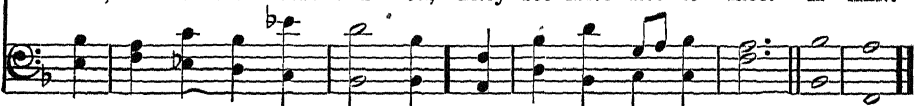
O Truth, unchanged, un - chang - ing, O Light of our dark sky;
 And still that light she lift - eth O'er all the earth to shine.
 It shin - eth like a bea - con A - bove the dark - ling world;
 To bear be - fore the na - tions Thy true light as of old;

We praise Thee for the ra - diance That from the hal - lowed page,
 It is the gold - en cas - ket Where gems of truth are stored,
 It is the chart and com - pass That o'er life's surg - ing sea,
 O teach Thy wan - d'ring pil - grims By this their path to trace,

A lan - tern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.
 It is the heav'n - drawn pic - ture Of Christ, the liv - ing Word.
 'Mid mists and rocks and quick - sands, Still guides, O Christ, to Thee.
 Till, clouds and dark - ness end - ed, They see Thee face to face. A - MEN.



Open My Eyes, That I May See

C. H. S.

Chas. H. Scott



1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voi - ces of truth Thou send-est clear:
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad-ly the warm truth ev - 'ry-where;



Place in my hands the won-der-ful key That shall un-clasp, and set me free.
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry-thing false will dis - ap-pear.
O - pen my heart, and let me pre-pare Love with Thy chil-dren thus to share.



Si-lent-ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
Si-lent-ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
Si-lent-ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;



O - pen my eyes, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
O - pen my ears, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
O - pen my heart, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine! A - MEN.




175 Thy Word Have I Hid in My Heart

(8s, 7s.)




1. Thy Word is a lamp to my feet, A light to my path al-
 2. For - ev - er, O Lord, is Thy Word Es - tab - lished and fixed on
 3. At morn - ing, at noon, and at night I ev - er will give Thee
 4. Thro' Him whom Thy Word hath fore - told, The Sav - ior and Morn - ing

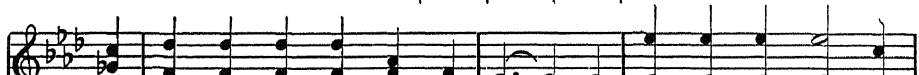


way; To guide and to save me from sin, And show me the
 high; Thy faith - ful - ness un - to all men A - bid - eth for-
 praise; For Thou art my por - tion, O Lord, And shall be through
 Star, Sal - va - tion and peace have been brought To those who have

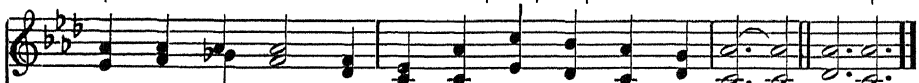
REFRAIN.



heav'n - ly way.
 ev - er nigh. Thy Word have I hid in my heart,
 all my days!
 strayed a - far.



That I might not sin a - gainst Thee; That I might not sin, That



I might not sin, Thy Word have I hid in my heart. A - MEN.

176 The "Good News" Must Be Told

E. A. H.

(C. M.)

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

1. The sto - ry or re - deem - ing love More pre - cious is than gold,
 2. It is a sto - ry strange - ly sweet, That nev - er grow - eth old,
 3. O yes! our lips must hon - or Him, His love must be ex - tolled,
 4. To those who long for heav'n - ly peace, To wan-d'ers from the fold,

And on through all the years of time The "good news" must be told.
 And to the a - ged and the young The "good news" must be told.
 His grace to men must be made known, The "good news" must be told.
 To all who thirst for right - eous - ness The "good news" must be told.

REFRAIN.

That sweet, old sto - ry must be told, The Gos - pel sto - ry
 must, it must be told,
 must be told, The sto - ry strange and true, so
 must, it must be told,

old and ev - er new, The sweet, old sto - ry must be told. A - MEN.

THE WORD OF GOD

177

Hold Fast to the Word

J. M. Henson.

(C. M.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

1. Ye fol - low - ers of Je - sus, now Hold fast to His own word;
 2. Thro' a - ges it has stood the test, Has stemmed the flood and fire,
 3. 'Twill stand thro' a - ges yet to come, Till earth has passed a - way;
 4. Lay hold of this great Truth sub - lime, Stand firm till He shall come;

Un - to His roy - al man - date bow, Ex - tol the ris - en Lord.
 Oh, make it now your wel - come guest, And to its truths as - pire.
 'Twill light the pil - grim path - way home Un - to the per - fect day.
 He'll bring to pass, in His own time, His King - dom and His home.

REFRAIN.

Hold fast, His word is true and shall ev - er last;
 Hold fast, hold fast to the word of God,

Hold fast, Hold fast to the word of God, hold fast. A-MEN.
 Hold fast, hold fast to the word of God,

Copyright, 1922, by Samuel W. Beazley.

178

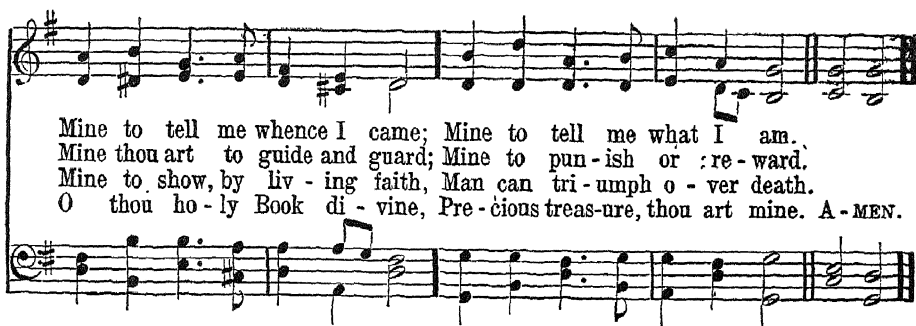
Holy Bible, Book Divine

John Burton.

(PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7, 7, 7, 7.) Arr. fr. Ignace Pleyel, 1790.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine;
 2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav - ior's love;
 3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suf - f'ring in this wil - der - ness;
 4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom:

THE WORD OF GOD



Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to tell me what I am.
 Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to pun-ish or re-ward.
 Mine to show, by liv-ing faith, Man can tri-umph o-ver death.
 O thou ho-ly Book di-vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine. A-MEN.

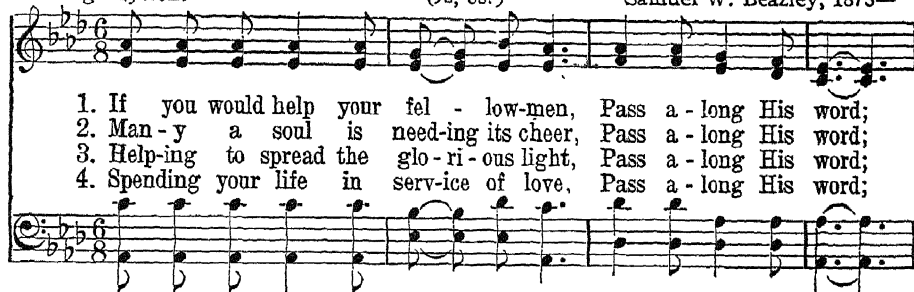
179

Pass Along the Word

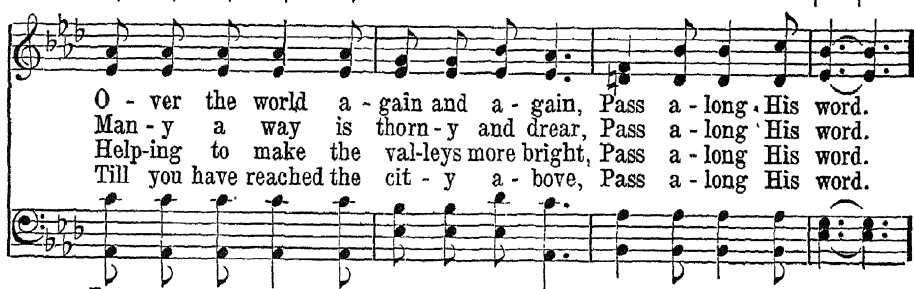
George Lytton.

(9s, 5s.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. If you would help your fel-low-men, Pass a-long His word;
 2. Man-y a soul is need-ing its cheer, Pass a-long His word;
 3. Help-ing to spread the glo-ri-ous light, Pass a-long His word;
 4. Spend-ing your life in serv-ice of love, Pass a-long His word;



O-ver the world a-gain and a-gain, Pass a-long His word.
 Man-y a way is thorn-y and drear, Pass a-long His word.
 Help-ing to make the val-leys more bright, Pass a-long His word.
 Till you have reached the cit-y a-bove, Pass a-long His word.

REFRAIN.



Pass it a-long to souls in need, O-ver the world the ti-dings speed;



Till all the lost shall hear and heed, Pass a-long His word. A-MEN.

THE FALL OF MAN

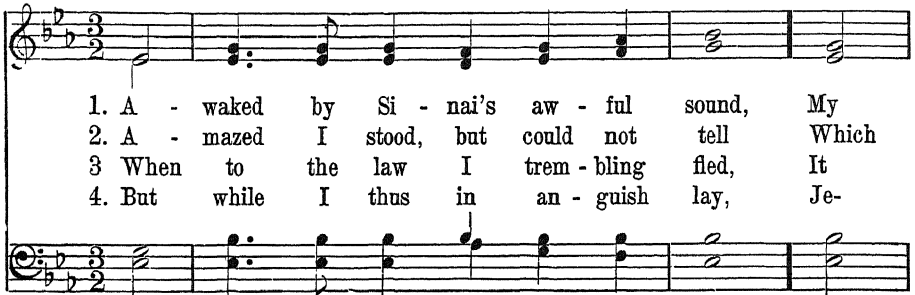
180

Awaked By Sinai's Awful Sound

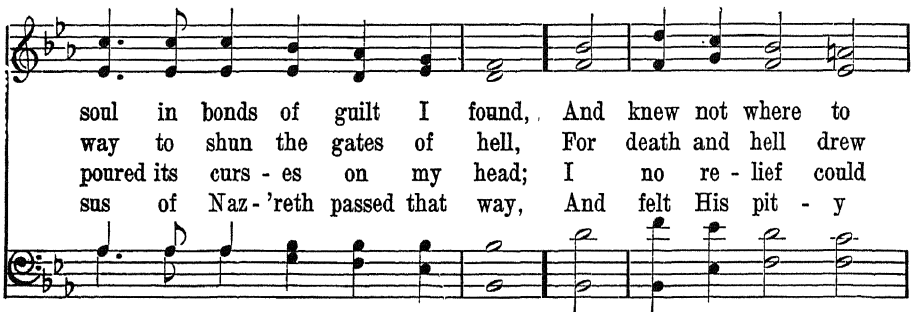
(MERIBAH. C. P. M.)

Samson Occum, 1760.

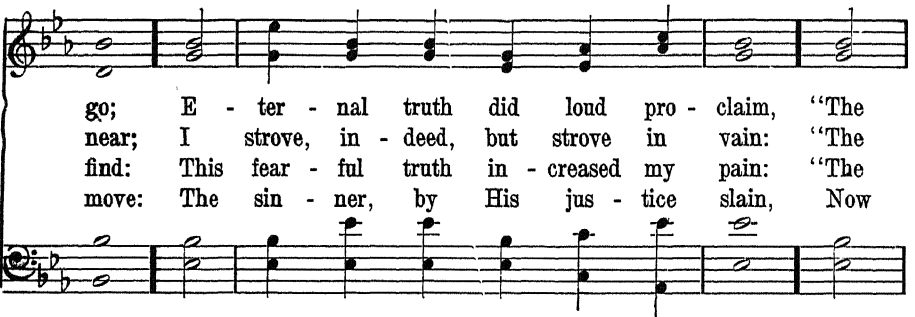
Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



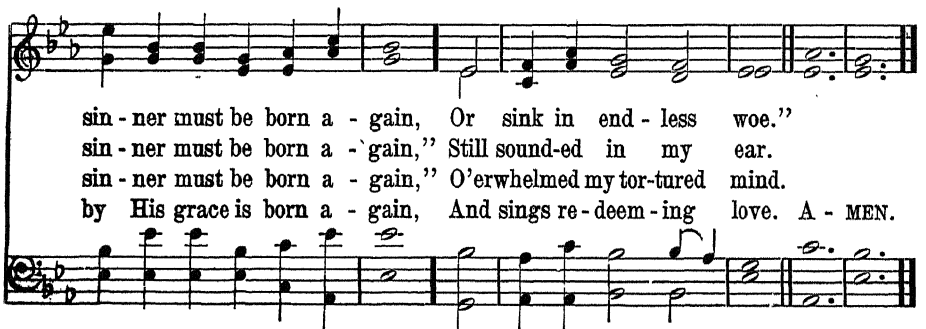
1. A - waked by Si - nai's aw - ful sound, My
 2. A - mazed I stood, but could not tell Which
 3 When to the law I trem - bling fled, It
 4. But while I thus in an - guish lay, Je-



soul in bonds of guilt I found, And knew not where to
 way to shun the gates of hell, For death and hell drew
 poured its curs - es on my head; I no re - lief could
 sus of Naz - 'reth passed that way, And felt His pit - y



go; E - ter - nal truth did loud pro - claim, "The
 near; I strove, in - deed, but strove in vain: "The
 find: This fear - ful truth in - creased my pain: "The
 move: The sin - ner, by His jus - tice slain, Now



sin - ner must be born a - gain, Or sink in end - less woe."
 sin - ner must be born a - gain," Still sound - ed in my ear.
 sin - ner must be born a - gain," O'erwhelmed my tor - tured mind.
 by His grace is born a - gain, And sings re - deem - ing love. A - MEN.

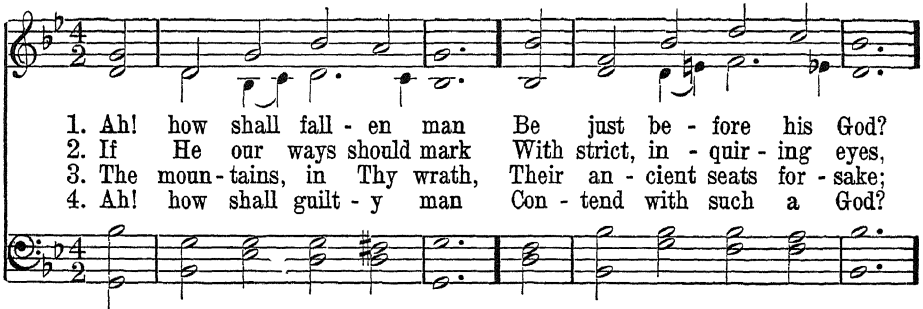
181

Ah! How Shall Fallen Man

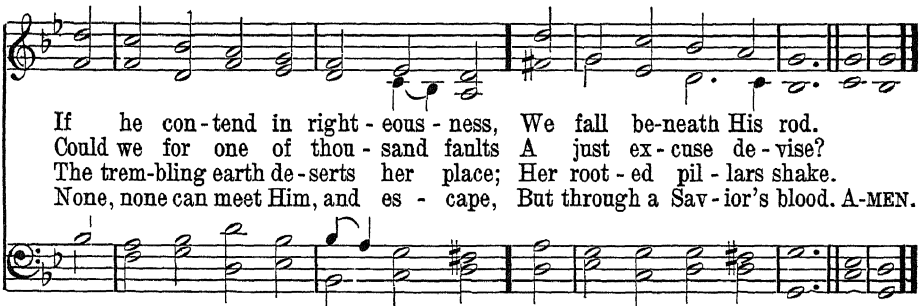
Isaac Watts, 1720.

(ST. BRIDE. S. M.)

S. Howard, 1720-1782.



1. Ah! how shall fall - en man Be just be - fore his God?
 2. If He our ways should mark With strict, in - quir - ing eyes,
 3. The moun - tains, in Thy wrath, Their an - cient seats for - sake;
 4. Ah! how shall guilt - y man Con - tend with such a God?



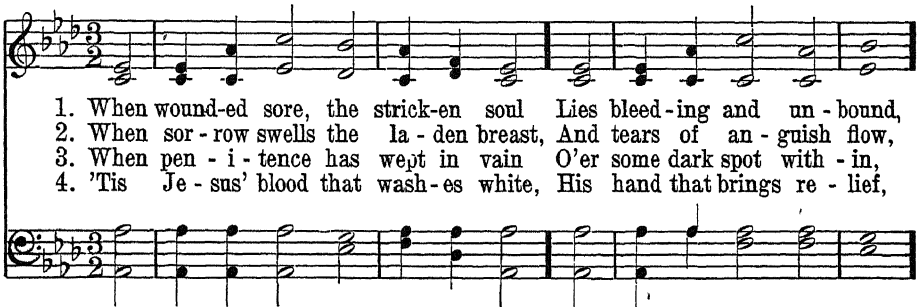
If he con - tend in right - eous - ness, We fall be - neath His rod.
 Could we for one of thou - sand faults A just ex - cuse de - vise?
 The trem - bling earth de - serts her place; Her root - ed pil - lars shake.
 None, none can meet Him, and es - cape, But through a Sav - ior's blood. A - MEN.

182 When Wounded Sore, the Stricken Soul

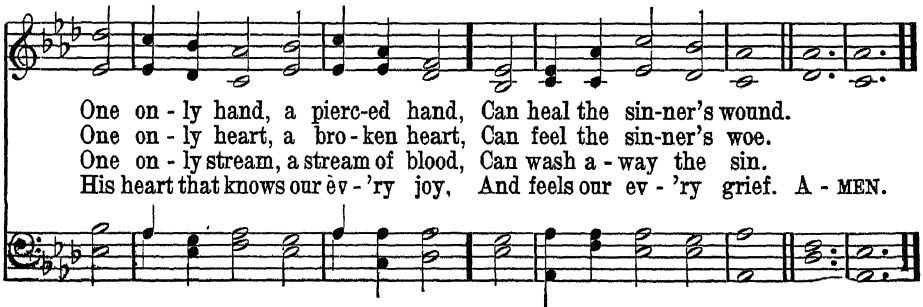
C. F. Alexander, 1858.

(EVAN. C. M.)

Rev. W. H. Havergal, 1793-1870.



1. When wound - ed sore, the strick - en soul Lies bleed - ing and un - bound,
 2. When sor - row swells the la - den breast, And tears of an - guish flow,
 3. When pen - i - tence has wept in vain O'er some dark spot with - in,
 4. 'Tis Je - sus' blood that wash - es white, His hand that brings re - lief,



One on - ly hand, a pierc - ed hand, Can heal the sin - ner's wound.
 One on - ly heart, a bro - ken heart, Can feel the sin - ner's woe.
 One on - ly stream, a stream of blood, Can wash a - way the sin.
 His heart that knows our ev - 'ry joy, And feels our ev - 'ry grief. A - MEN.

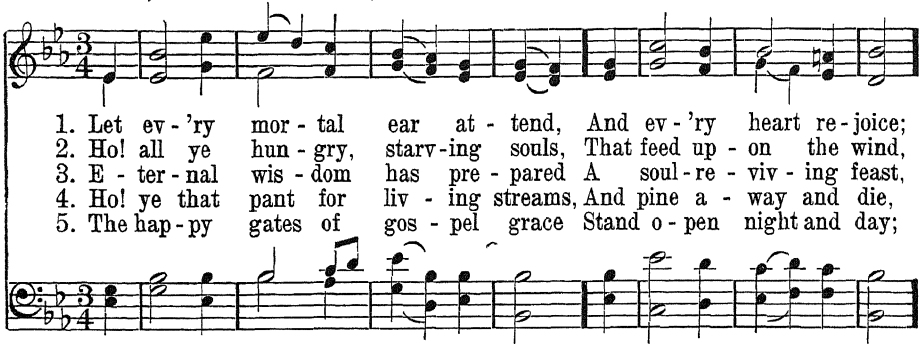
183

Let Every Mortal Ear Attend

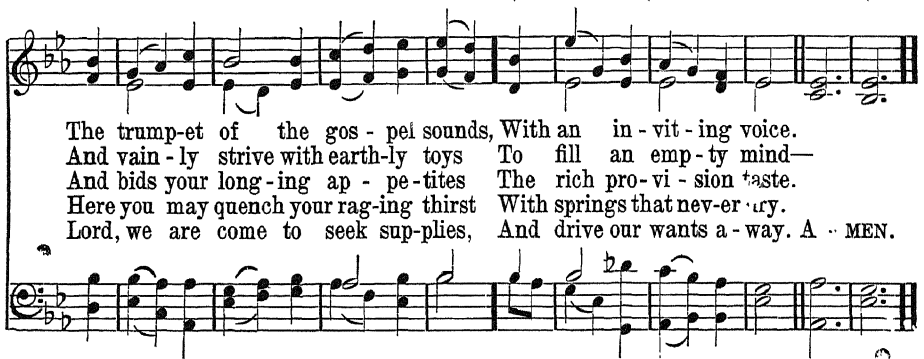
Isaac Watts, 1707.

(ABRIDGE. C. M.)

Isaac Smith, 1800.



1. Let ev-'ry mor-tal ear at-tend, And ev-'ry heart re-joice;
 2. Ho! all ye hun-gry, starv-ing souls, That feed up-on the wind,
 3. E-ter-nal wis-dom has pre-pared A soul-re-viv-ing feast,
 4. Ho! ye that pant for liv-ing streams, And pine a-way and die,
 5. The hap-py gates of gos-pel grace Stand o-pen night and day;



The trump-et of the gos-pel sounds, With an in-vit-ing voice.
 And vain-ly strive with earth-ly toys To fill an emp-ty mind—
 And bids your long-ing ap-pe-tites The rich pro-vi-sion taste.
 Here you may quench your rag-ing thirst With springs that nev-er dry.
 Lord, we are come to seek sup-plies, And drive our wants a-way. A - MEN.

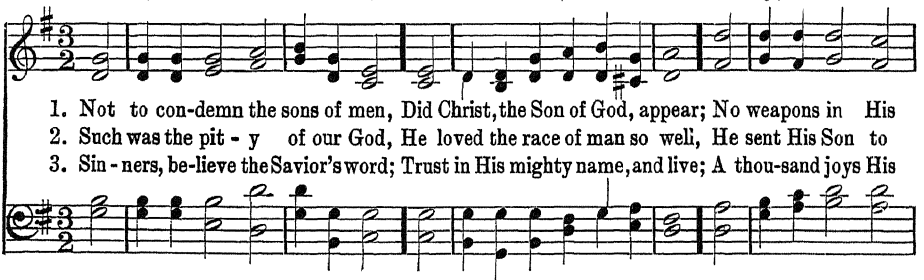
184

Not to Condemn the Sons of Men

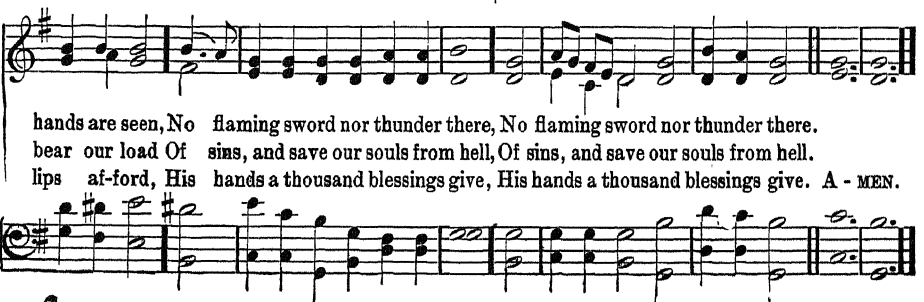
Isaac Watts, 1709.

(ROLLAND. L. M.)

W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868.



1. Not to con-demn the sons of men, Did Christ, the Son of God, appear; No weapons in His
 2. Such was the pit-y of our God, He loved the race of man so well, He sent His Son to
 3. Sin-ners, be-lieve the Savior's word; Trust in His mighty name, and live; A thou-sand joys His



hands are seen, No flaming sword nor thunder there, No flaming sword nor thunder there.
 bear our load Of sins, and save our souls from hell, Of sins, and save our souls from hell.
 lips af-ford, His hands a thousand blessings give, His hands a thousand blessings give. A - MEN.

185

Not All the Blood of Beasts

Isaac Watts, 1709.

(BOYLSTON. S. M.)

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.

1. Not all the blood of beasts, On Jew-ish al-tars slain,
2. But Christ, the heav'n-ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a-way,
3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of Thine,
4. My soul looks back to see The bur-den Thou didst bear,

Could give the guilt-y con-science peace, Or wash a-way the stain.
A sac-ri-fice of no-bler name, And rich-er blood than they.
While like a pen-i-tent I stand, And there con-fess my sin.
When hanging on the curs-ed tree, And hopes her guilt were there. A-MEN.

186

Salvation! O the Joyful Sound

[Second Tune]

Isaac Watts, 1709.

(CAMBRIDGE. C. M.)

John Randall, 1715-1799.

1. Sal-va-tion! O the joy-ful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears, A sov'reign balm for
2. Bur-ied in sor-row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay; But we a- rise, by
3. Sal-va-tion! let the ech-o fly The spacious earth around, While all the ar-mies

ev-'ry wound, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears.
grace divine, To see a heav'nly day, To see a heav'nly day, To see a heav'nly day.
of the sky Conspire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound. A-MEN.

187 Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid?

Stephen the Sabaite, 725-794. (STEPHANOS. P. M.)
Tr. J. M. Neale, 1851.

H. W. Baker, 1801.

1. Are thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tressed?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?—
3. Is there di - a - dem, as Mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns?—
4. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What His guer - don here?—
5. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?—
6. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?—

“Come to Me,” saith One, “and, com - ing, Be at rest.”
“In His feet and hands are wound - prints, And His side.”
“Yea, a crown, in ver - y sure - ty; But of thorns.”
“Many a sor - row, many a la - bor, Many a tear.”
“Sor - row van - ished, la - bor end - ed, Jor - dan passed.”
“Not till earth, and not till heav - en Pass a - way.” A - MEN.

188

Jesus, Meek and Gentle

(KENMORE. 6, 5.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

1. Je - sus, meek and gen - tle, Son of God most high,
2. Par - don our of - fenc - es, Loose our cap - tive chains
3. Give us ho - ly free - dom, Fill our hearts with love;
4. Lead us on our jour - ney, Be Thy - self the way

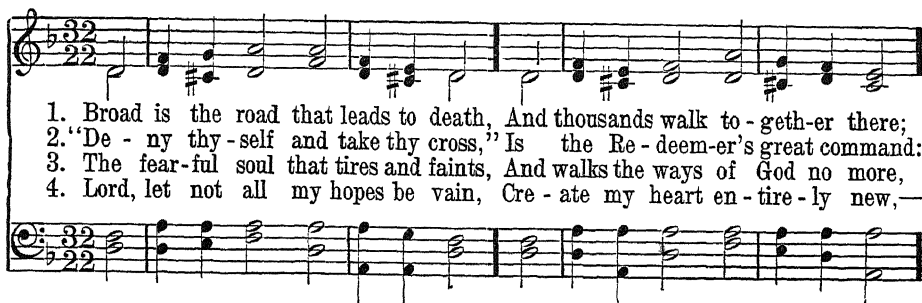
Pity - ing, lov - ing Sav - ior, Hear Thy chil - dren's cry
Break down ev - 'ry i - dol Which our soul de - tains.
Draw us, ho - ly Je - sus, To the realms a - bove.
Thro' ter - res - trial dark - ness To ce - les - tial day A - MEN

189 Broad is the Road That Leads to Death

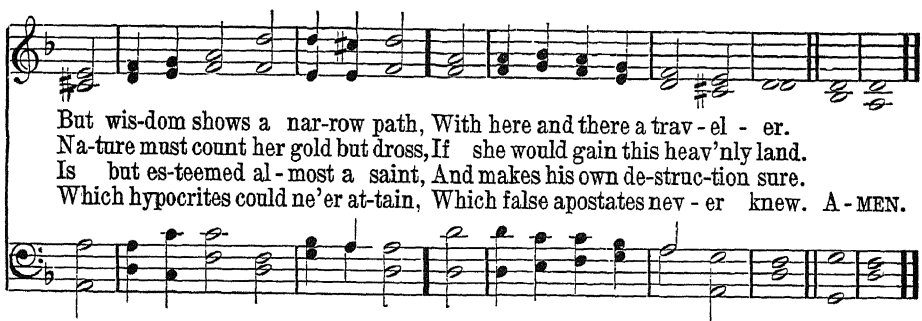
Isaac Watts, 1709.

(WINDHAM. L. M.)

Daniel Read, 1757-1836.



1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-gether there;
 2. "De - ny thy - self and take thy cross," Is the Re - deem - er's great command;
 3. The fear - ful soul that tires and faints, And walks the ways of God no more,
 4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain, Cre - ate my heart en - tire - ly new, —



But wis - dom shows a nar - row path, With here and there a trav - el - er.
 Na - ture must count her gold but dross, If she would gain this heav'nly land.
 Is but es - teemed al - most a saint, And makes his own de - struc - tion sure.
 Which hypocrites could ne'er at - tain, Which false apostates nev - er knew. A - MEN.

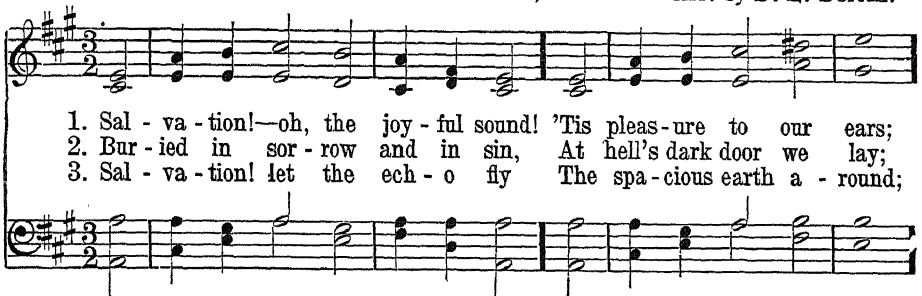
190

Salvation

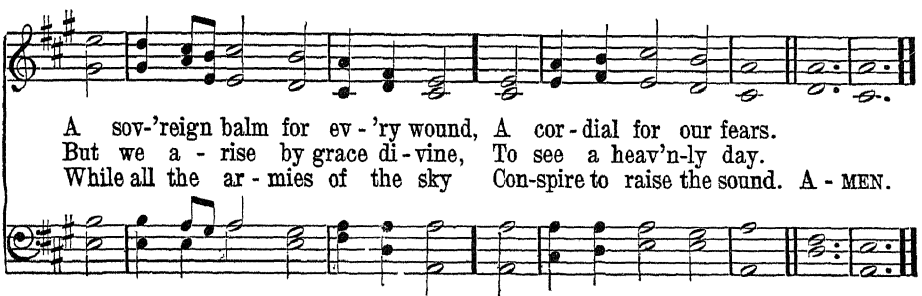
Rev. I. Watts.

(EVAN. C. M.)

Arr. by D. E. Dortch.



1. Sal - va - tion! — oh, the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleas - ure to our ears;
 2. Bur - ied in sor - row and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay;
 3. Sal - va - tion! let the ech - o fly The spa - cious earth a - round;



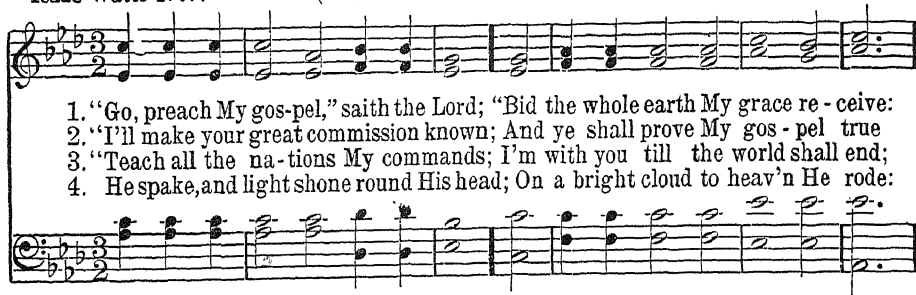
A sov'-reign balm for ev-'ry wound, A cor-dial for our fears.
 But we a - rise by grace di-vine, To see a heav'n-ly day.
 While all the ar-mies of the sky Con-spire to raise the sound. A - MEN.

PROVISIONS OF THE GOSPEL

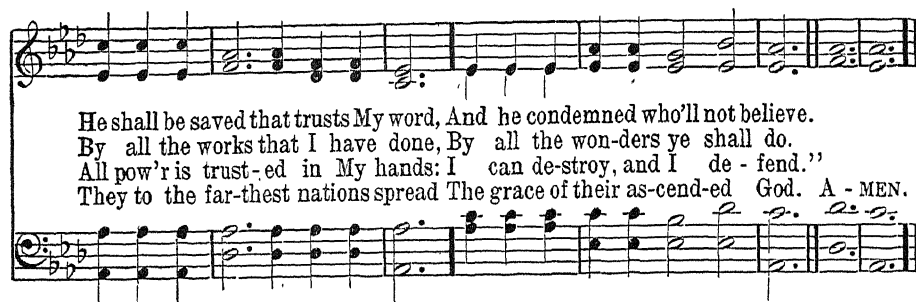
191 "Go Preach My Gospel," Saith the Lord

Isaac Watts 1707.

(MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.) H. C. Zeuner, 1795-1857.



1. "Go, preach My gos-pel," saith the Lord; "Bid the whole earth My grace re-ceive:
 2. "I'll make your great commission known; And ye shall prove My gos-pel true
 3. "Teach all the na-tions My commands; I'm with you till the world shall end;
 4. Hes-pake, and light shone round His head; On a bright cloud to heav'n He rode:



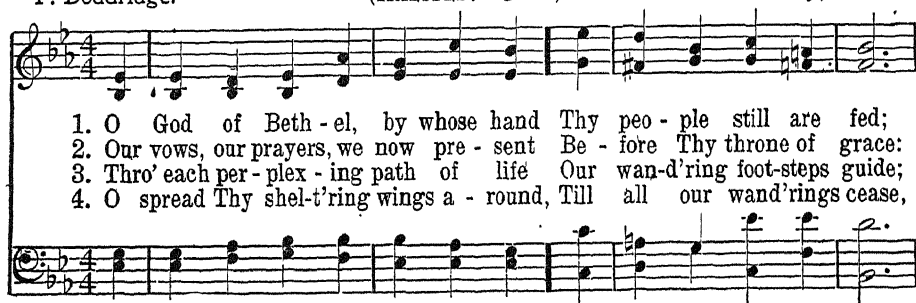
He shall be saved that trusts My word, And he condemned who'll not believe.
 By all the works that I have done, By all the won-ders ye shall do.
 All pow'r is trust-ed in My hands: I can de-destroy, and I de-fend."
 They to the far-thest nations spread The grace of their as-cend-ed God. A - MEN.

192 O God of Bethel, By Whose Hand

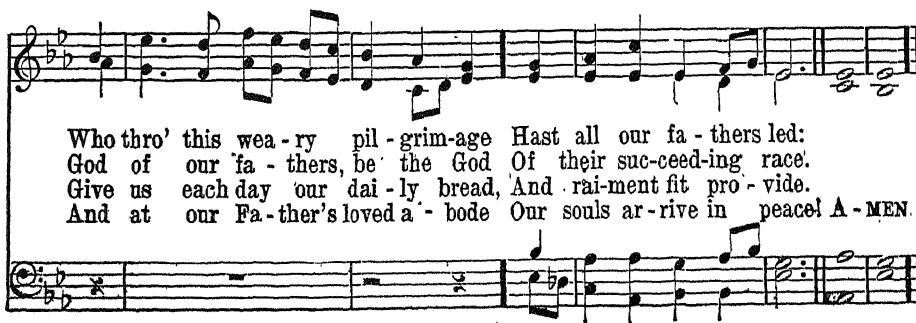
P. Doddridge.

(HALSTED. C. M.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. O God of Beth-el, by whose hand Thy peo-ple still are fed;
 2. Our vows, our prayers, we now pre-sent Be-fore Thy throne of grace:
 3. Thro' each per-plex-ing path of life Our wan-d'ring foot-steps guide;
 4. O spread Thy shel-t'ring wings a-round, Till all our wand'rings cease,



Who thro' this wea-ry pil-grim-age Hast all our fa-thers led:
 God of our 'fa-thers, be the God Of their suc-ceed-ing race.
 Give us each day our dai-ly bread, And rai-ment fit pro-vide.
 And at our Fa-ther's loved a-bode Our souls ar-rive in peace! A - MEN.

PROVISIONS OF THE GOSPEL

193 There is a Fountain Filled With Blood

Wm. Cowper.

C. M.

Western Melody.



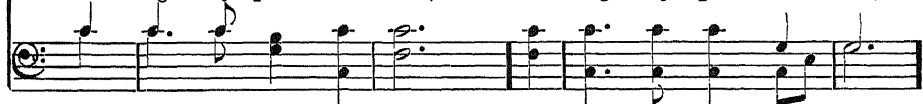
1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man-nel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain, in his day;
3. Thou dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
5. And when this fee - ble, fal - t'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave,



And sin - ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Till all the ran - somed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 Then, in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save.



Lose all their guilt - y stains, . . . Lose all their guilt - y stains;
 Wash all my sins a - way, . . . Wash all my sins a - way;
 Are saved to sin no more, . . . Are saved to sin no more;
 And shall be till I die, . . . And shall be till I die;
 I'll sing Thy pow'r to save, . . . I'll sing Thy pow'r to save;



And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Till all the ran-somed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.
 Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
 Then, in a no - bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save. A - MEN.



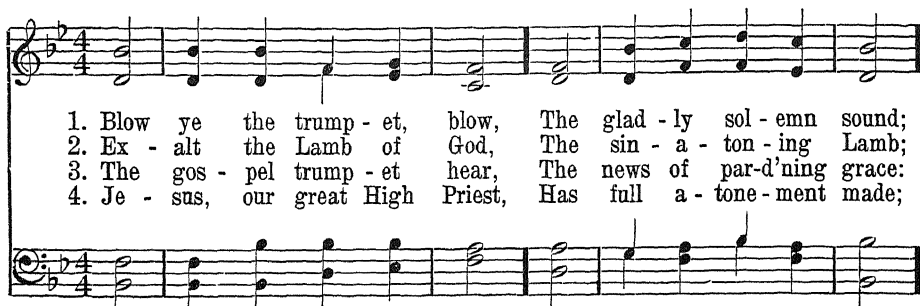
194

Blow Ye the Trumpet, Blow

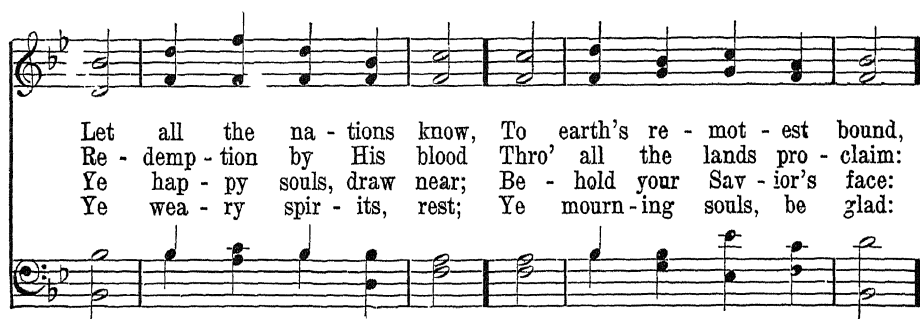
Charles Wesley, 1750.

(LENOX. H. M.)

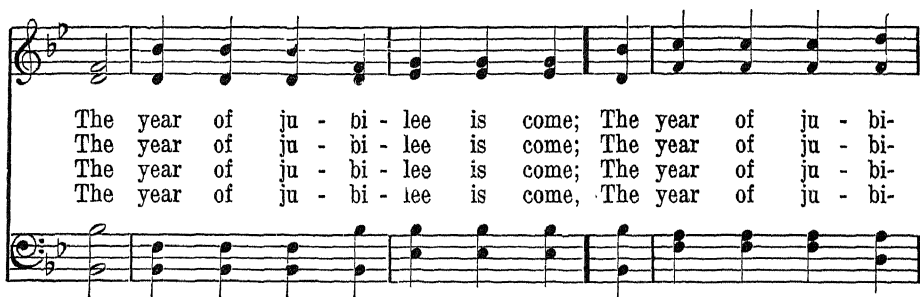
Lewis Edson, 1748-1820.



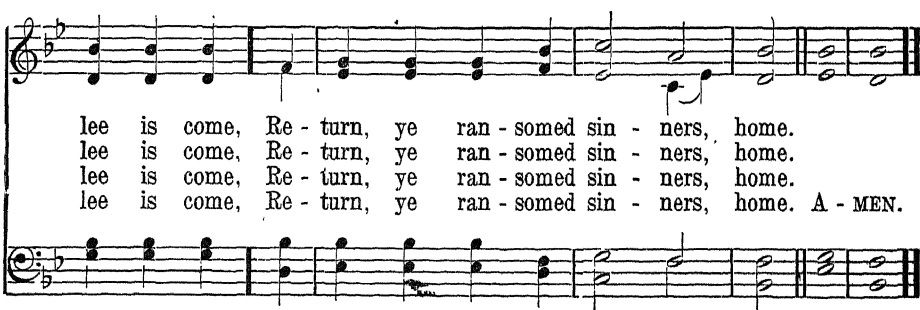
1. Blow ye the trump - et, blow, The glad - ly sol - emn sound;
 2. Ex - alt the Lamb of God, The sin - a - ton - ing Lamb;
 3. The gos - pel trump - et hear, The news of par - d'ning grace:
 4. Je - sus, our great High Priest, Has full a - tone - ment made;



Let all the na - tions know, To earth's re - mot - est bound,
 Re - demp - tion by His blood Thro' all the lands pro - claim:
 Ye hap - py souls, draw near; Be - hold your Sav - ior's face:
 Ye wea - ry spir - its, rest; Ye mourn - ing souls, be glad:



The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of ju - bi -
 The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of ju - bi -
 The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of ju - bi -
 The year of ju - bi - lee is come; The year of ju - bi -



lee is come, Re - turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners, home.
 lee is come, Re - turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners, home.
 lee is come, Re - turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners, home.
 lee is come, Re - turn, ye ran - somed sin - ners, home. A - MEN.

195 Fresh From the Throne of Glory

(RIVER OF LIFE. P. M.)

Horatius Bonar, 1868.

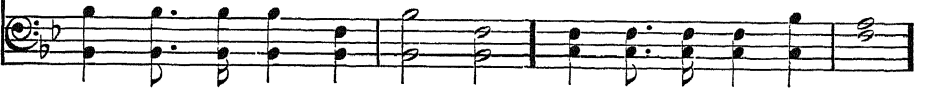
Rev. Robert Lowry.



1. Fresh from the throne of glo - ry, Bright in its crys - tal gleam,
2. Stream full of life and glad - ness, Spring of all health and peace,
3. Riv - er of God, I greet thee, Not now a - far, but near,



Bursts out the liv - ing foun - tain, Swells on the liv - ing stream:
No narps by thee hang si - lent, Nor hap - py voi - ces cease:
My soul to Thy still wa - ters Hastes in its thirst - ings here:



Bless - ed riv - er, Let me ev - er Feast my eyes on thee;
Tran - quil riv - er, Let me ev - er Sit and sing by thee;
Ho - ly riv - er, Let me ev - er Drink of on - ly thee;



Bless - ed riv - er, Let me ev - er Feast my eyes on thee.
Tran - quil riv - er, Let me ev - er Sit and sing by thee.
Ho - ly riv - er, Let me ev - er Drink of on - ly thee. A - MEN.



PROVISIONS OF THE GOSPEL

196 *

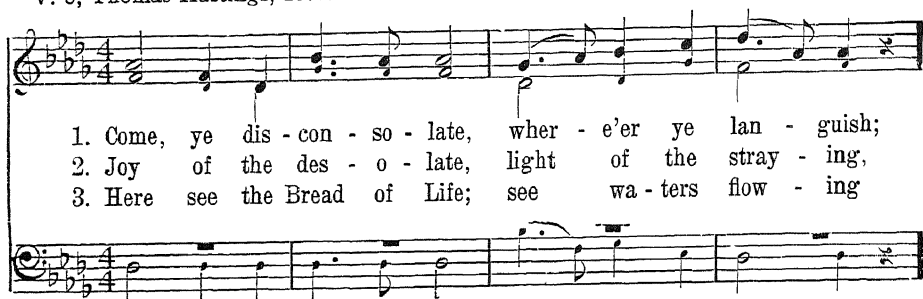
Come, Ye Disconsolate

(COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s, 10s.)

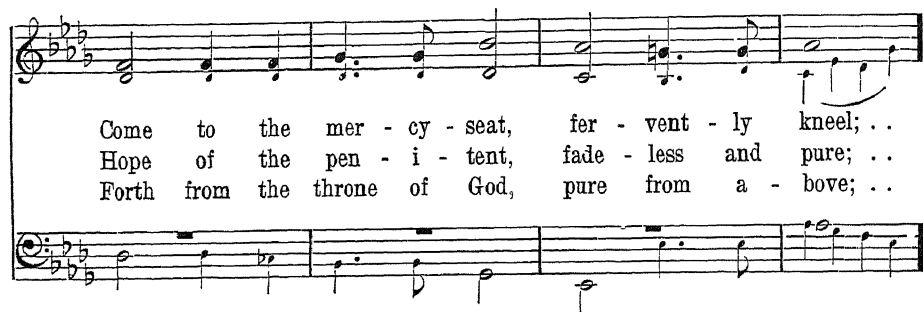
V. 1 and 2, Thomas Moore, 1816.

V. 3, Thomas Hastings, 1830.

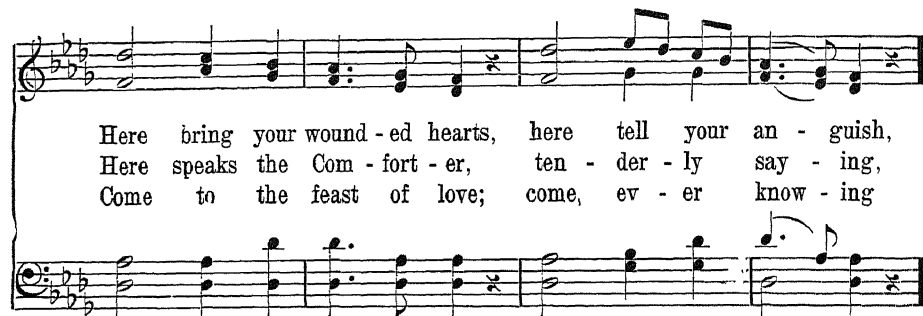
S. Webbe, 1740-1816.



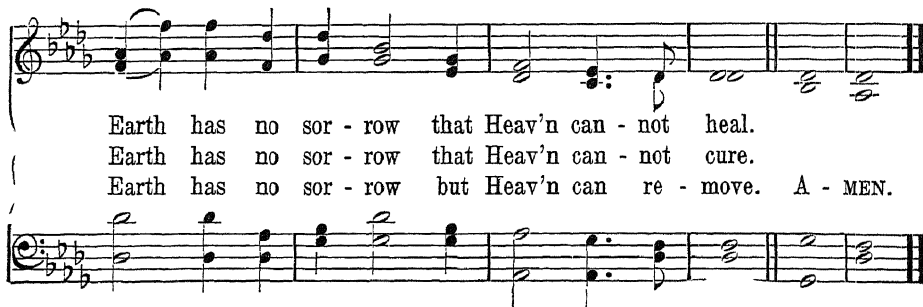
1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish;
 2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray - ing,
 3. Here see the Bread of Life; see wa - ters flow - ing



Come to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel; ..
 Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure; ..
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from a - bove; ..



Here bring your wound - ed hearts, here tell your an - guish,
 Here speaks the Com - fort - er, ten - der - ly say - ing,
 Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er know - ing



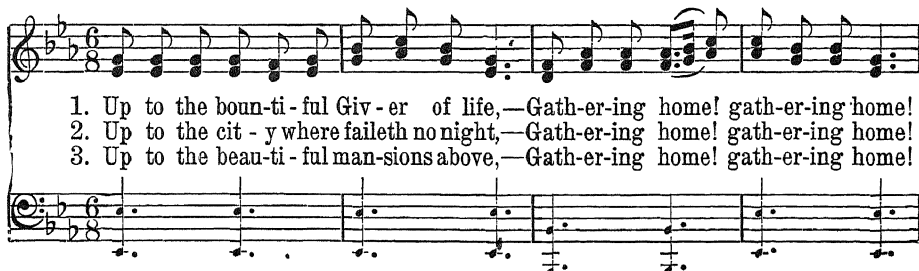
Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can - not heal.
 Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can - not cure.
 Earth has no sor - row but Heav'n can re - move. A - MEN.

197

Gathering Home

Mrs. Mariana B. Slade.

R. M. M'Intosh.

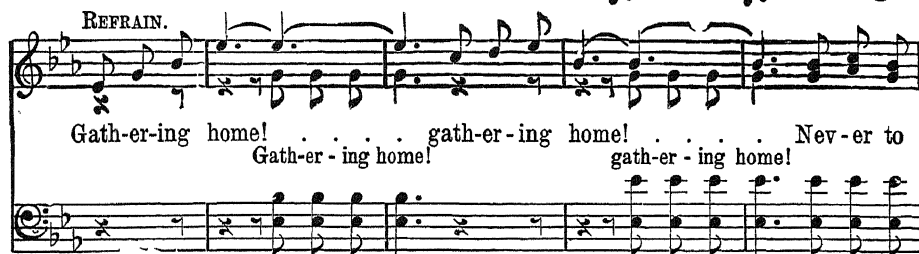


1. Up to the boun-ti-ful Giv-er of life,—Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
 2. Up to the cit-y where faileth no night,—Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
 3. Up to the beau-ti-ful man-sions above,—Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

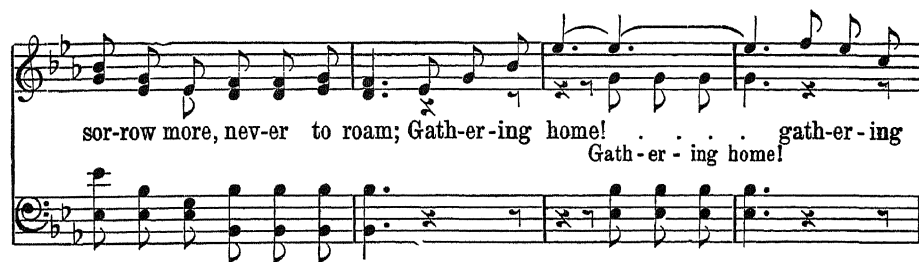


Up to the dwelling where com-eth no strife, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home.
 Up where the Sav-ior's own face is the light, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home.
 Safe in the arms of His in-fi-nite love, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home.


REFRAIN.



Gath-er-ing home! Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home! Nev-er to
 Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!



sor-row more, nev-er to roam; Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing
 Gath-er-ing home!



home! gath-er-ing home! God's chil-dren are gath-er-ing home! A - MEN.

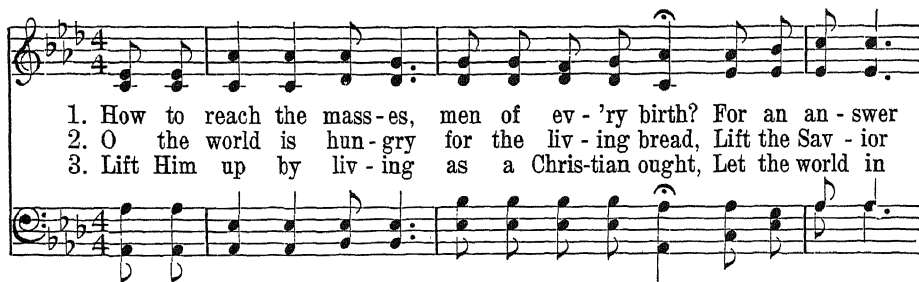
198

Lift Him Up

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

(11s, 9s, 7s.)

B. B. Beall.



1. How to reach the mass-es, men of ev-'ry birth? For an an-swer
 2. O the world is hun-gry for the liv-ing bread, Lift the Sav-ior
 3. Lift Him up by liv-ing as a Chris-tian ought, Let the world in

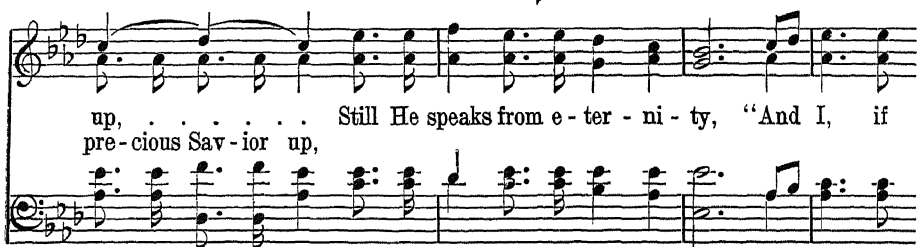


Je-sus gave a key, "And I, if I be lift-ed up from the earth,
 up for them to see. Trust Him, and do not doubt the words that He said,
 you the Sav-ior see, Then men will glad-ly fol-low Him who once taught,

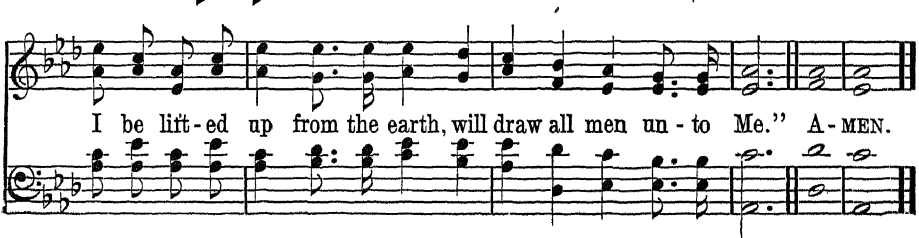
REFRAIN.



Will draw all men un-to Me." Lift Him up, Lift Him
 "I'll draw all men un-to Me." Lift Him up, Lift Him
 "I'll draw all men un-to Me." Lift the pre-cious Sav-ior up, Lift the



up, pre-cious Sav-ior up, Still He speaks from e-ter-ni-ty, "And I, if



I be lift-ed up from the earth, will draw all men un-to Me." A-MEN.

PROVISIONS OF THE GOSPEL

Had It Not Been For the Lord

Unless the Lord had been my help, my soul had quickly dwelt in silence."—PSALM 94: 17.

T. O. Chisholm.

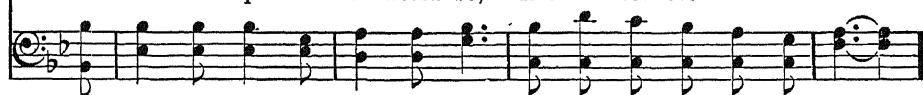
Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. When I was lost in sin's dark night, Who could have led me to the light;
2. I cried to Him in my de-spair, He lis-tened to my ur-gent prayer,
3. He saved me! Praise His bless-ed name! He cov-ered all my sin and shame;
4. In all the tri-als I have seen, With-out His arm on which to lean,
5. A light be-yond the grave I see, The fu-ture hath no dread for me;



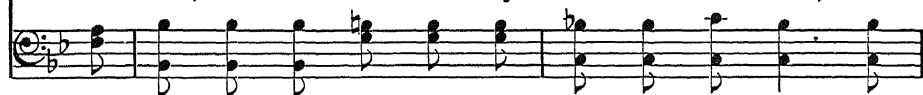
Who could have put my fears to flight, Had it not been for the Lord?
 None else had come, my load to bear, Had it not been for the Lord.
 Such bless-ed-ness I ne'er could claim, Had it not been for the Lord.
 What had I done, where had I been, Had it not been for the Lord?
 How dark and hope-less it would be, Had it not been for the Lord!



REFRAIN.



In vain, to find rest for my soul I had striv'n; In



vain, I had prayed to be cleansed and for-giv'n,—No Sav-ior to trust and no



pros-pect of heav'n, Had it not been for the Lord. A - MEN.

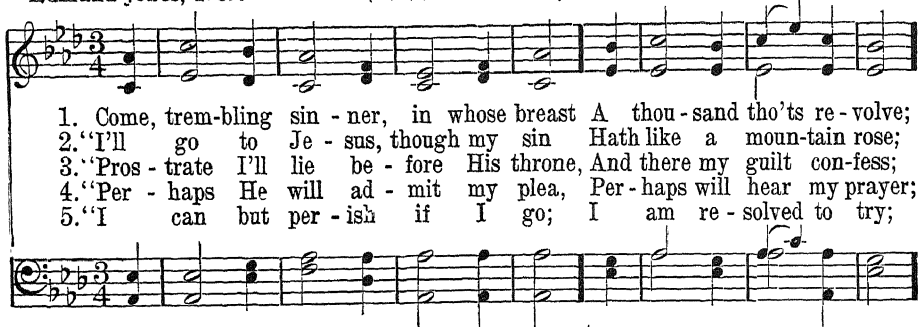


200 Come, Trembling Sinner, in Whose Breast

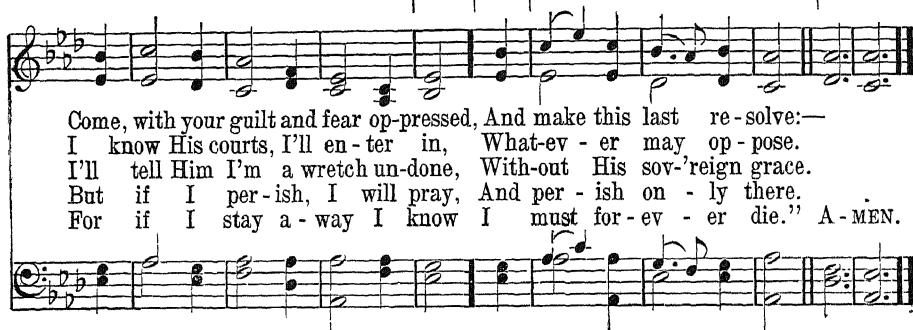
Edmund Jones, 1787.

(BALERMA. C. M.)

R. Simpson.



1. Come, trem-bling sin - ner, in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts re-volve;
 2. "I'll go to Je - sus, though my sin Hath like a moun-tain rose;
 3. "Pros - trate I'll lie be - fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess;
 4. "Per - haps He will ad - mit my plea, Per - haps will hear my prayer;
 5. "I can but per - ish if I go; I am re - solved to try;



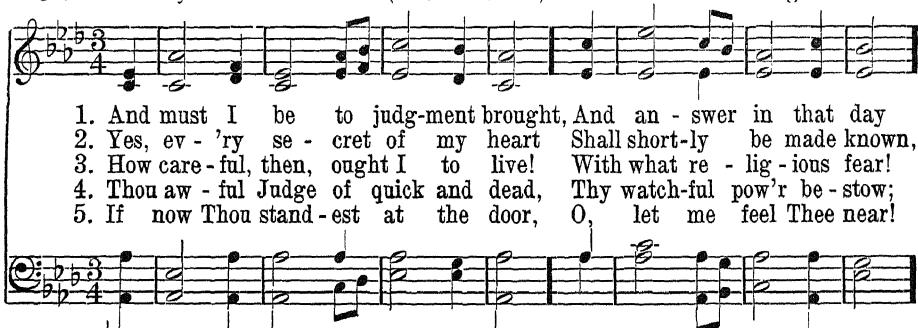
Come, with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re-solve:—
 I know His courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev - er may op - pose.
 I'll tell Him I'm a wretch un-done, With-out His sov-'reign grace.
 But if I per-ish, I will pray, And per - ish on - ly there.
 For if I stay a - way I know I must for-ev - er die." A - MEN.

201 And Must I Be to Judgment Brought?

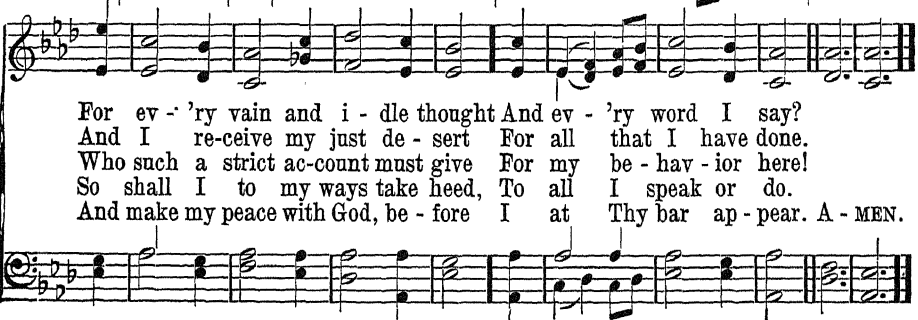
Charles Wesley.

(AVON. C. M.)

Hugh Wilson.



1. And must I be to judg-ment brought, And an - swer in that day
 2. Yes, ev - 'ry se - cret of my heart Shall short-ly be made known,
 3. How care-ful, then, ought I to live! With what re - lig - ious fear!
 4. Thou aw - ful Judge of quick and dead, Thy watch-ful pow'r be - stow;
 5. If now Thou stand - est at the door, O, let me feel Thee near!



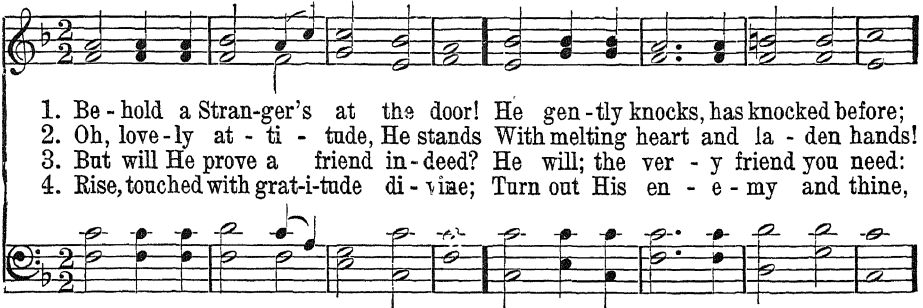
For ev - 'ry vain and i - dle thought And ev - 'ry word I say?
 And I re-ceive my just de - sert For all that I have done.
 Who such a strict ac-count must give For my be - hav - ior here!
 So shall I to my ways take heed, To all I speak or do.
 And make my peace with God, be - fore I at Thy bar ap - pear. A - MEN.

202 Behold a Stranger's At the Door

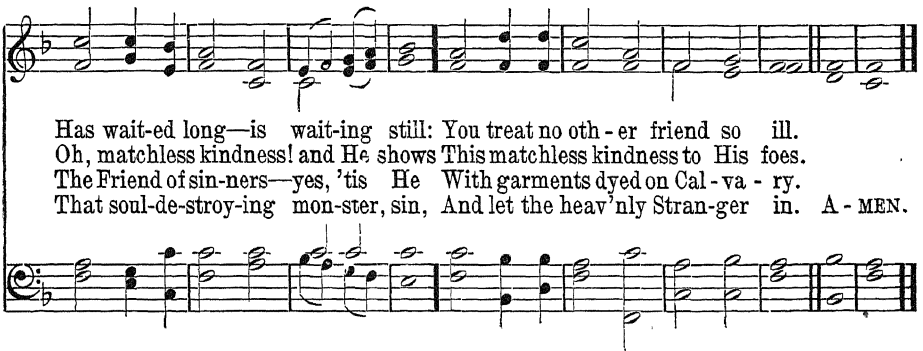
Joseph Grigg.

(FEDERAL STREET. L. M.)

Henry K. Oliver.



1. Be - hold a Stran-ger's at the door! He gen - tly knocks, has knocked before;
 2. Oh, love - ly at - ti - tude, He stands With melting heart and la - den hands!
 3. But will He prove a friend in - deed? He will; the ver - y friend you need:
 4. Rise, touched with grat-i-tude di - vine; Turn out His en - e - my and thine,



Has wait-ed long—is wait-ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
 Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
 The Friend of sin - ners—yes, 'tis He With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
 That soul-de-stry-ing mon - ster, sin, And let the heav'nly Stran-ger in. A - MEN.

203 Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

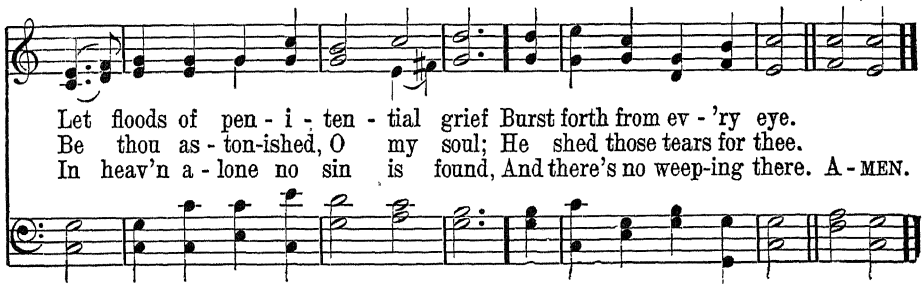
Benjamin Beddome, 1818.

(LABAN. S. M.)

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?
 2. The Son of God in tears The won-d'ring an - gels see;
 3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin de - mands a tear:



Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - 'ry eye.
 Be thou as - ton - ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.
 In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep-ing there. A - MEN.

204 Come, Says Jesus' Sacred Voice

Anna Lætitia Barbauld, 1825.

(Horton. 7s.) X. S. Vor Wartensee, 1786-1868.

1. Come, says Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make My paths your choice;
 2. Thou who, home-less and for-lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
 3. Ye who, tossed on beds of pain, Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
 4. Hith - er come, for here is found Balm that flows for ev - 'ry wound,

I will guide you to your home; Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come.
 Long hast roamed this bar-ren waste, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er haste.
 Ye, by fierc - er an - guish torn, In re - morse for guilt who mourn;
 Peace that ev - er shall en - dure, Rest e - ter - nal, sa - cred, sure. A - MEN.

205 O, What Amazing Words of Grace

Samuel Medley, 1789.

(VIGILS. C. M.)

S. Webbe, 1740-1816.

1. O, what a - maz - ing words of grace Are in the gos - pel found!
 2. Come, then, with all your wants and wounds; Your ev - 'ry bur - den bring;
 3. This spring with liv - ing wa - ter flows, And heav'n - ly joys im - parts:

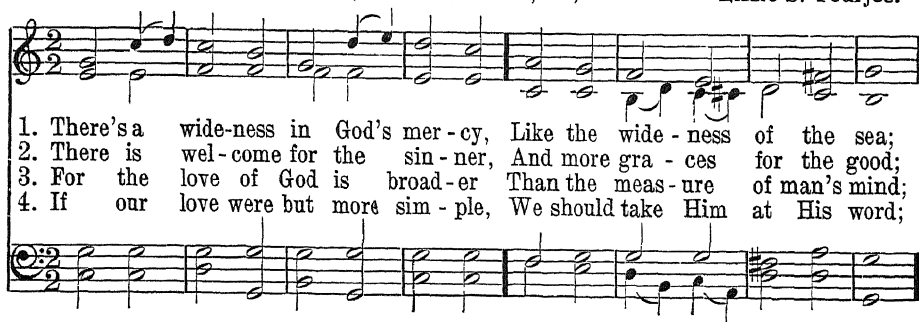
Suit - ed to ev - 'ry sin - ner's case Who hears the joy - ful sound.
 Here love, un - chang - ing love, a - bounds, A deep, ce - les - tial spring.
 Come, thirsty souls, your wants dis - close, And drink with thank - ful hearts. A - MEN.

206 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy

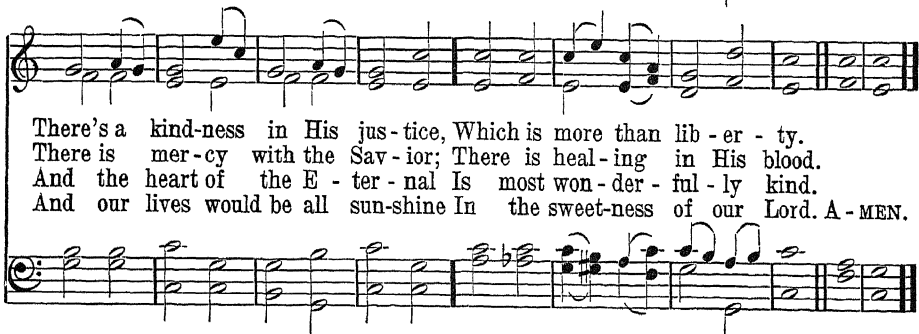
Frederick W. Faber.

(WELLESLEY. 8s, 7s.)

Lizzie S. Tourjee.



1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
 2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-cies for the good;
 3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
 4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;



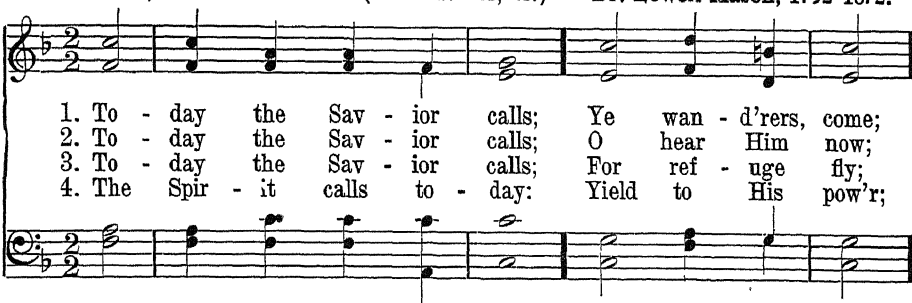
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
 There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.
 And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
 And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord. A - MEN.

207 To-day the Savior Calls.

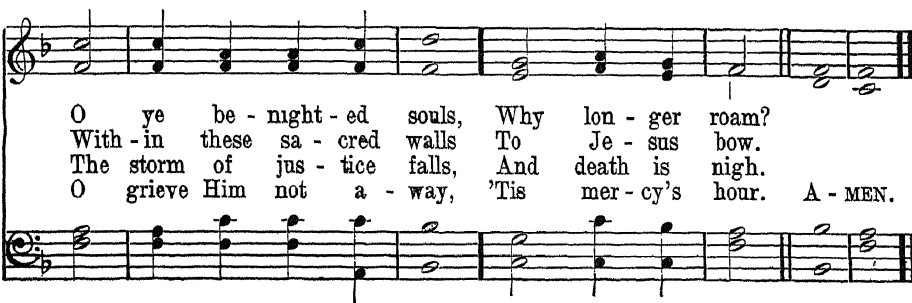
S. F. Smith, 1832.

(TO-DAY. 6s, 4s.)

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



1. To - day the Sav - ior calls; Ye wan - d'ers, come;
 2. To - day the Sav - ior calls; O hear Him now;
 3. To - day the Sav - ior calls; For ref - uge fly;
 4. The Spir - it calls to - day: Yield to His pow'r;



O ye be - night - ed souls, Why lon - ger roam?
 With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
 The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.
 O grieve Him not a - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour. A - MEN.

208 ~ God Calling Yet! Shall I Not Hear?

G. Tersteegen, 1750.

(WOODWORTH. L. M.)

Tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1853.

W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
 2. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?
 3. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bond-age live?
 4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay:

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum-bers lie?
 He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
 I wait, but He does not for-sake; He calls me still! my heart, a - wake!
 Vain world, farewell; from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart. A-MEN.

209 Sinner, What Hast Thou to Show?

Charlotte Elizabeth Tonna, 1843. (MERCY. 7s.)

Arr. from L. M. Gottschalk.

1. Sin-ner, what hast thou to show Like the joys be-liev-ers know?
 2. Doth a skill-ful, heal-ing friend, On thy dai-ly path at-tend,
 3. When the tem-pest rolls on high, Hast thou still a ref-uge nigh?
 4. Canst thou, in that aw-ful day, Fear-less tread the gloom-y way,

Is thy path of fad-ing flow'rs Half so bright, so sweet, as ours?
 And, where thorns and stings a-bound, Shed a balm on ev-'ry wound?
 Can, O can thy dy-ing breath Summon One more strong than death?
 Plead a glo-rious ran-som giv'n, Burst from earth, and soar to heaven? A-MEN.

ADMONITION AND INVITATION

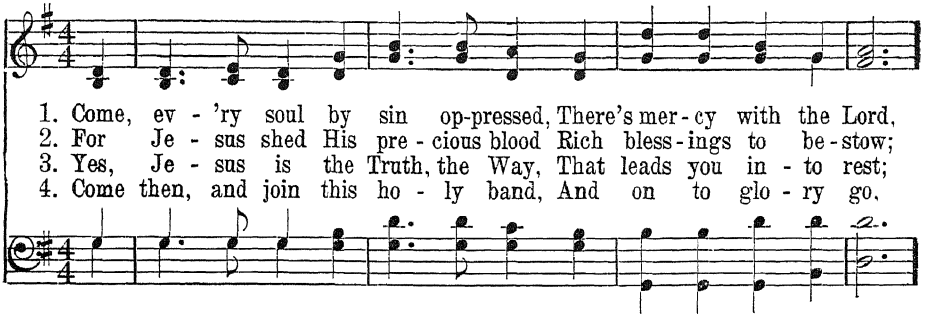
210

Only Trust Him

J. H. S.

(STOCKTON. 8s, 6s.)

J. H. Stockton.



1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
 2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
 4. Come then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go.



And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust-ing in His word.
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
 Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

REFRAIN.



On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;
 Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus now;
 Don't re - ject Him, don't re - ject Him, Don't re - ject Him now;
 I will trust Him, I will trust Him, I will trust Him now;



He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
 He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
 He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
 He will save me, He will save me, He will save me now. A - MEN.

ADMONITION AND INVITATION

211

Dreaming, Still Dreaming!

T. O. Chisholm.
SOLO. *espress.*

(DREAMING. 10s, 7s.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

1. Dream-ing, still dream-ing? O slum-ber-ing soul,
2. Dream-ing, still dream-ing, un-con-sci-ous of ill,
3. Dream-ing, still dream-ing? Yet still in thy sins!
4. Dream-ing, still dream-ing? O sleep-er, a - wake!

When will thy dream-ing be
Wrapped in thy dead - ly re-
If God should call thee a
Shake off thy slum - ber-ous

o'er?
pose,
way,
chain!

Dream-ing, with death and e - ter - ni - ty nigh, E - ven, per-
While life's short day, when thou may-est re - pent, Draws swift-ly
Ah! how thy soul would ap-pear in His sight, Trem-bling in
Late grows the hour, rise and haste for thy life! While hope and

REFRAIN. *Faster.*

haps, at the door!
on to its close!
guilt and dis-may!
mer - cy re-main.

A-wake from thy slum-ber, O sleep - er, a - wake! For

rit.

soon in God's presence thy soul must ap-pear; There's no time for dream-ing, for

rit.

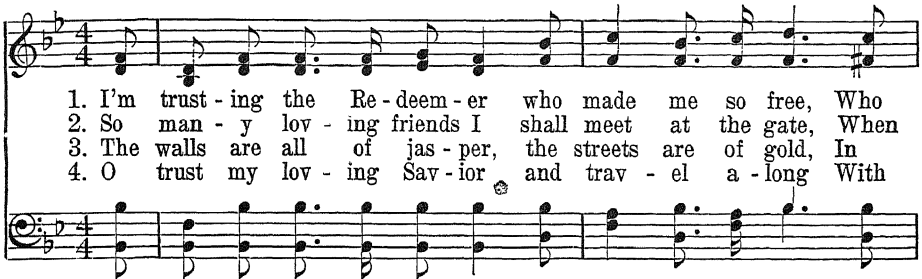
slum-ber-ous ease,—O what if, to - day, He should summon you there! A - MEN.

212

Promise to Meet Me There

James Rowe.

W. A. Stem.



1. I'm trust - ing the Re - deem - er who made me so free, Who
 2. So man - y lov - ing friends I shall meet at the gate, When
 3. The walls are all of jas - per, the streets are of gold, In
 4. O trust my lov - ing Sav - ior and trav - el a - long With

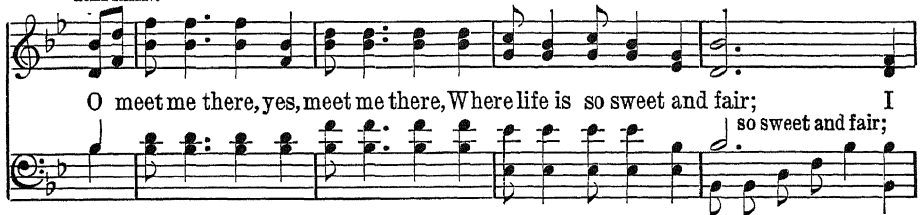


keeps me so hap - py and fair; And who is now pre - par - ing a
 here I no lon - ger shall roam; And tongue can nev - er tell of the
 that bless - ed home - land a - bove; And half of all 'ts won - ders will
 me in that heav - en - ly way; Then soon we shall be sing - ing a

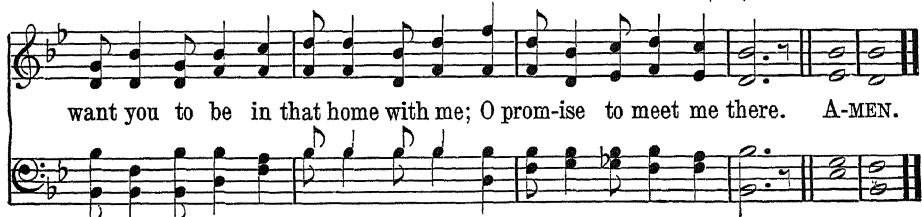


man - sion for me, That I may a - bide with Him there.
 pleas - ures that wait For me in that won - der - ful home.
 nev - er be told, Till there we shall rest in His love.
 won - der - ful song, At home in the king - dom of day.

REFRAIN.



O meet me there, yes, meet me there, Where life is so sweet and fair; I
 so sweet and fair;



want you to be in that home with me; O prom - ise to meet me there. A - MEN.


Copyright, 1918, by The Trio Music Co., in "Victory."

213 Hark! There Comes a Whisper

F. J. Van Alstyne, 1875.


(GIVE THY HEART TO ME. P. M.)

W. H. Doane.



1. Hark! there comes a whis - per Steal - ing on thine ear; 'Tis the Sav - ior
 2. With that voice so gen - tle, Dost thou hear Him say: Tell Me all thy
 3. Wouldst thou find a ref - uge For thy soul op-pressed? Je - sus kind - ly
 4. At the cross of Je - sus Let thy bur - den fall, While He gen - tly

REFRAIN.



call - ing, Soft, soft and clear.
 sor - rows, Come, come a - way? Give thy heart to Me, Once I died for
 an - swers, I am thy rest.
 whis - pers, I'll bear it all. Just now,




thee; (O come!) Hark! hark! thy Sav - ior calls, Come, sin - ner, come. A - MEN.

214 Sinners, Turn; Why Will Ye Die?


Charles Wesley, 1741.

(PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.)

I. Pleyel, 1757-1831.



1. Sin - ners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Mak - er, asks you why;
 2. Sin - ners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Sav - ior, asks you why.
 3. Will you let Him die in vain? Cru - ci - fy your Lord a - gain?
 4. Sin - ners, turn; why will ye die? God, the Spir - it, asks you why.
 5. Will ye not His grace re - ceive? Will ye still re - fuse to live?



ADMONITION AND INVITATION



God, who did your be - ing give, Made you with Him-self to live.
Will ye not in Him be-lieve? He has died that ye might live.
Why, ye ran-somed sin-ners, why Will you slight His grace, and die?
Oft - en with you has He strove, Wooed you to em-brace His love.
O ye dy - ing sin-ners, why, Why will you for - ev - er die? A - MEN.



215 While Jesus Whispers to You

W. E. Witter.

(COME, SINNER, COME! 7s, 4s.)

H. R. Palmer.



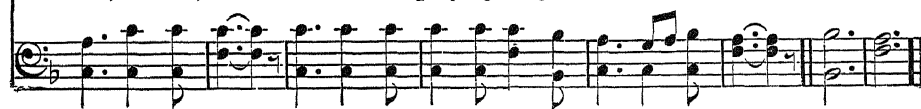
1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y - la - den! Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re-



pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de - ceive you,
ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whis - pers to you,



Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come! A - MEN.



216

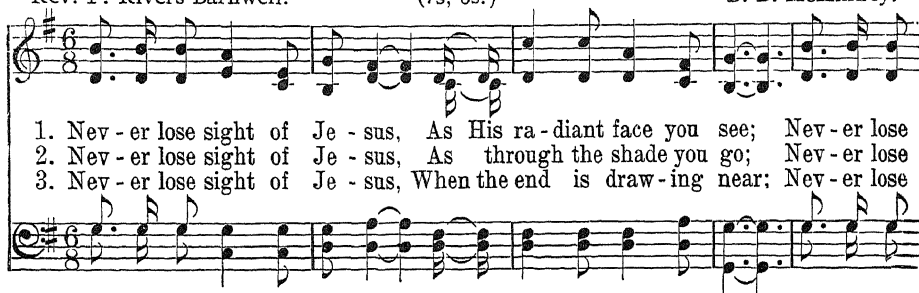
Never Lose Sight of Jesus

Affectionately dedicated to my friend, Rev L. G. Farley, and my beloved wife, Mrs M. M. Barnwell,

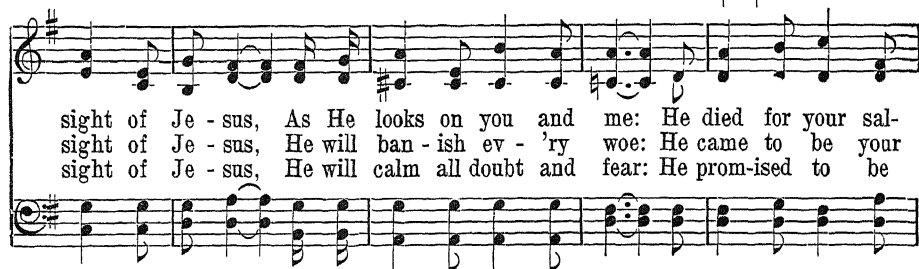
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell.

(7s, 6s.)

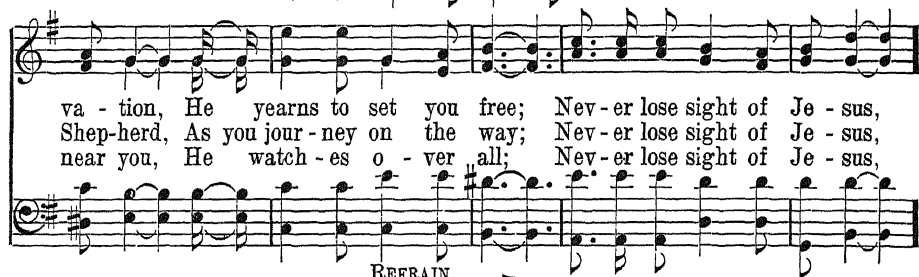
B. B. McKinney.



1. Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus, As His ra - diant face you see; Nev - er lose
 2. Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus, As through the shade you go; Nev - er lose
 3. Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus, When the end is draw - ing near; Nev - er lose



sight of Je - sus, As He looks on you and me: He died for your sal -
 sight of Je - sus, He will ban - ish ev - 'ry woe: He came to be your
 sight of Je - sus, He will calm all doubt and fear: He prom - ised to be

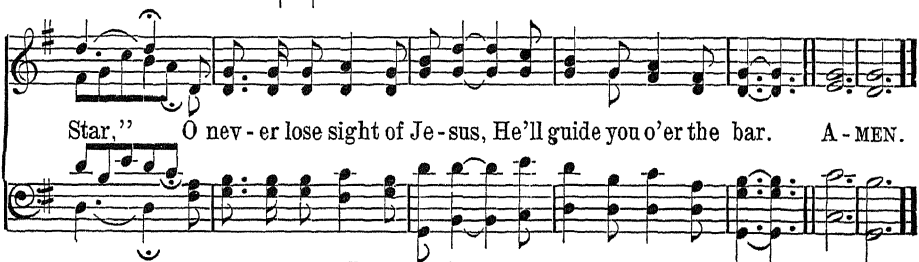


va - tion, He yearns to set you free; Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus,
 Shep - herd, As you jour - ney on the way; Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus,
 near you, He watch - es o - ver all; Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus,

REFRAIN.



He'll give you vic - to - ry.
 He'll be your constant stay. Nev - er lose sight of Je - sus, "The Bright and Morn - ing
 He will not let you fall.



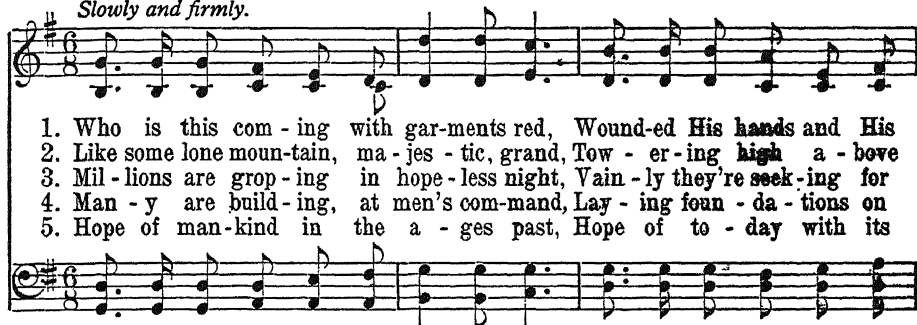
Star." O nev - er lose sight of Je - sus, He'll guide you o'er the bar. A - MEN.

217 Jesus, the Hope of the World

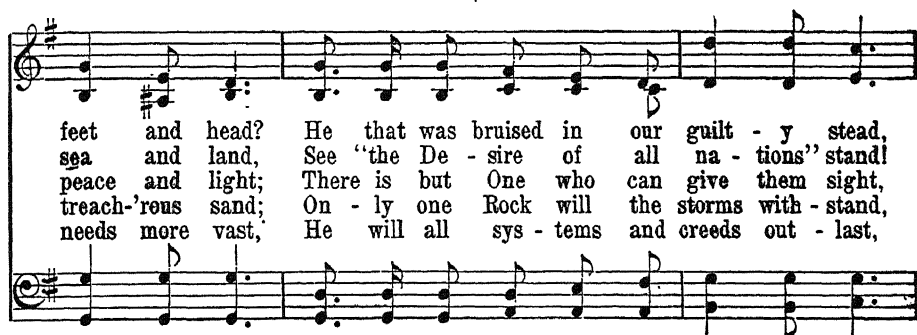
T. O. Chisholm

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

Slowly and firmly.



1. Who is this com - ing with gar - ments red, Wound - ed His hands and His
 2. Like some lone moun - tain, ma - jes - tic, grand, Tow - er - ing high a - bove
 3. Mil - lions are grop - ing in hope - less night, Vain - ly they're seek - ing for
 4. Man - y are build - ing, at men's com - mand, Lay - ing foun - da - tions on
 5. Hope of man - kind in the a - ges past, Hope of to - day with its

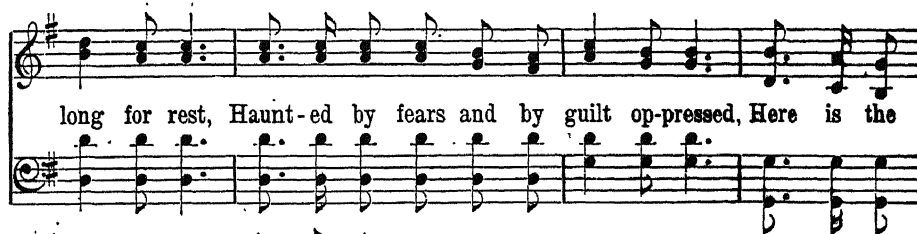


feet and head? He that was bruised in our guilt - y stead,
 sea and land, See "the De - sire of all na - tions" stand!
 peace and light; There is but One who can give them sight,
 treach -'rous sand; On - ly one Rock will the storms with - stand,
 needs more vast, He will all sys - tems and creeds out - last,

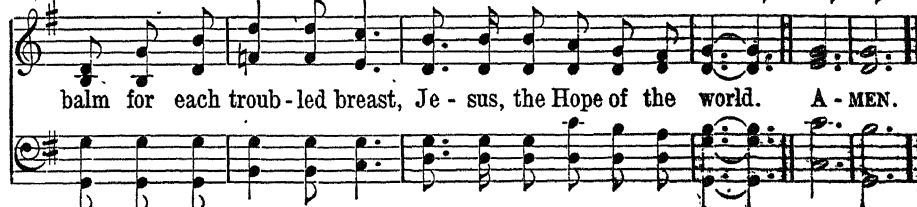
REFRAIN.



Je - sus, the Hope of the world. Hearts that are wea - ry and



long for rest, Haunt - ed by fears and by guilt op - pressed, Here is the



balm for each troub - led breast, Je - sus, the Hope of the world. A - MEN.

218 Knocking, Knocking, Who is There?

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, arr.

(KNOCKING, KNOCKING.)

Geo. F. Root.

1. Knock-ing, knock-ing, who is there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, oh, how fair!
 2. Knock-ing, knock-ing, still He's there, Wait-ing, wait-ing, won-drous fair;
 3. Knock-ing, knock-ing,—what! still there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, grand and fair;

'Tis a Pil-grim, strange and king-ly, Nev-er such was seen be-fore;
 But the door is hard to o-pen, For the weeds and i-vy-vine,
 Yes, the pierc-ed hand still knock-eth, And be-neath the crown-ed hair

Ah! my soul, for such a won-der Wilt thou not un-do the door?
 With their dark and cling-ing tendrils, Ev-er round the hing-es twine.
 Beam the pa-tient eyes, so ten-der, Of thy Sav-ior, wait-ing there. A-MEN.

219 Hark! My Soul, It is the Lord

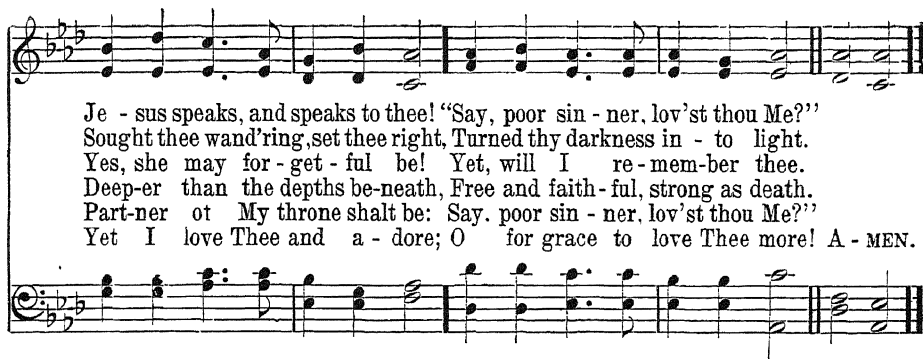
William Cowper, 1768.

(ST. BEES. 7, 7, 7, 7.)

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1874.

1. Hark! my soul, it is the Lord, 'Tis thy Sav-ior, hear His word:
 2. "I de-liv-ered thee when bound, And, when bleed-ing, healed thy wound,
 3. "Can a wom-an's ten-der care, Cease to-wards the child she bare?
 4. "Mine is an un-chang-ing love, High-er than the heights a-bove,
 5. "Thou shalt see My glo-ry soon, When the work of grace is done;
 6. Lord, it is my chief com-plaint, That my love is weak and faint,

ADMONITION AND INVITATION



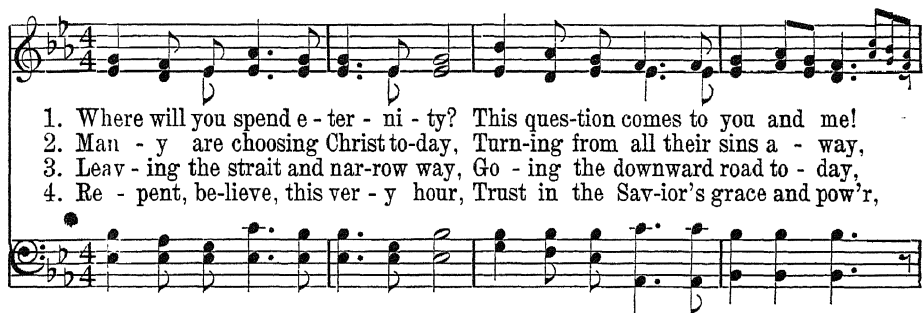
Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee! "Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me?"
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right, Turned thy darkness in - to light.
 Yes, she may for - get - ful be! Yet, will I re - mem - ber thee.
 Deep - er than the depths be - neath, Free and faith - ful, strong as death.
 Part - ner of My throne shalt be: Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me?"
 Yet I love Thee and a - dore; O for grace to love Thee more! A - MEN.

220 Where Will You Spend Eternity?

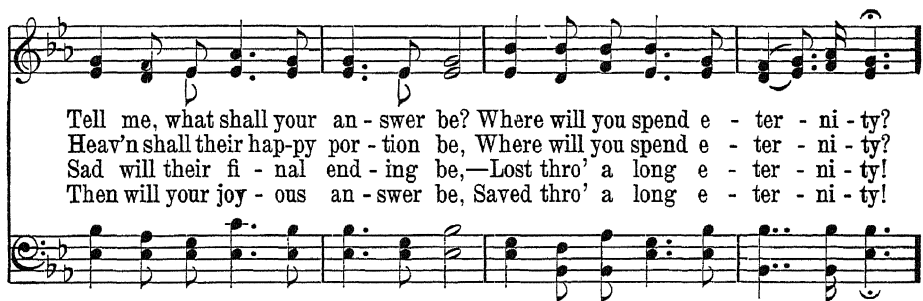
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

(TENNEY. L. M.)

J. H. Tenney.



1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? This ques - tion comes to you and me!
 2. Man - y are choosing Christ to - day, Turn - ing from all their sins a - way,
 3. Leav - ing the strait and nar - row way, Go - ing the downward road to - day,
 4. Re - pent, be - lieve, this ver - y hour, Trust in the Sav - ior's grace and pow'r,



Tell me, what shall your an - swer be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
 Heav'n shall their hap - py por - tion be, Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
 Sad will their fi - nal end - ing be, —Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
 Then will your joy - ous an - swer be, Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

REFRAIN.



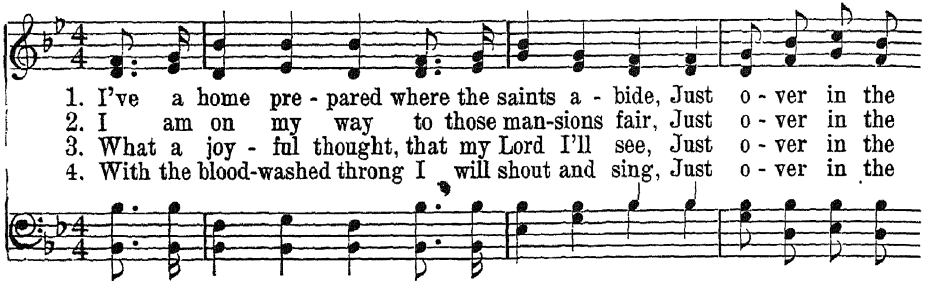
1-2. E - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
 3. E - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty! Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
 4. E - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty! Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty! A - MEN.

221

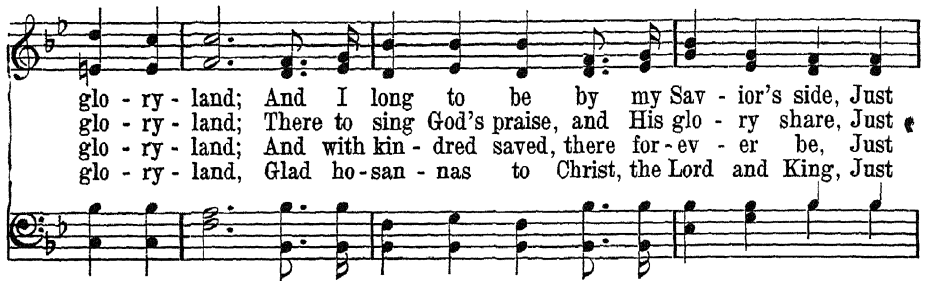
Just Over in the Glory-Land

Jas. W. Acuff.

Emmet S. Dean.



1. I've a home pre-pared where the saints a-bide, Just o-ver in the
2. I am on my way to those man-sions fair, Just o-ver in the
3. What a joy-ful thought, that my Lord I'll see, Just o-ver in the
4. With the blood-washed throng I will shout and sing, Just o-ver in the

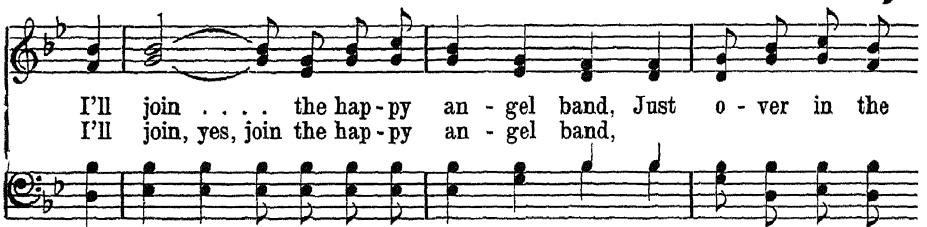


glo-ry-land; And I long to be by my Sav-ior's side, Just
glo-ry-land; There to sing God's praise, and His glo-ry share, Just
glo-ry-land; And with kin-dred saved, there for-ev-er be, Just
glo-ry-land, Glad ho-san-nas to Christ, the Lord and King, Just

REFRAIN.



o-ver in the glo-ry-land. Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land,
Just o-ver, o-ver in the glo-ry-land,



I'll join . . . the hap-py an-gel band, Just o-ver in the
I'll join, yes, join the hap-py an-gel band,



glo-ry-land; Just o-ver in the glo-ry-land, There
Just o-ver, o-ver in the glo-ry-land, There

ADMONITION AND INVITATION



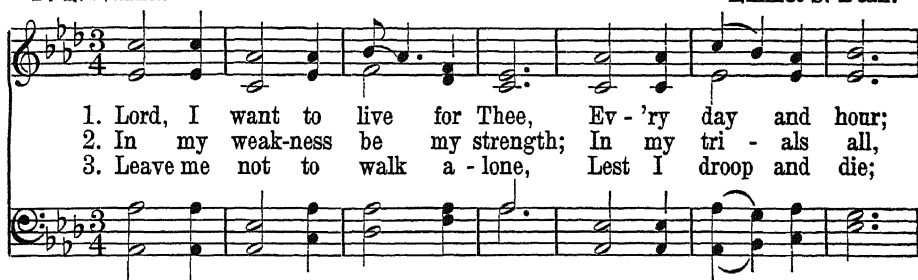
with . . . the might-y host I'll stand, Just o-ver in the glo - ry - land. A - MEN.
with, yes, with the might-y host I'll stand,

222

Keep Me Every Day

F. L. Eiland.

Emmet S. Dean.

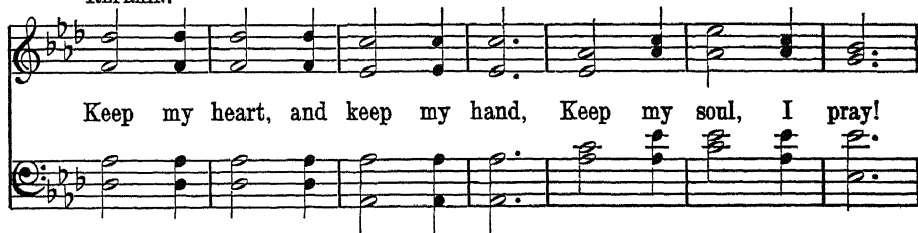


1. Lord, I want to live for Thee, Ev - 'ry day and hour;
2. In my weak-ness be my strength; In my tri - als all,
3. Leave me not to walk a - lone, Lest I droop and die;

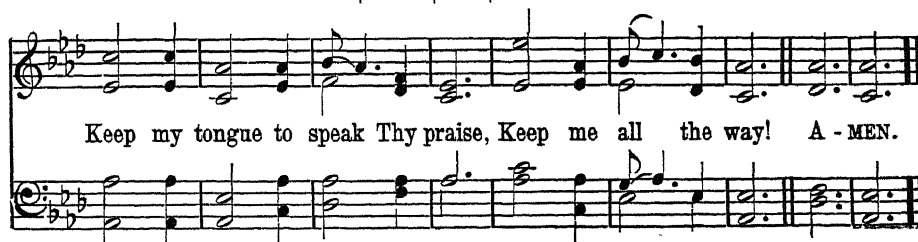


Let Thy Spir - it be with me, In its sav - ing pow'r!
Be Thou near me all the day, Hear my ev - 'ry call!
Let Thy Spir - it go with me, And at - tend my cry!

REFRAIN.



Keep my heart, and keep my hand, Keep my soul, I pray!



Keep my tongue to speak Thy praise, Keep me all the way! A - MEN.

223

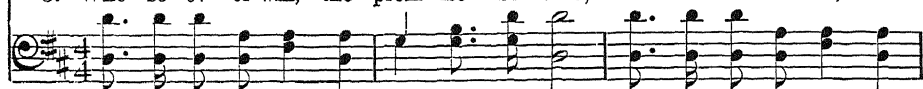
"Whosoever Will"

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.



1. "Who - so - ev - er hear - eth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the bless - ed ti - dings
2. Who - so - ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who - so - ev - er will," the prom - ise se - cure, "Who - so - ev - er will," it



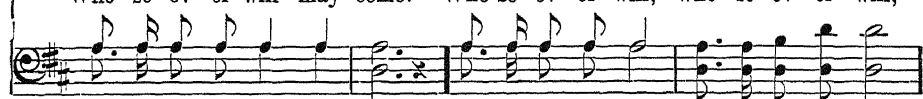
all the world a - round; Spread the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man is found:
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
ev - er must en - dure; "Who - so - ev - er will," 'tis life for - ev - er - more:



REFRAIN.



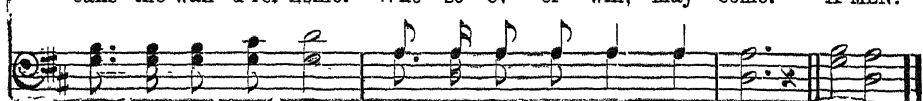
"Who - so - ev - er will may come." "Who - so - ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will,"



Send the proc - la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing Fa - ther



calls the wan - d'r'er home: "Who - so - ev - er will, may come." A - MEN.



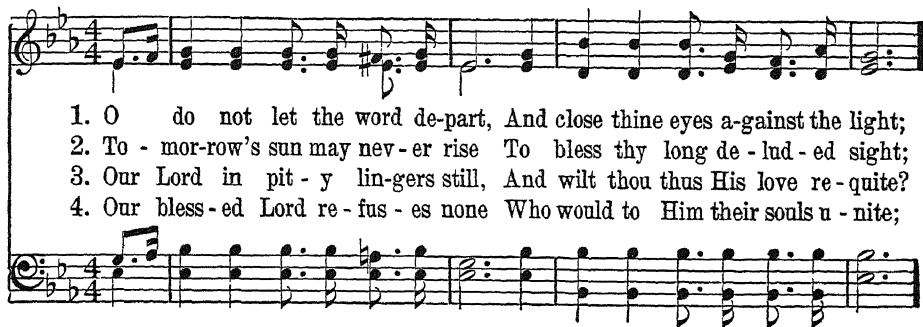
224

O Why Not To-night?

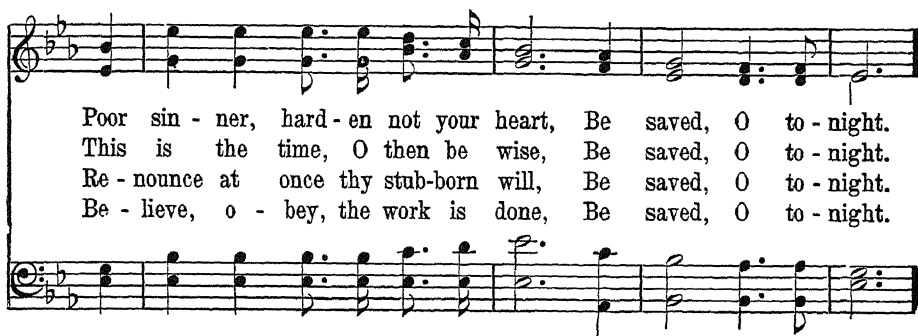
Elizabeth Reed.

(8s, 5.)

J. Calvin Bushey.

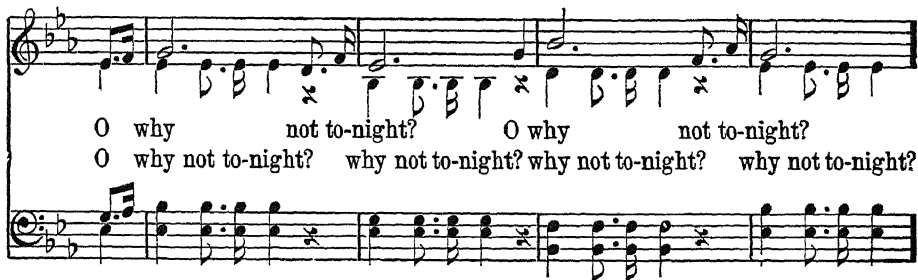


1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes a-against the light;
 2. To - mor-row's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;
 3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
 4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite;

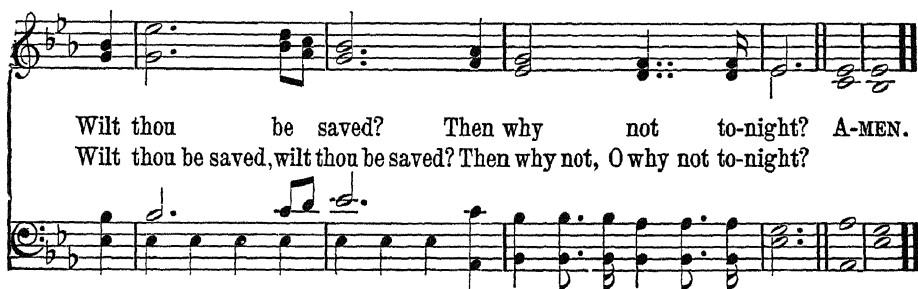


Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.
 This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
 Re - nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to - night.
 Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.

REFRAIN.



O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
 O why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?



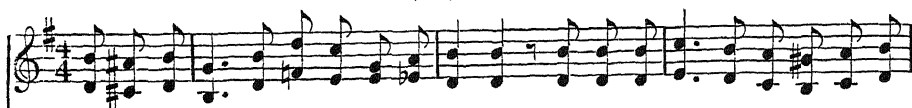
Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night? A-MEN.
 Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to-night?

225

Unanswered Yet

(11s, 10s.)

Charlie D. Tillman.



1. Unanswered yet? The prayer your lips have pleaded In ag - o - ny of heart these many
2. Unanswered yet? Tho' when you first presented This one pe - ti - tion at the Fa - ther's
3. Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say un - grant - ed; Perhaps your part is not yet whol - ly
4. Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be un - an - swered; Her feet were firm - ly planted on the



years? Does faith be - gin to fail, is hope de - part - ing, And think you all in throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of ask - ing, So ur - gent was your done; The work began when first your prayer was ut - tered, And God will fin - ish Rock; A - mid the wild - est storm prayer stands undaunted, Nor quails be - fore the



vain those fall - ing tears? Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer; You shall have heart to make it known. Tho' years have passed since then, do not despair; The Lord will what He has be - gun. If you will keep the in - cense burning there, His glo - ry loud - est thun - der shock. She knows Om - nip - o - tence has heard her prayer, And cries, "It



rit.

ad lib.



your de - sire, sometime, somewhere, You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere. an - swer you, sometime, somewhere, The Lord will answer you, sometime, somewhere. you shall see, sometime, somewhere, His glo - ry you shall see, sometime, somewhere. shall be done," sometime, somewhere, And cries, "It shall be done," sometime, somewhere. A - MEN.



226

Only a Step

Fanny J. Crosby.

(7s, 6s.)

W. H. Doane.

1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now?
 2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Be - lieve, and thou shalt live;
 3. On - ly a step to Je - sus! A step from sin to grace;
 4. On - ly a step to Je - sus! O why not come and say,

Come, and thy sin con - fess - ing, To Him, thy Sav - ior, bow.
 Lov - ing - ly now He's wait - ing, And read - y to for - give.
 What has thy heart de - cid - ed— The mo - ments fly a - pace?
 "Glad - ly to Thee, my Sav - ior, I give my - self a - way?"

REFRAIN.

On - ly a step, on - ly a step; Come, He waits for thee;

Come, and thy sin con - fess - ing, Thou shalt re - ceive a bless - ing;

Do not re - ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee. A - MEN.

ADMONITION AND INVITATION

227

Be Ye Therefore Ready

Inscribed to the memory of Homer V. Secrist, a young evangelistic worker, who was fatally hurt at a railroad crossing a few minutes after having taken part in a students' meeting at Winona Lake, Ind. The title of this hymn was found underscored in his Bible.

T. O. Chisholm.

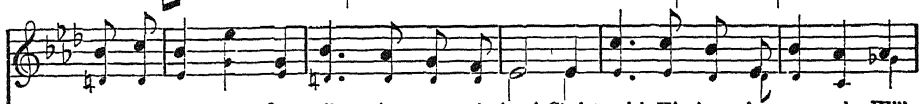
(7s, 6s.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

SOLO.



1. Some year will be the last year, Some day will be the last day, Some hour will
2. With - out a mo - ment's warn - ing, Swift as an eye - lid's clos - ing, Such will be
3. Faith - ful is He that prom - ised, Sure - ly He com - eth quick - ly, But some are
4. O day of earth's re - demp - tion And of the new cre - a - tion, When sor - row's



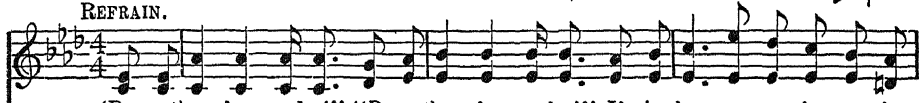
be the last hour, Of all the years of time! Christ, with His ho - ly an - gels, Will
His ap - pear - ing, To end earth's pain and strife; Those who are His, re - main - ing, They
drinking, feast - ing, Who think that hour de - layed; But while the Bridegroom tarries, Be
tears will van - ish, And sigh - ing flee a - way! Day of all days the great - est, Of



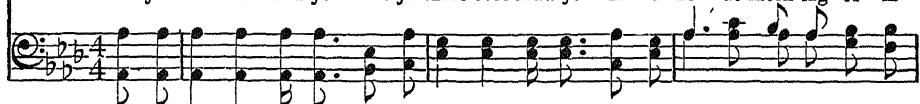
come in clouds of glo - ry, "And ev - 'ry eye shall see Him," O ad - vent hour sub - lime!
who in Him are sleep - ing, Shall from that hour be like Him, Death "swallowed up of life!"
al - ways watch - ing, pray - ing, Lest He should find you sleep - ing And you should wake, dismayed!
des - ti - ny e - ter - nal, How swift - ly it ap - proach - eth! Be read - y for that day!



REFRAIN.



"Be ye there - fore read - y!" "Be ye there - fore read - y!" If it be at morn - ing or in



midnight gloom, For ye know not the day nor the hour, When the Son of Man shall come. A - MEN.



228

Spanish.

ADMONITION AND INVITATION

229

Someone's Last Call

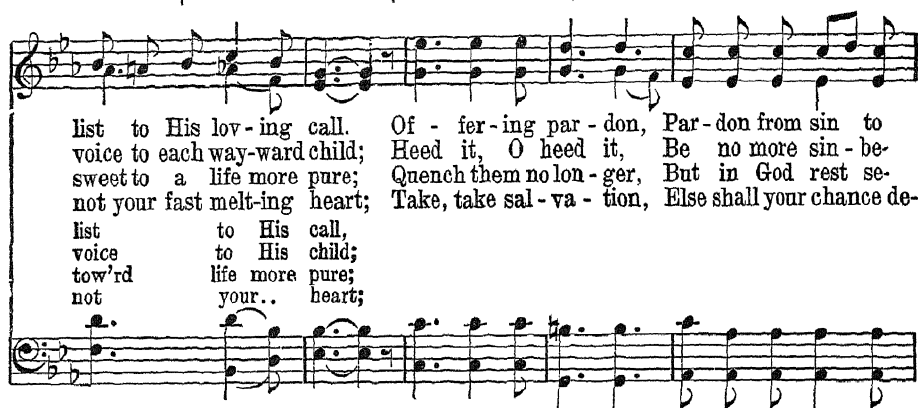
Edna R. Worrell.

Arranged from Verdi.



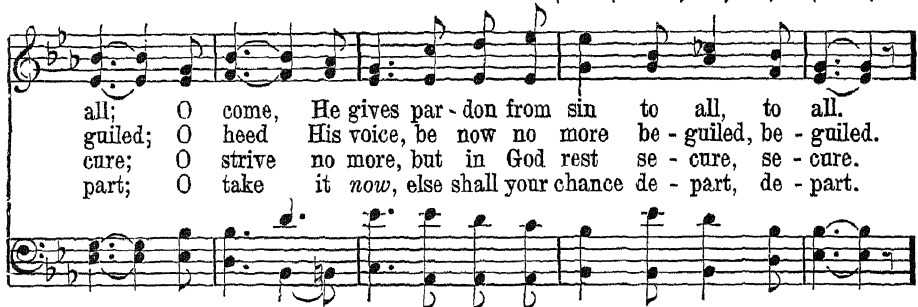
1. Come, O come to the bless - ed Sav - - ior. . . List, O
 2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there whis - - pers . . . God's own
 3. Long, long, long have you tried to sti - - fle . . . Yearn - ings
 4. Now, *now*, NOW as the Spir - it stirs . . . you, . . . Hard - en

1. Come, O come to the bless - ed. . . Sav - ior, List, O
 2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there. . . whis - pers God's own
 3. Long, long, long have you tried to. . . sti - fle Yearn - ings
 4. Now, *now*, NOW, as the Spir - it. . . stirs you, Hard - en



list to His lov - ing call. Of - fer - ing par - don, Par - don from sin to
 voice to each way - ward child; Heed it, O heed it, Be no more sin - be -
 sweet to a life more pure; Quench them no lon - ger, But in God rest se -
 not your fast melt - ing heart; Take, take sal - va - tion, Else shall your chance de -

list to His call,
 voice to His child;
 tow'rd life more pure;
 not your. . . heart;



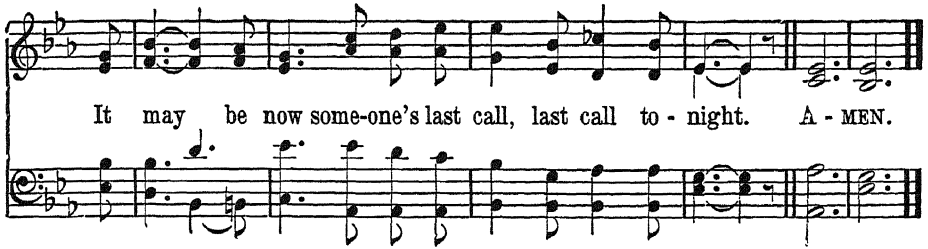
all; O come, He gives par - don from sin to all, to all,
 guiled; O heed His voice, be now no more be - guiled, be - guiled.
 cure; O strive no more, but in God rest se - cure, se - cure.
 part; O take it *now*, else shall your chance de - part, de - part.

REFRAIN.



Come, come to Je - sus, Come ere this mo - ment takes flight;

ADMONITION AND INVITATION



It may be now some-one's last call, last call to - night. A - MEN.

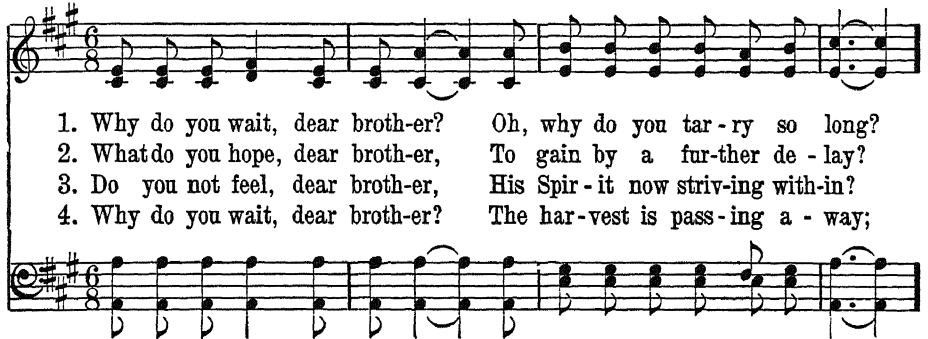
230

Why Do You Wait?

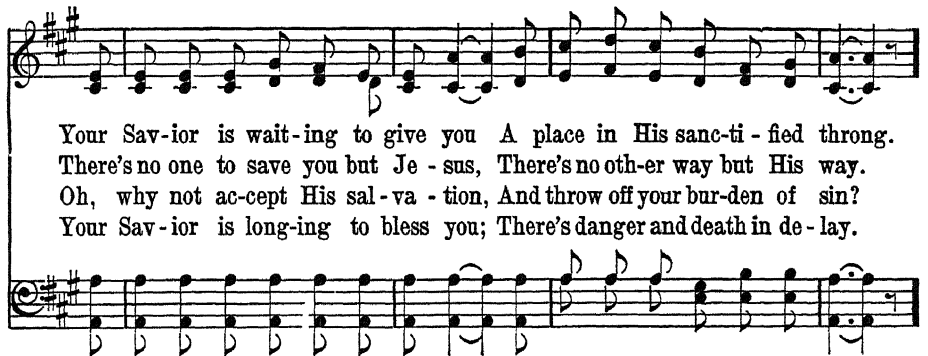
G. F. R.

(7, 8, 9, 8.)

Geo. F. Root.

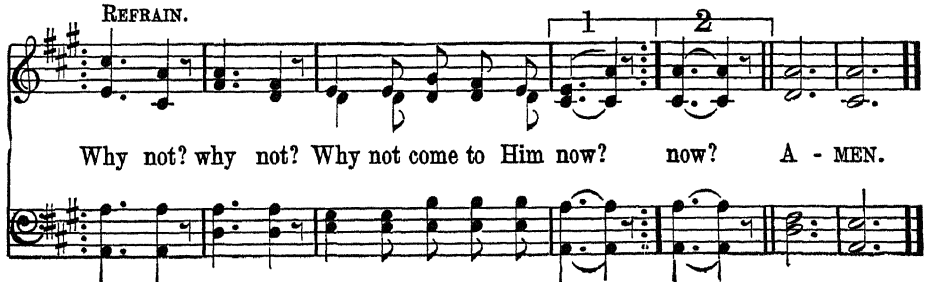


1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? Oh, why do you tar-ry so long?
 2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay?
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striv-ing with-in?
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har-vest is pass-ing a - way;



Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti - fied throng.
 There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
 Oh, why not ac-cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off your bur-den of sin?
 Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you; There's danger and death in de - lay.

REFRAIN.



Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now? A - MEN.

ADMONITION AND INVITATION

231

John iii: 16

J. Manton Smith.

W. H. Harper.

1. { I love to tell the sto - ry, How Christ, the King of
 2. { For sin - ners, He re - ceives them, His blood was shed to
 3. { So now I'll try to please Him, My life I give to
 1. { And when called home to glo - ry, I'll sing the good old
 2. { Then, broth - er, won't you love Him? And, sis - ter, won't you
 3. { We need our sins for - giv - en, That we may go to

D. C.—You say, “How do I know it?”—John iii: six - teen will

Glo - ry, Left heav'n a - bove and came to res - cue me: }
 save them—So Je - sus died for sin - ners just like me. }
 serve Him; His true and faith - ful serv - ant I will be; }
 sto - ry, That Je - sus died for sin - ners just like me. }
 trust Him? I know He died for you as well as me. }
 heav - en, To live with Christ who died for you and me. }

show it; That big word “who-so - ev - er” mean-eth me.

A - MEN.
D. C.

Yes, yes, yes, O . . . yes! Je - sus died to set poor sin - ners free;

232

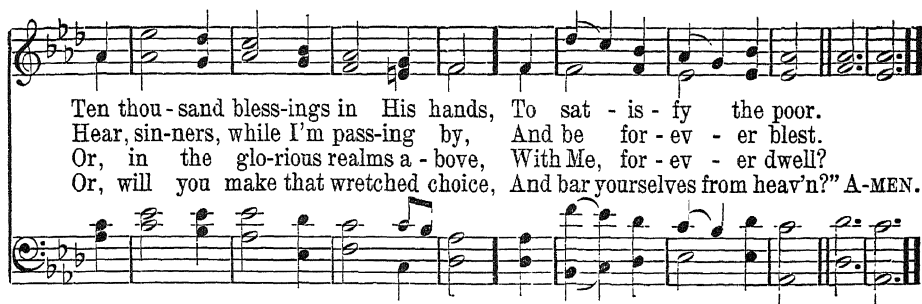
Amazing Sight! the Savior Stands

Anon.

(ROMBERG. C. M.) Dr. T. Hastings, 1784-1872.

1. A - maz - ing sight! the Sav - ior stands And knocks at ev - 'ry door;
 2. “Be - hold,” He saith, “I bleed and die To bring you to My rest:
 3. “Will you de - spise My bleed - ing love, And choose the way to hell?
 4. “Say, will you hear My gra - cious voice, And have your sins for - giv'n?

ADMONITION AND INVITATION



Ten thou-sand bless-ings in His hands, To sat - is - fy the poor.
 Hear, sin-ners, while I'm pass-ing by, And be for - ev - er blest.
 Or, in the glo-rious realms a - bove, With Me, for - ev - er dwell?
 Or, will you make that wretched choice, And bar yourselves from heav'n?" A-MEN.

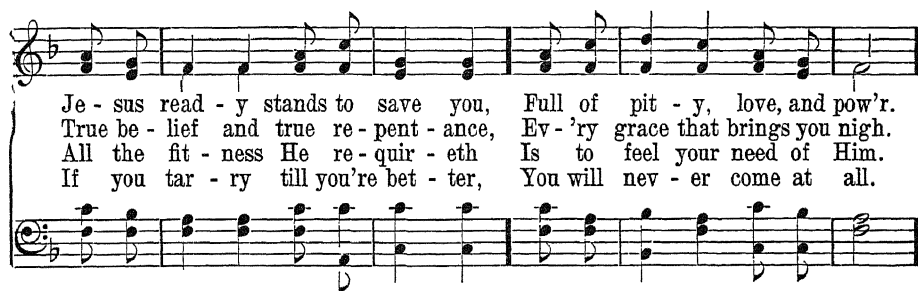
233 Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy

(THE FOUNTAIN STANDS OPEN. 8s, 7s.)

[First Tune]

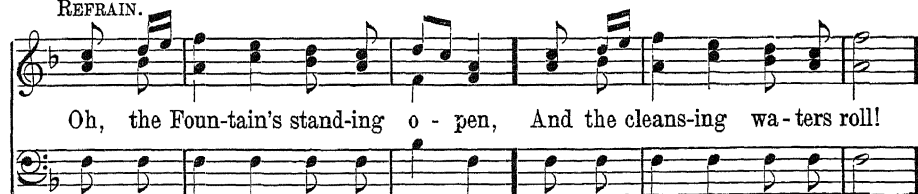


1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore,
 2. Now, ye need - y. come and wel - come, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
 3. Let not con-sci-ence make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond-ly dream;
 4. Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y - la - den, Bruised and man-gled by the fall,



Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r.
 True be - lief and true re - pent - ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
 All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him.
 If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all.

REFRAIN.



Oh, the Foun-tain's stand-ing o - pen, And the cleans-ing wa - ters roll!



While sal - va - tion is so near you, Come and bathe your wea-ry soul. A - MEN.

234

No Room in the Inn

A. L. Skilton.

(6s, 5s.)

E. Grace Updegraff.

1. No beau-ti-ful cham-ber, No soft cra-dle bed, . . No place but a
 2. No sweet con-se-cra-tion, No seek-ing His part, . . No hu-mil-i-
 3. No one to re-ceive Him, No welcome while there, No balm to re-

man-ger, No-where for His head; No prais-es of glad-ness,
 a-tion, No place in the heart; No thought of the Sav-ior,
 lieve Him, No staff but a spear; No seek-ing His treas-ure,

No thought of their sin, No glo-ry but sad-ness, No room in the inn.
 No sor-row for sin, No prayer for His fa-vor, No room in the inn.
 No weep-ing for sin, No do-ing His pleas-ure, No room in the inn.

REFRAIN.

No room, no room for Je-sus, Oh, give Him wel-come free; .

ADMONITION AND INVITATION

rit.



Lest you should hear at Heav-en's gate, "There is no room for thee." A - MEN.

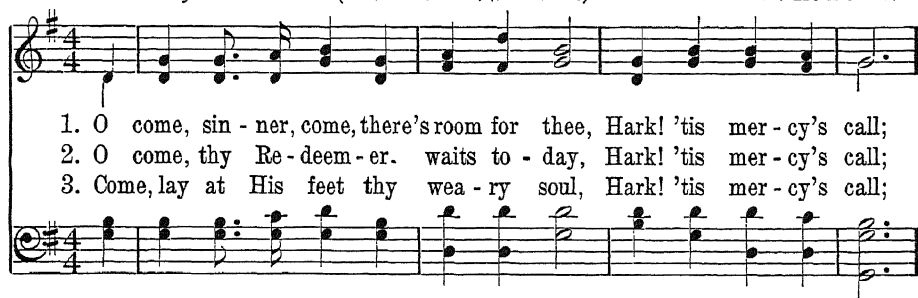
235

O Come, Sinner, Come

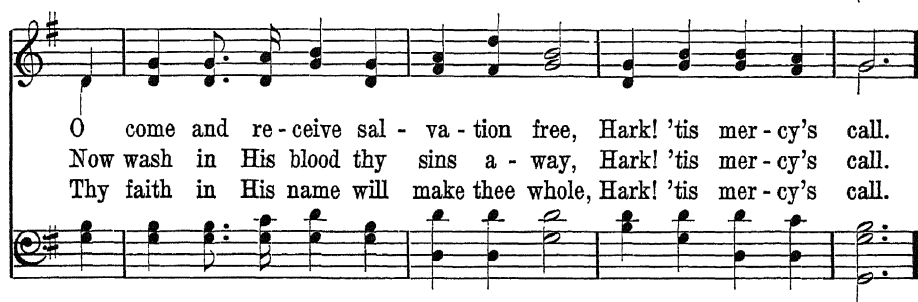
F. C. Van Alstyne.

(MERCY'S CALL. P. M.)

W. H. Doane.



1. O come, sin - ner, come, there's room for thee, Hark! 'tis mer - cy's call;
 2. O come, thy Re - deem - er. waits to - day, Hark! 'tis mer - cy's call;
 3. Come, lay at His feet thy wea - ry soul, Hark! 'tis mer - cy's call;

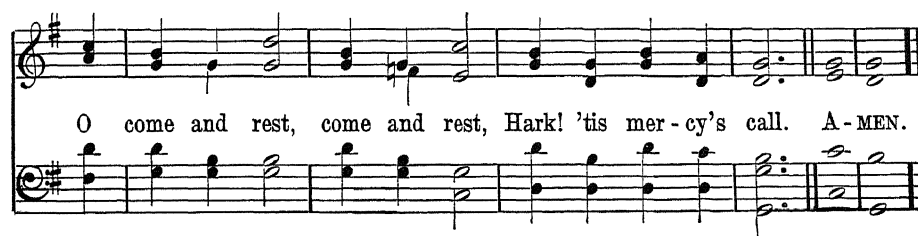


O come and re - ceive sal - va - tion free, Hark! 'tis mer - cy's call.
 Now wash in His blood thy sins a - way, Hark! 'tis mer - cy's call.
 Thy faith in His name will make thee whole, Hark! 'tis mer - cy's call.

REFRAIN.



O come and rest, come and rest, Heav - y - la - den, guilt - op - pressed;



O come and rest, come and rest, Hark! 'tis mer - cy's call. A - MEN.

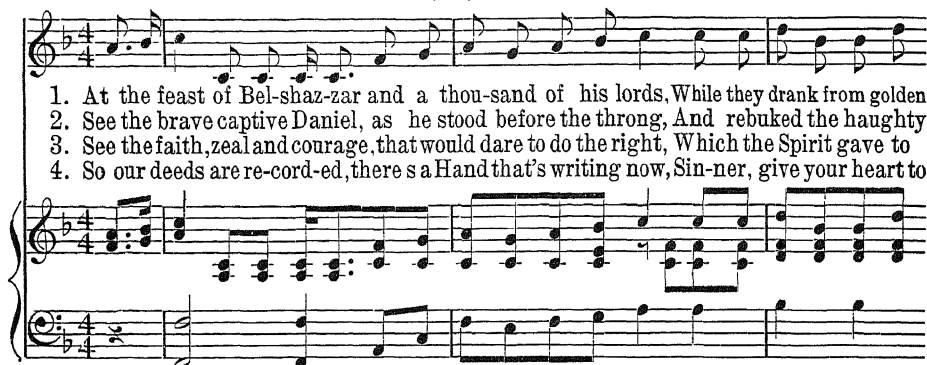
236

The Handwriting On the Wall

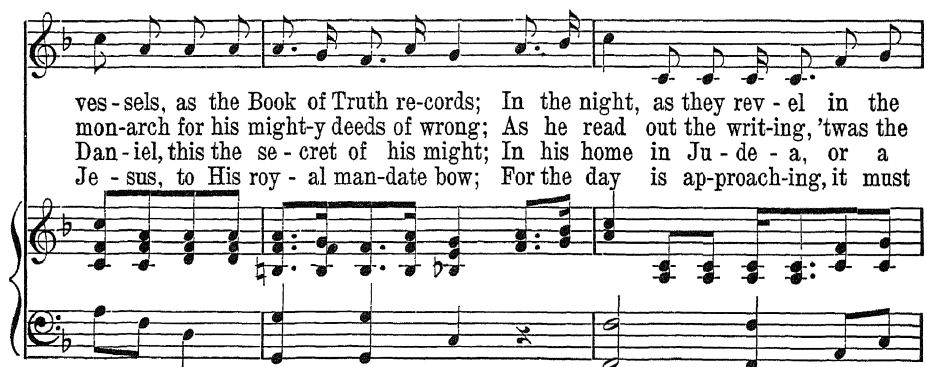
K. Shaw.

(14s, 15s.)

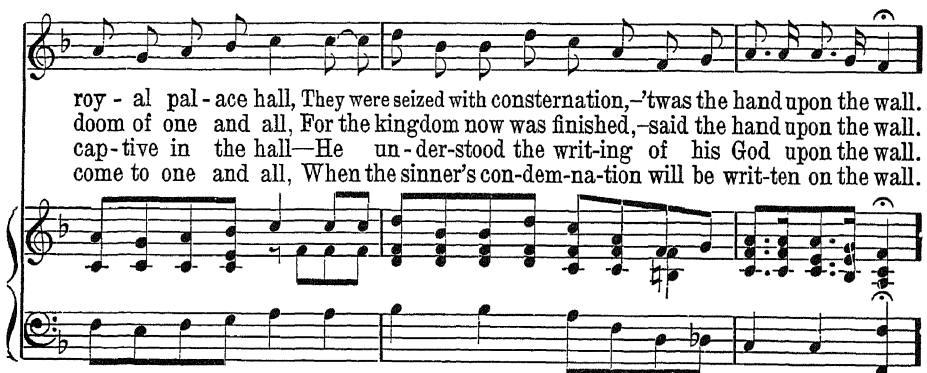
Knowles Shaw.



1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou-sand of his lords, While they drank from golden
2. See the brave captive Daniel, as he stood before the throng, And rebuked the haughty
3. See the faith, zeal and courage, that would dare to do the right, Which the Spirit gave to
4. So our deeds are re-cord-ed, there s a Hand that's writing now, Sin-ner, give your heart to

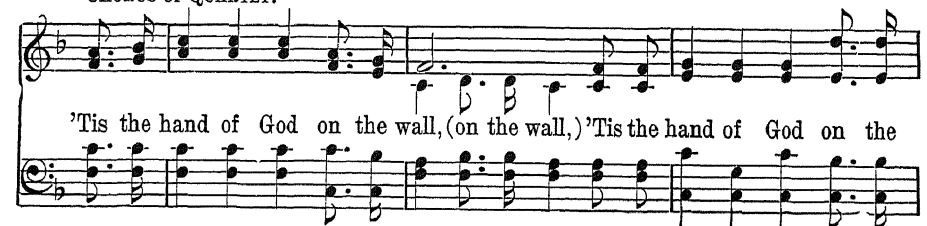


ves-sels, as the Book of Truth re-cords; In the night, as they rev-el in the mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong; As he read out the writ-ing, 'twas the Dan-iel, this the se-cret of his might; In his home in Ju-de-a, or a Je-sus, to His roy-al man-date bow; For the day is ap-proach-ing, it must



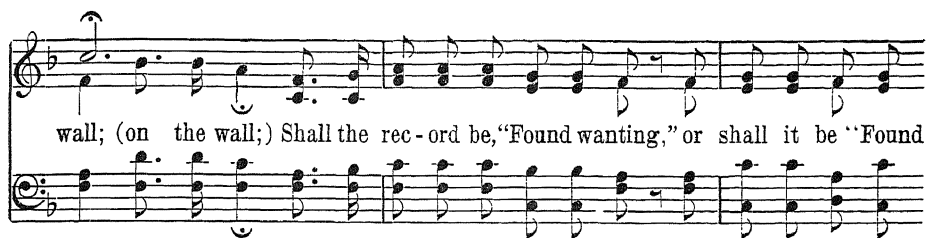
roy-al pal-ace hall, They were seized with consternation, -'twas the hand upon the wall. doom of one and all. For the kingdom now was finished, -said the hand upon the wall. cap-tive in the hall—He un-der-stood the writ-ing of his God upon the wall. come to one and all, When the sinner's con-dem-na-tion will be writ-ten on the wall.

CHORUS or QUARTET.

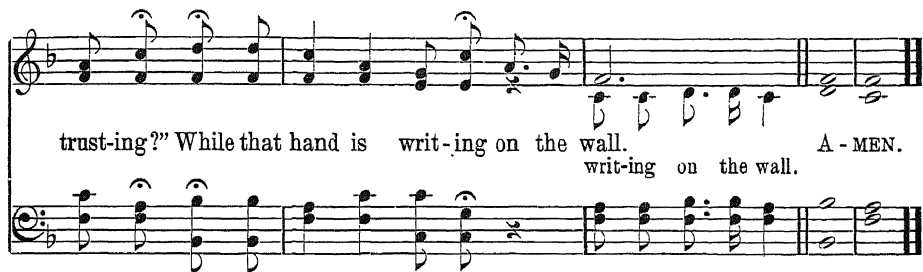


'Tis the hand of God on the wall, (on the wall,) 'Tis the hand of God on the

ADMONITION AND INVITATION



wall; (on the wall;) Shall the rec - ord be, "Found wanting," or shall it be "Found



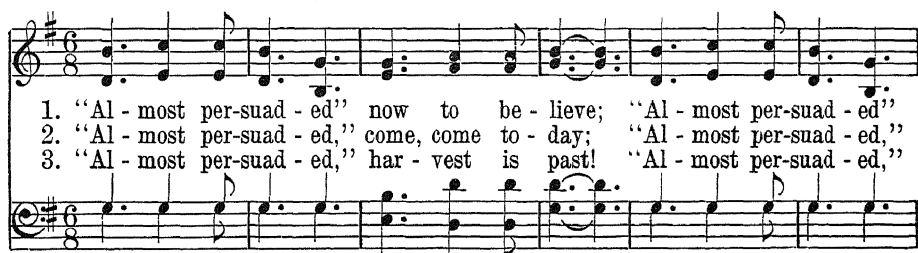
trust-ing?" While that hand is writ-ing on the wall. A - MEN.
 writ-ing on the wall.

237 "Almost Persuaded" Now to Believe

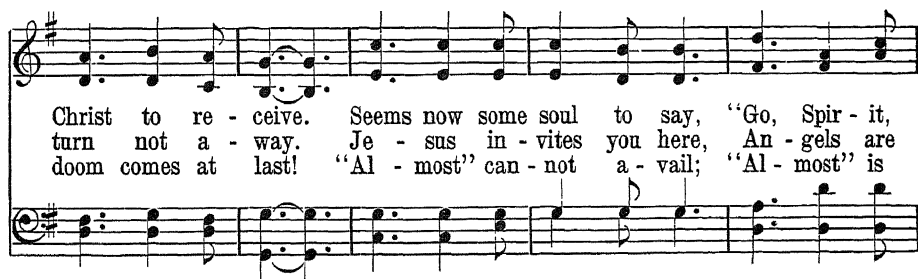
P. P. Bliss, 1852.

(ALMOST PERSUADED. P. M.)


P. P. Bliss, 1838-1877.



1. "Al - most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
 2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
 3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad - ed,"



Christ to re - ceive. Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
 turn not a - way. Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
 doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is



go thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day, On Thee I'll call."
 lin - g'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'rer, come!
 but to fail! Sad, sad that bit - ter wail,—"Al - most," but lost! A - MEN.

238

Over the Line

Ellen K. Bradford.

E. H. Phelps.



1. Oh, ten - der and sweet was the Mas - ter's voice As He
2. But my sins are man - y, my faith is small, Lo! the
3. But my flesh is weak, I tear - ful - ly said, And the
4. Ah, the world is cold, and I can - not go back, Press



lov - ing - ly called to me, "Come o - ver the line, it is
an - swer came quick and clear; "Thou need - est not trust in thy-
way I can - not see; I fear if I try I may
for - ward I sure - ly must; I will place my hand in His



on - ly a step— I am wait - ing, My child, for thee."
self at all, Step o - ver the line, I am here."
sad - - ly fail, And thus may dis - hon - or Thee.
wound - ed palm, Step o - ver the line, and trust.

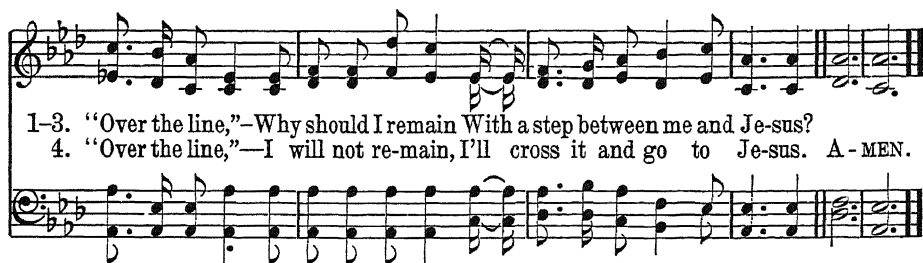
REFRAIN.



"O-ver the line," hear the sweet refrain, Angels are chanting the heav-en-ly strain:



ADMONITION AND INVITATION

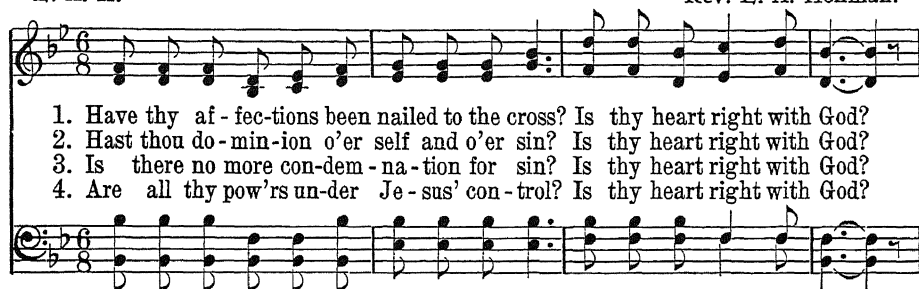


1-3. "Over the line,"—Why should I remain With a step between me and Je-sus?
 4. "Over the line,"—I will not re-main, I'll cross it and go to Je-sus. A - MEN.

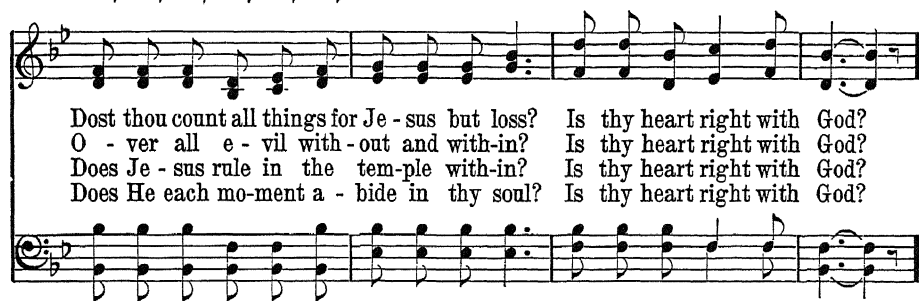
239 Is Thy Heart Right With God?

E. A. H.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.



1. Have thy af - fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
 2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
 3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
 4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?

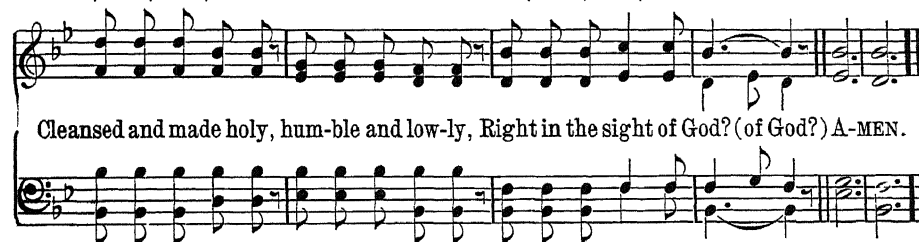


Dost thou count all things for Je - sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
 O - ver all e - vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does He each mo-ment a - bid in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?

REFRAIN.



Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,



Cleansed and made holy, hum-ble and low-ly, Right in the sight of God? (of God?) A - MEN.

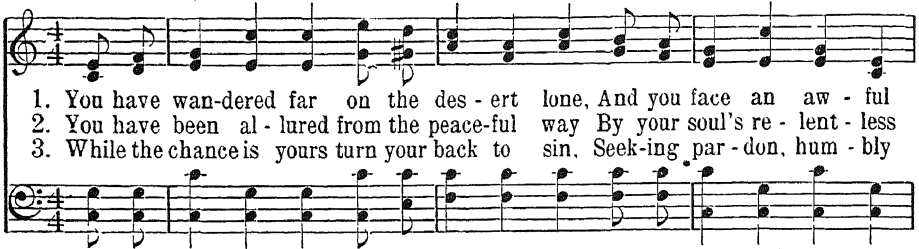
ADMONITION AND INVITATION

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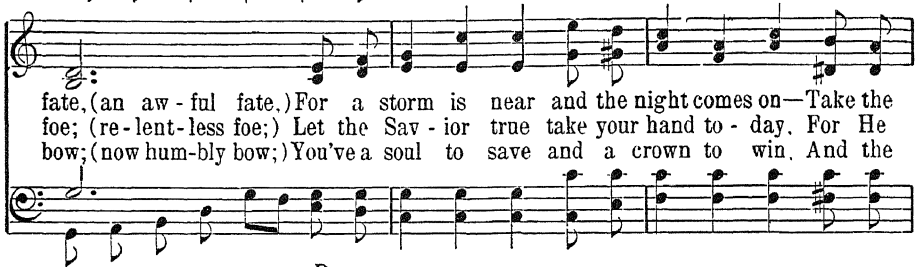
Take the Home-Path

Brown Rowland, A. B.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. You have wan-dered far on the des-ert lone, And you face an aw-ful
 2. You have been al-lured from the peace-ful way By your soul's re-lent-less
 3. While the chance is yours turn your back to sin, Seek-ing par-don, hum-bly



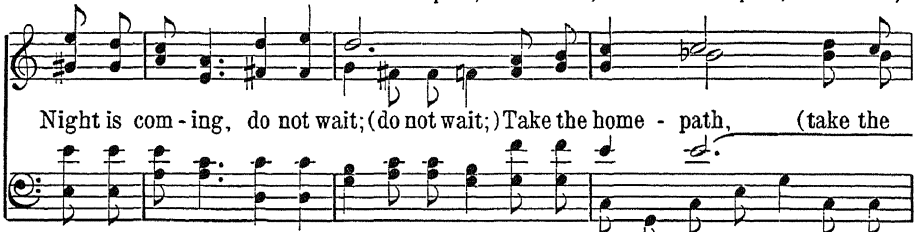
fate, (an aw-ful fate,) For a storm is near and the night comes on—Take the
 foe; (re-lent-less foe;) Let the Sav-ior true take your hand to-day. For He
 bow; (now hum-bly bow;) You've a soul to save and a crown to win, And the

REFRAIN



home-path ere too late. Take the home-path, take the home-path,
 knows the way to go.
 time to start is now. Take the home-path,

Take the home-path, take it now, take the home-path, take it now,



Night is com-ing, do not wait; (do not wait;) Take the home-path, (take the

Take the home-path, take it now, take the



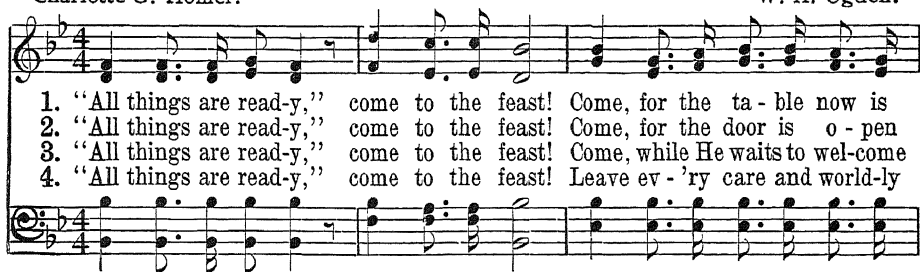
home-path,) Take the home-path ere too late. (ere too late.) A - MEN.

241

Come to the Feast

Charlotte G. Homer.

W. A. Ogden.



1. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the ta - ble now is
 2. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, for the door is o - pen
 3. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Come, while He waits to wel-come
 4. "All things are read-y," come to the feast! Leave ev - 'ry care and world-ly

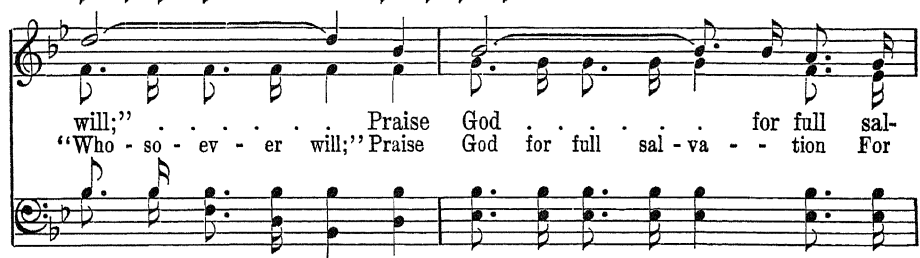


spread; Ye fam-ish-ing, ye wea-ry, come, And thou shalt be rich - ly fed.
 wide; A place of hon-or is re-served For you at the Mas-ter's side
 thee; De-lay not while this day is thine, To - mor-row may nev-er be.
 strife; Come, feast up-on the love of God, And drink ev - er - last-ing life.

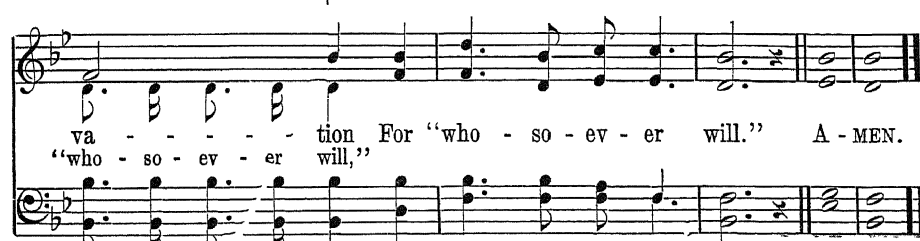
REFRAIN.



Hear . . . the in-vi-ta - - - tion, Come, "who - - - so-ev-er
 Hear the in - vi - ta - tion, "Who-so-ev - er will," Hear the in - vi - ta - tion,



will;" Praise God for full sal -
 "Who - so - ev - er will;" Praise God for full sal - va - - tion For



va - - - - - tion For "who - so - ev - er will." A - MEN.
 "who - so - ev - er will,"

ADMONITION AND INVITATION

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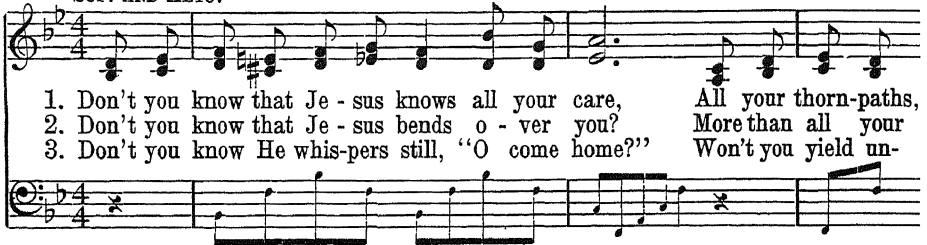
He Always Knows

James Rowe.

(10s, 7s.)

Haldor Lillenas.


SOP. AND ALTO.



1. Don't you know that Je - sus knows all your care, All your thorn-paths,
 2. Don't you know that Je - sus bends o - ver you? More than all your
 3. Don't you know He whis-pers still, "O come home?" Won't you yield un-

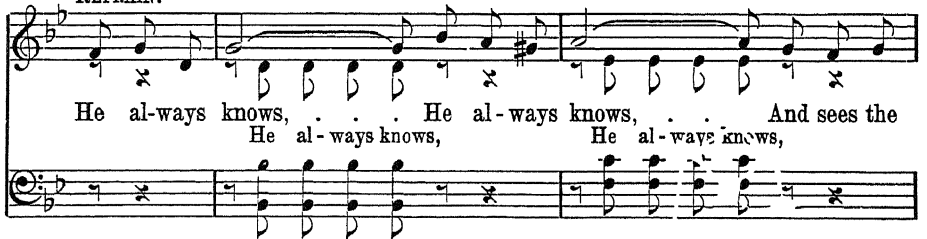


all your woes, your de-spair? Ev - 'ry time the tempt-er calls, Ev - 'ry
 earth-ly friends He is true; All the while you hum-bly plead Je - sus
 to His will, cease to roam? Heed His lov-ing voice to - day, Have your



time the world en-thralls, All your troub-les, all your woes, Je - sus knows.
 knows your ev - 'ry need, Ev - 'ry sob and tear that flows, Je - sus knows.
 bur - den rolled a - way, Sweet com-pas-sion still He shows, For He knows.

REFRAIN.



He al-ways knows, . . . He al-ways knows, And sees the
 He al-ways knows, He al-ways knows,



tear . . . that si-lent flows, . . . The thorn that in . . . your pathway
 And sees the tear that si-lent flows, The thorn that in

ADMONITION AND INVITATION



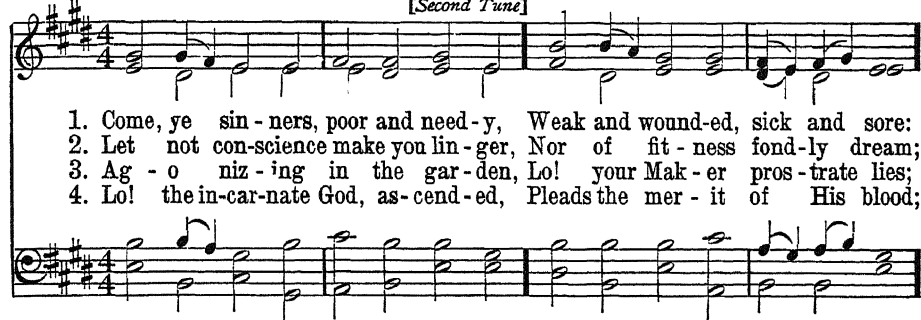
grows, . . . The Sav-ior knows, . . . He al-ways knows. . . A - MEN.
 your pathway grows, The Sav-ior knows, He al-ways knows.

243 Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy

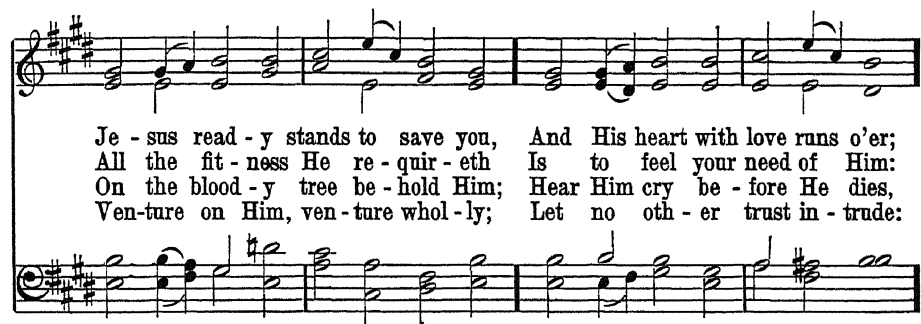
Joseph Hart, 1759.

(8s, 7s, 4.)
 [Second Tune]

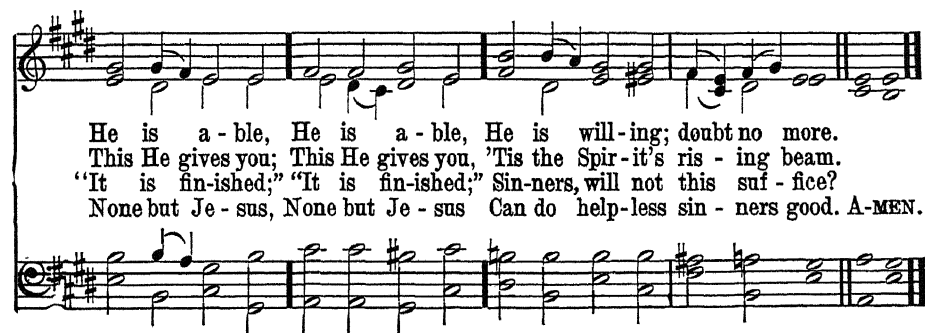
Rousseau.



1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore;
 2. Let not con - science make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;
 3. Ag - o niz - ing in the gar - den, Lo! your Mak - er pros - trate lies;
 4. Lo! the in - car - nate God, as - cend - ed, Pleads the mer - it of His blood;



Je - sus read - y stands to save you, And His heart with love runs o'er;
 All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him:
 On the blood - y tree be - hold Him; Hear Him cry be - fore He dies,
 Ven - ture on Him, ven - ture whol - ly; Let no oth - er trust in - trude:



He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing; doubt no more.
 This He gives you; This He gives you, 'Tis the Spir - it's ris - ing beam.
 "It is fin - ished;" "It is fin - ished;" Sin - ners, will not this suf - fice?
 None but Je - sus, None but Je - sus Can do help - less sin - ners good. A - MEN.

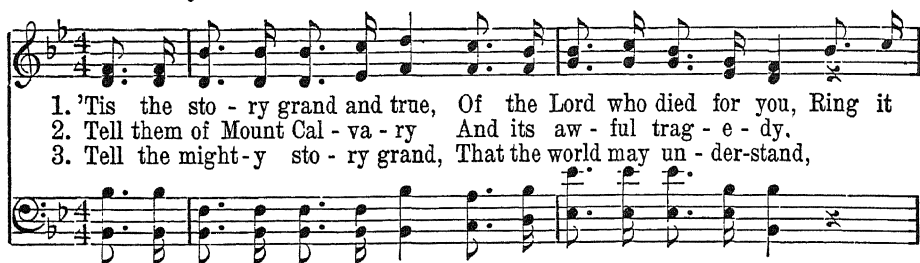
ADMONITION AND INVITATION

244

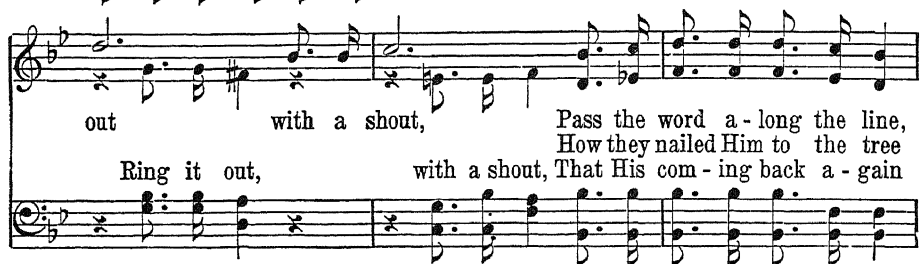
Ring It Out With a Shout

Will M. Ramsey.

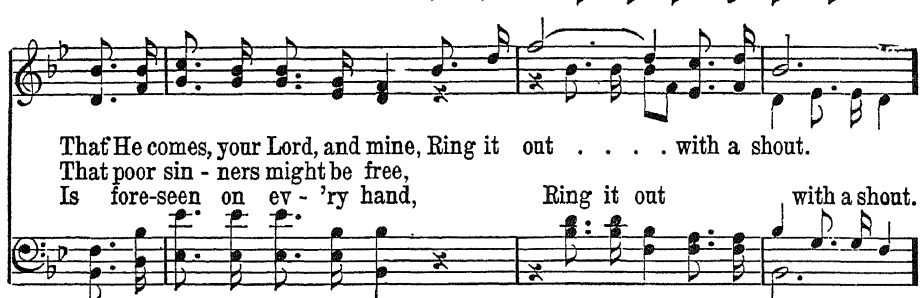
Carrie I. Booker.



1. 'Tis the sto - ry grand and true, Of the Lord who died for you, Ring it
 2. Tell them of Mount Cal - va - ry And its aw - ful trag - e - dy.
 3. Tell the might - y sto - ry grand, That the world may un - der - stand,

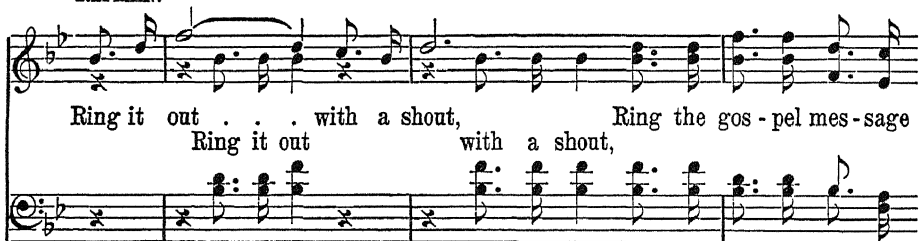


out with a shout, Pass the word a - long the line,
 Ring it out, with a shout, How they nailed Him to the tree
 That His com - ing back a - gain

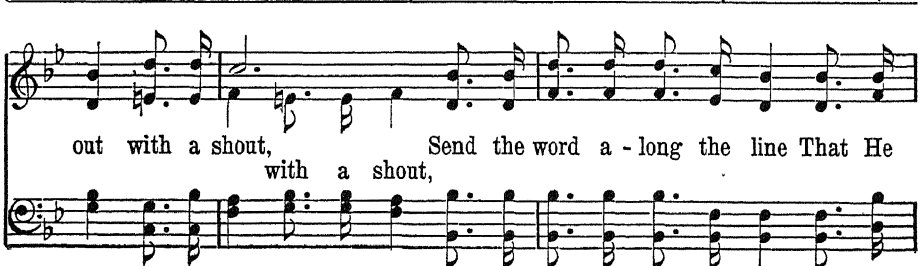


That He comes, your Lord, and mine, Ring it out . . . with a shout.
 That poor sin - ners might be free,
 Is fore - seen on ev - 'ry hand, Ring it out with a shout.

REFRAIN.



Ring it out . . . with a shout, Ring the gos - pel mes - sage
 Ring it out with a shout,



out with a shout, Send the word a - long the line That He
 with a shout,

ADMONITION AND INVITATION



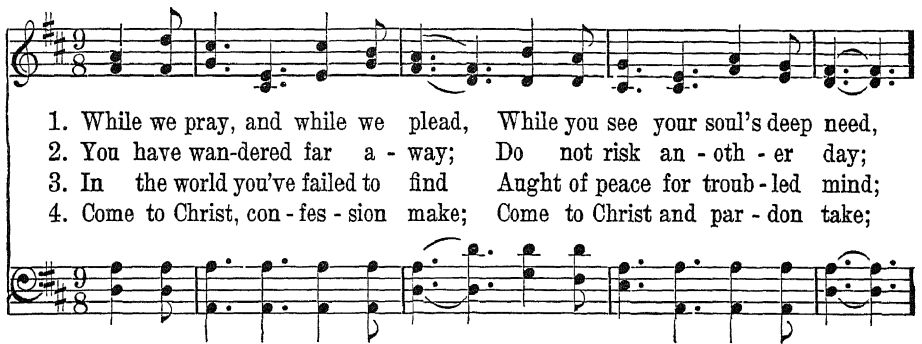
comes your Lord and mine, Ring it out . . . with a shout. A - MEN.
Ring it out with a shout.

245

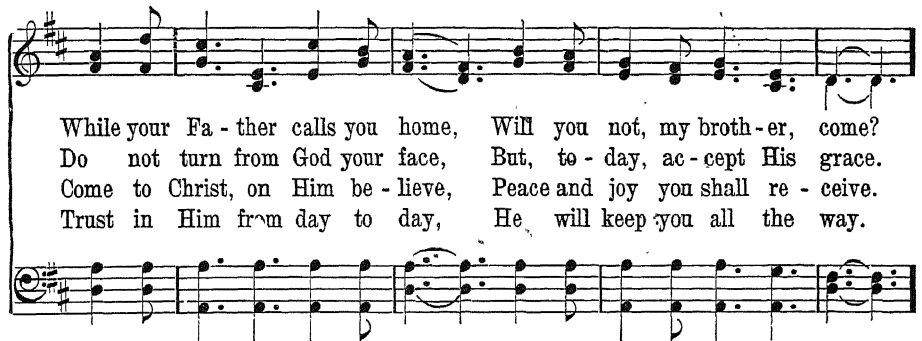
Why Not Now?

El Nathan.

C. C. Case.

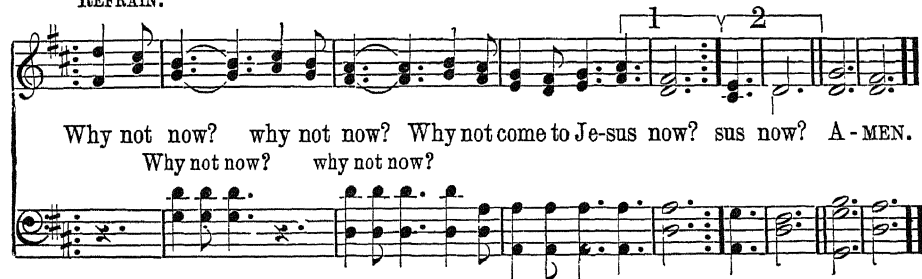


1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con-fes-sion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;



While your Fa-ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to-day, ac-cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be-lieve, Peace and joy you shall re-ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

REFRAIN.



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now? sus now? A - MEN.
Why not now? why not now?

246

The Sinner and the Song

W. L. T.

Will L. Thompson.

SOLO.

1. A sin - ner was wan-d'ring at e - ven-tide, His tempt-er was
2. He stopped and lis - tened to ev - 'ry word, He re-mem-bered the

watching close by at his side, In his heart raged a bat - tle for right a-against
time he once loved the Lord; Come on! says the tempt-er, come on with the

QUARTET.

wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song: 1. Je - sus, Lov-er of my soul,
throng, But hark! from the church a-gain swells the song: 2. While the billows near me roll,

SOLO.

Let me to Thy bos - om fly.
While the tem-pest still is high. Oh, tempter, de - part, I have served thee too

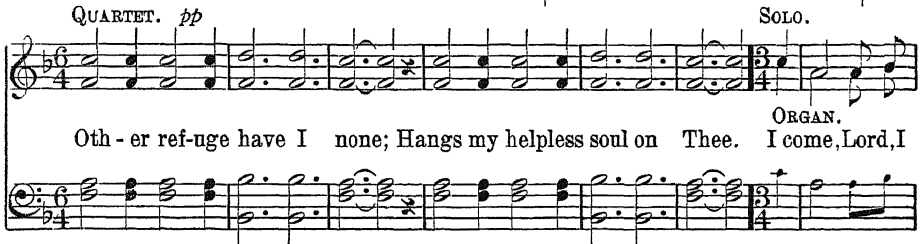
long; I fly to the Sav - ior, He dwells in the song: O Lord, can it

ADMONITION AND INVITATION



be that a sin-ner like me May find a sweet ref-uge by com-ing to Thee?

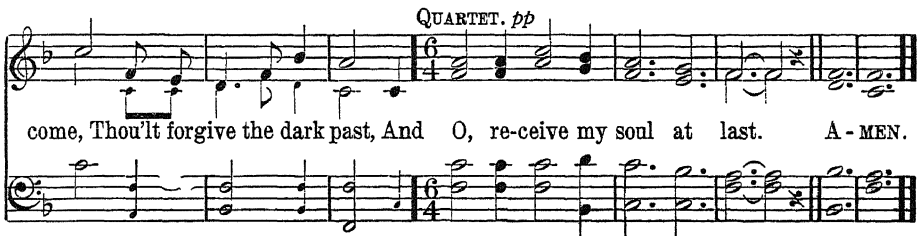
QUARTET. *pp* SOLO.



Oth-er ref-uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee. I come, Lord, I

ORGAN.

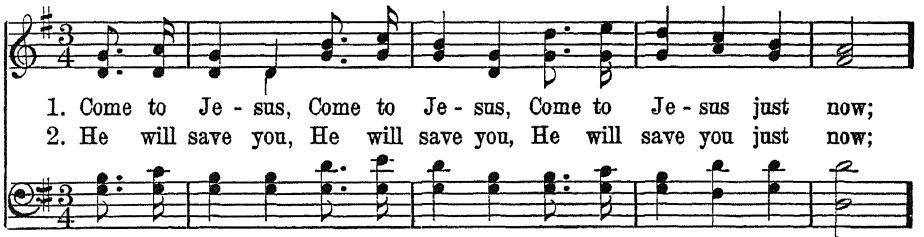
QUARTET. *pp*




come, Thou'lt forgive the dark past, And O, re-ceive my soul at last. A - MEN.

247

Come to Jesus



1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now;
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now;



Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.
Just now He will save you, He will save you just now. A - MEN.

3 He is able.

4 He is willing.

5 Come, confess Him.

6 Come, obey Him.

7 He will hear you.

8 He'll forgive you.

9 He will cleanse you.

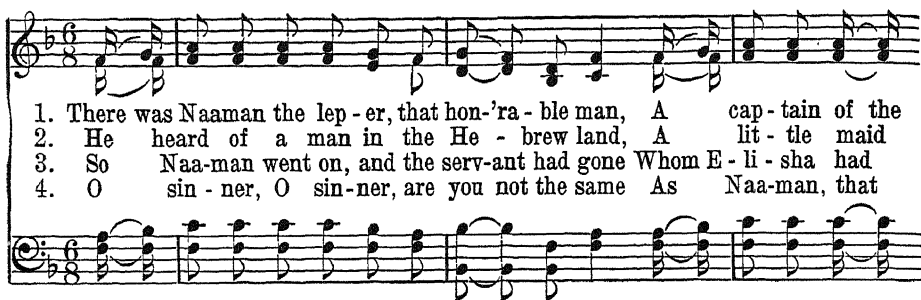
10 Jesus loves you.

11 Only trust Him.

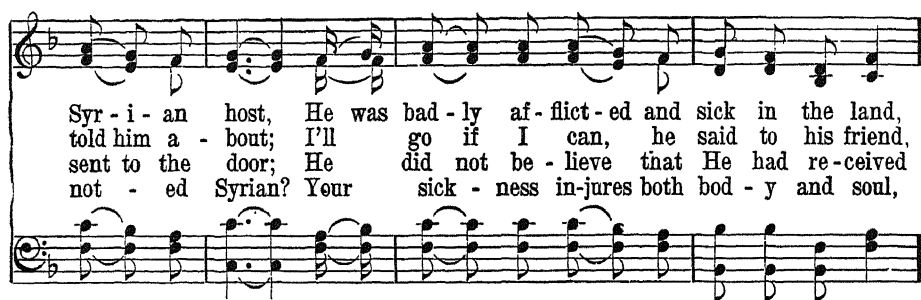
248 Go Wash in the Beautiful Stream

C. A. T.

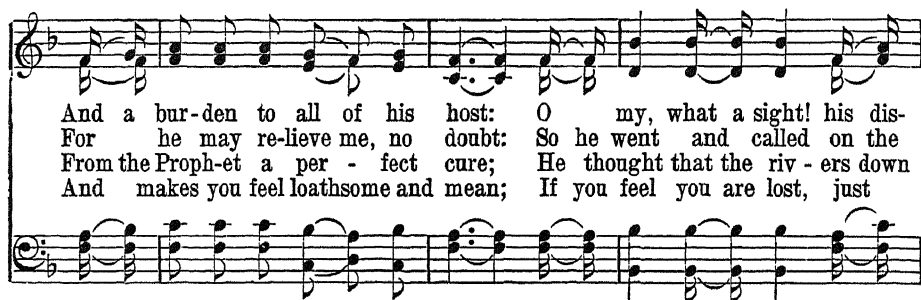
C. A. Tindley.



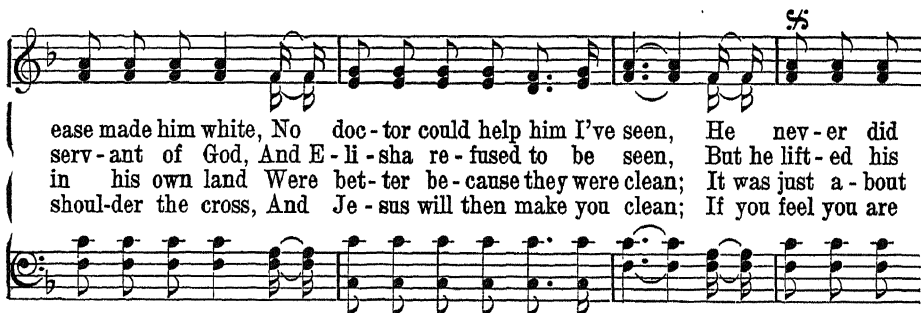
1. There was Naaman the lep - er, that hon - 'ra - ble man, A cap - tain of the
 2. He heard of a man in the He - brew land, A lit - tle maid
 3. So Naa-man went on, and the serv - ant had gone Whom E - li - sha had
 4. O sin - ner, O sin - ner, are you not the same As Naa-man, that



Syr - i - an host, He was bad - ly af - flict - ed and sick in the land,
 told him a - bout; I'll go if I can, he said to his friend,
 sent to the door; He did not be - lieve that He had re - ceived
 not - ed Syrian? Your sick - ness in - jures both bod - y and soul,



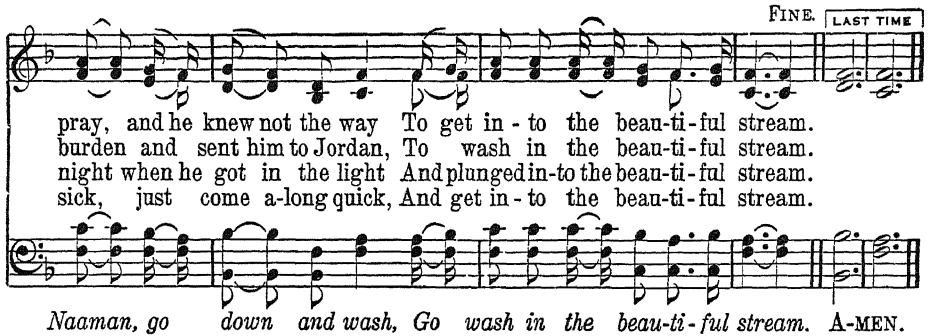
And a bur - den to all of his host: O my, what a sight! his dis -
 For he may re - lieve me, no doubt: So he went and called on the
 From the Proph - et a per - fect cure; He thought that the riv - ers down
 And makes you feel loathsome and mean; If you feel you are lost, just



ease made him white, No doc - tor could help him I've seen, He nev - er did
 serv - ant of God, And E - li - sha re - fused to be seen, But he lift - ed his
 in his own land Were bet - ter be - cause they were clean; It was just a - bout
 shoul - der the cross, And Je - sus will then make you clean; If you feel you are

ADMONITION AND INVITATION

FINE. LAST TIME

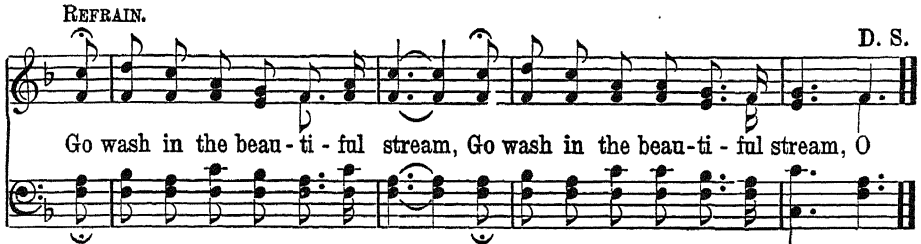


pray, and he knew not the way To get in - to the beau-ti-ful stream.
 burden and sent him to Jordan, To wash in the beau-ti-ful stream.
 night when he got in the light And plunged in-to the beau-ti-ful stream.
 sick, just come a-long quick, And get in - to the beau-ti-ful stream.

Naaman, go down and wash, Go wash in the beau-ti-ful stream. A-MEN.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

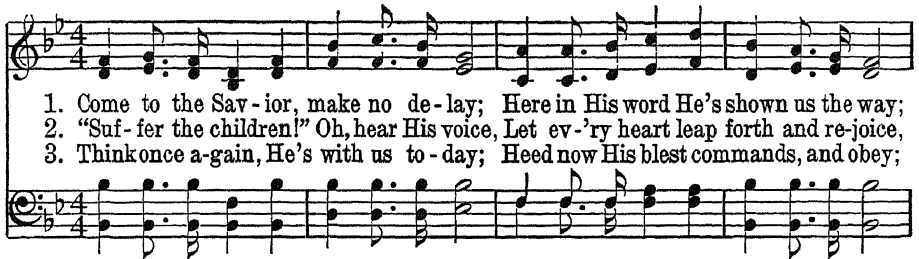


Go wash in the beau-ti-ful stream, Go wash in the beau-ti-ful stream, O

249 Come to the Savior

G. F. R.

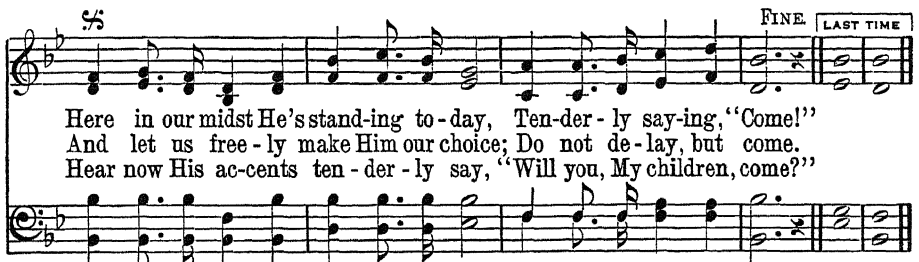
Geo. F. Root.



1. Come to the Sav-ior, make no de-lay; Here in His word He's shown us the way;
2. "Suf-fer the children!" Oh, hear His voice, Let ev-'ry heart leap forth and re-joice,
3. Think once a-gain, He's with us to-day; Heed now His blest commands, and obey;

§

FINE. LAST TIME

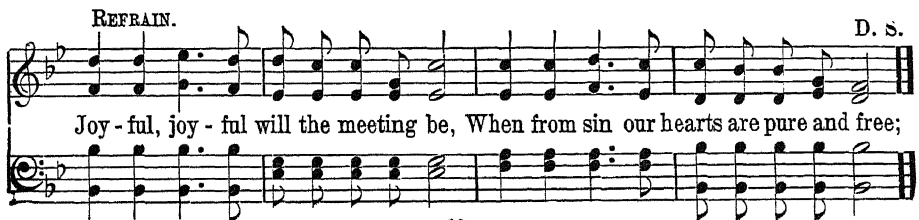


Here in our midst He's stand-ing to-day, Ten-der-ly say-ing, "Come!"
 And let us free-ly make Him our choice; Do not de-lay, but come.
 Hear now His ac-cents ten-der-ly say, "Will you, My children, come?"

D. S.—And we shall gath-er, Sav-ior, with Thee, In our e-ter-nal home. A-MEN.

REFRAIN.

D. S.



Joy-ful, joy-ful will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free;

ADMONITION AND INVITATION

250

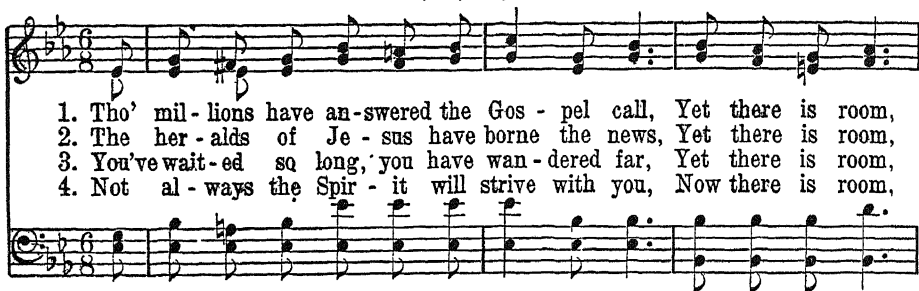
Yet There Is Room

"Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room." Luke 14: 22.

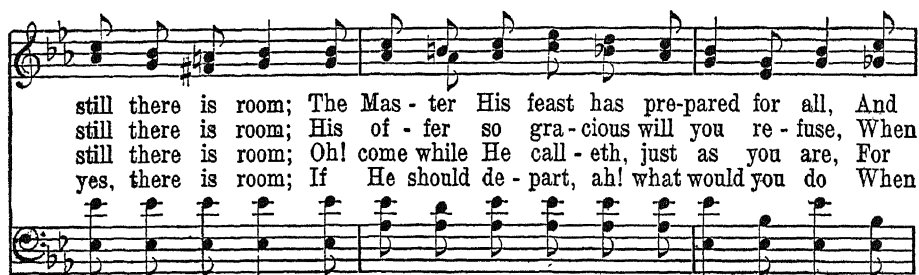
T. O. Chisholm

(10s, 4s.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. Tho' mil-lions have an-swered the Gos-pel call, Yet there is room,
 2. The her-alds of Je-sus have borne the news, Yet there is room,
 3. You've wait-ed so long, you have wan-dered far, Yet there is room,
 4. Not al-ways the Spir-it will strive with you, Now there is room,

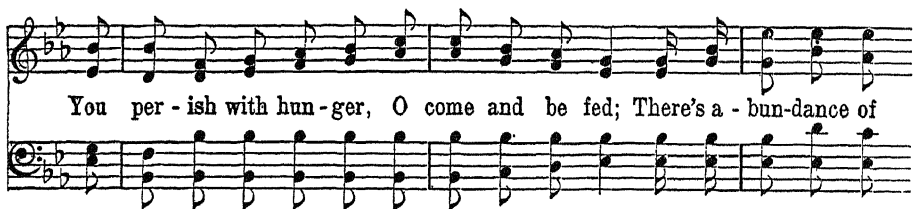


still there is room; The Mas-ter His feast has pre-pared for all, And
 still there is room; His of-fer so gra-cious will you re-fuse, When
 still there is room; Oh! come while He call-eth, just as you are, For
 yes, there is room; If He should de-part, ah! what would you do When

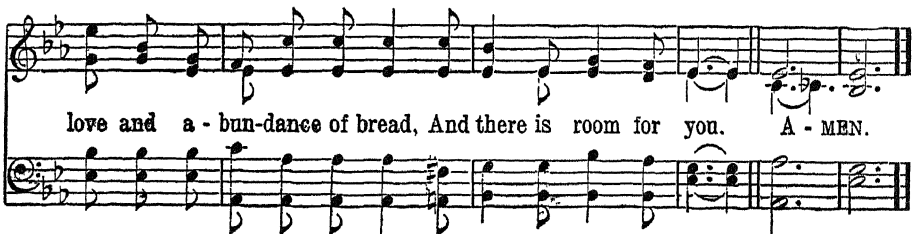
REFRAIN.



there is room for you.
 there is room for you? O come to the feast which the Mas-ter hath spread,
 there is room for you.
 there's no room for you?



You per-ish with hun-ger, O come and be fed; There's a-bun-dance of



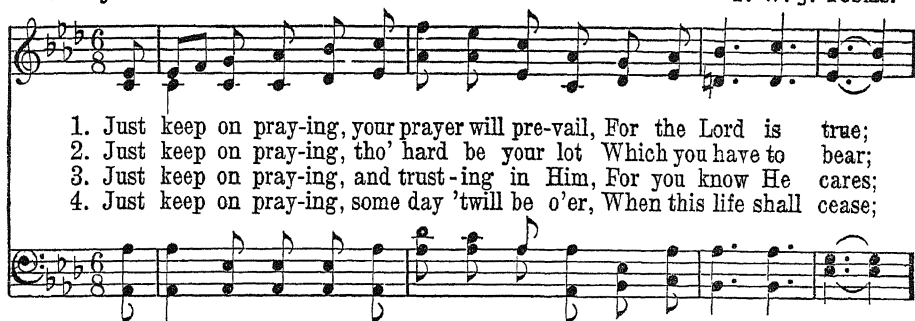
love and a-bun-dance of bread, And there is room for you. A-MEN.

251

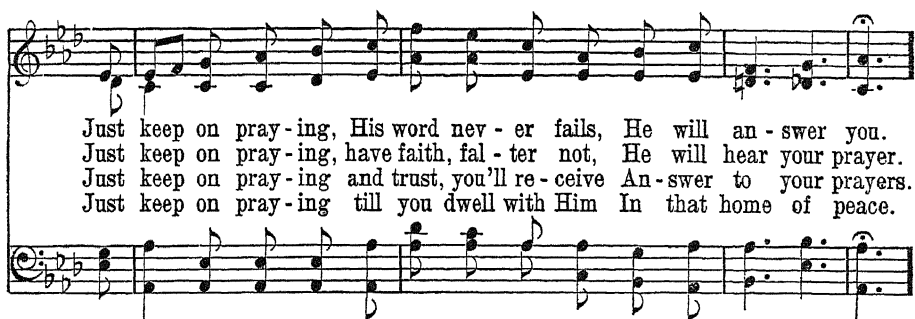
Keep on Praying

T. W. J. T.

T. W. J. Tobias.

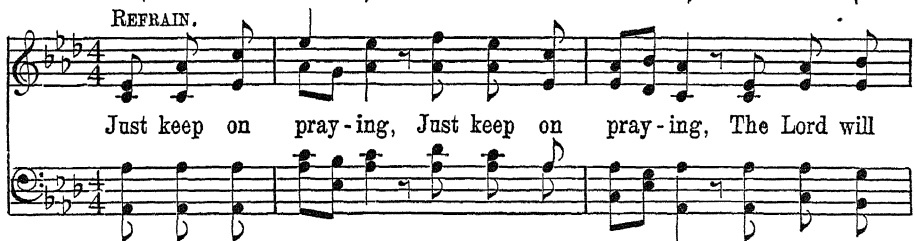


1. Just keep on pray-ing, your prayer will pre-vail, For the Lord is true;
 2. Just keep on pray-ing, tho' hard be your lot Which you have to bear;
 3. Just keep on pray-ing, and trust-ing in Him, For you know He cares;
 4. Just keep on pray-ing, some day 'twill be o'er, When this life shall cease;



Just keep on pray-ing, His word nev - er fails, He will an - swer you.
 Just keep on pray-ing, have faith, fal - ter not, He will hear your prayer.
 Just keep on pray-ing and trust, you'll re - ceive An - swer to your prayers.
 Just keep on pray-ing till you dwell with Him In that home of peace.

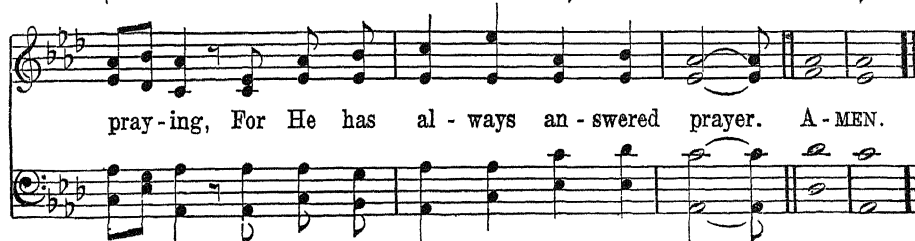
REFRAIN.



Just keep on pray-ing, Just keep on pray-ing, The Lord will



an - swer, don't de - spair; Just keep on pray-ing, Just keep on



pray-ing, For He has al - ways an - swered prayer. A - MEN.

ACCEPTING CHRIST

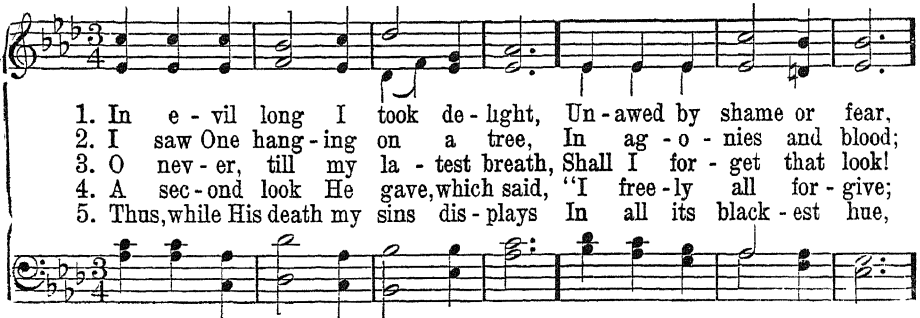
252

In Evil Long I Took Delight

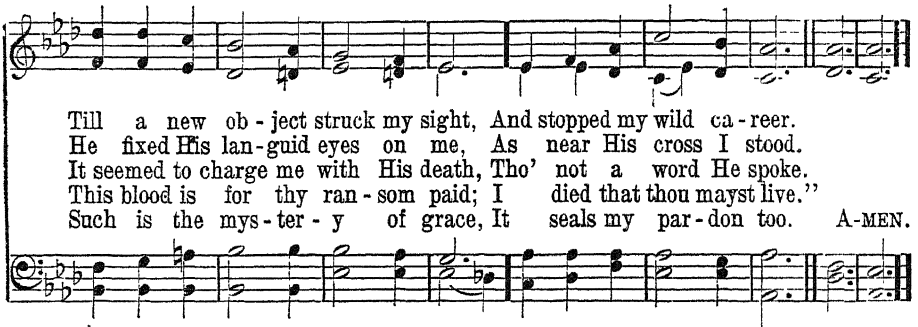
John Newton, 1779.

(Sr. AGNES. C. M.)

Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876.



1. In e - vil long I took de - light, Un - awed by shame or fear,
 2. I saw One hang - ing on a tree, In ag - o - nies and blood;
 3. O nev - er, till my la - test breath, Shall I for - get that look!
 4. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give;
 5. Thus, while His death my sins dis - plays In all its black - est hue,



Till a new ob - ject struck my sight, And stopped my wild ca - reer.
 He fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
 It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
 This blood is for thy ran - som paid; I died that thou mayst live."
 Such is the mys - ter - y of grace, It seals my par - don too. A - MEN.

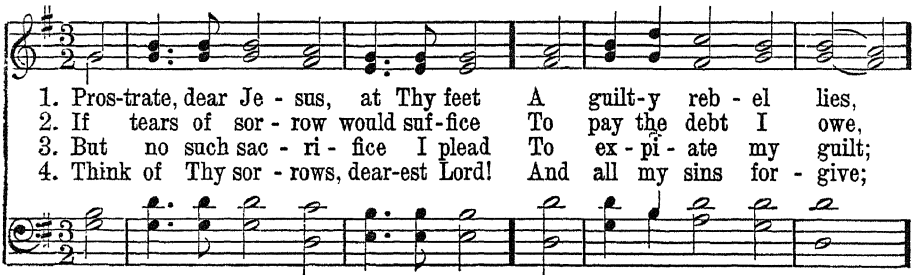
253

Prostrate, Dear Jesus, At Thy Feet

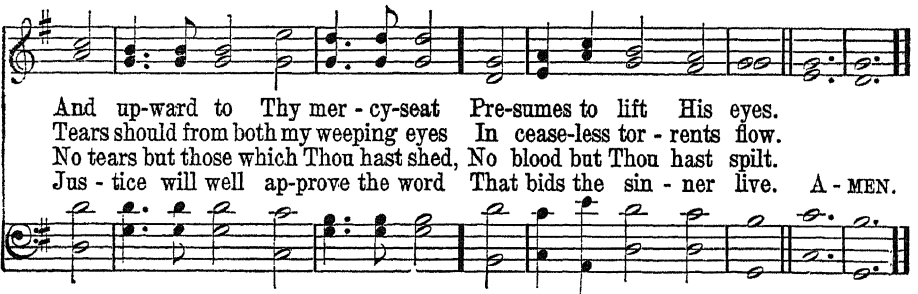
Samuel Stennett, 1787.

(ARLINGTON. C. M.)

Dr. T. A. Arne, 1710-1778.



1. Pros - trate, dear Je - sus, at Thy feet A guilt - y reb - el lies,
 2. If tears of sor - row would suf - fice To pay the debt I owe.
 3. But no such sac - ri - fice I plead To ex - pi - ate my guilt;
 4. Think of Thy sor - rows, dear - est Lord! And all my sins for - give;



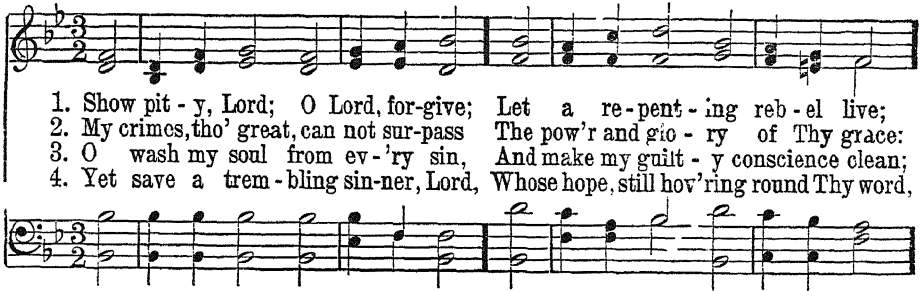
And up - ward to Thy mer - cy - seat Pre - sumes to lift His eyes.
 Tears should from both my weeping eyes In cease - less tor - rents flow.
 No tears but those which Thou hast shed, No blood but Thou hast spilt.
 Jus - tice will well ap - prove the word That bids the sin - ner live. A - MEN.

ACCEPTING CHRIST

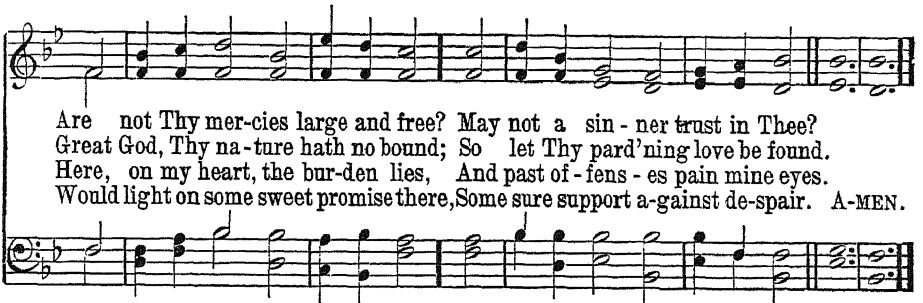
254 Show Pity, Lord; O Lord, Forgive

Isaac Watts, 1719.

(HEBRON. L. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



1. Show pit - y, Lord; O Lord, for-give; Let a re-pent - ing reb - el live;
 2. My crimes, tho' great, can not sur-pass The pow'r and glo - ry of Thy grace;
 3. O wash my soul from ev-'ry sin, And make my guilt - y conscience clean;
 4. Yet save a trem - bling sin-ner, Lord, Whose hope, still hov'ring round Thy word,



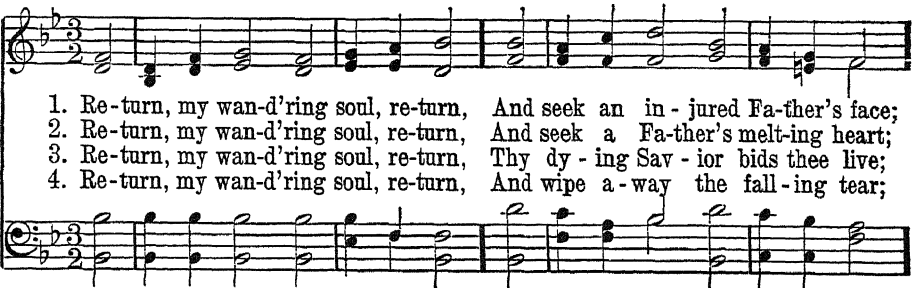
Are not Thy mer-cies large and free? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?
 Great God, Thy na-ture hath no bound; So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
 Here, on my heart, the bur-den lies, And past of-fens-es pain mine eyes.
 Would light on some sweet promise there, Some sure support a-against de-spair. A-MEN.

255 Return, My Wandering Soul, Return

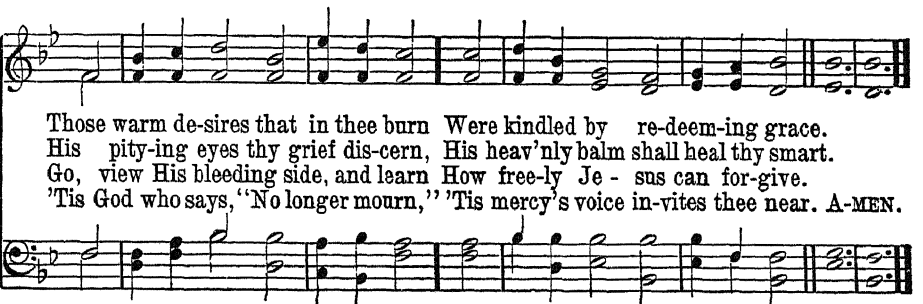
Wm. B. Collyer, 1812.

(HEBRON. L. M.)

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



1. Re-turn, my wan-d'ring soul, re-turn, And seek an in - jured Fa-ther's face;
 2. Re-turn, my wan-d'ring soul, re-turn, And seek a Fa-ther's melt-ing heart;
 3. Re-turn, my wan-d'ring soul, re-turn, Thy dy - ing Sav - ior bids thee live;
 4. Re-turn, my wan-d'ring soul, re-turn, And wipe a-way the fall-ing tear;



Those warm de-sires that in thee burn Were kindled by re-deem-ing grace.
 His pity-ing eyes thy grief dis-cern, His heav'nly balm shall heal thy smart.
 Go, view His bleeding side, and learn How free-ly Je - sus can for-give.
 'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn," 'Tis mercy's voice in-vites thee near. A-MEN.

ACCEPTING CHRIST

256

The Great Physician Now Is Near

(THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.)

Rev. Wm. Hunter.

Arranged by Rev. J. H. Stockton.



1. The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz - ing Je - sus;
2. Your man - y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus;
3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;



He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless - ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
Oh! how my soul de-lights to hear The charming name of Je - sus.



REFRAIN.



Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweet-est name on mor - tal tongue;



Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus. A - MEN.



ACCEPTING CHRIST

257 My God, Accept My Heart This Day

M. Bridges.

(WILSON. C. M.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

1. My God, ac - cept my heart this day, And make it al - ways Thine,
 2. Be - fore the cross of Him who died, Be - hold, I pros - trate fall;
 3. A - noint me with Thy heav'n - ly grace, And seal me for Thine own,
 4. Let ev - 'ry tho't and ev - 'ry word, To Thee be ev - er giv'n;

That I from Thee no more may stray, No more from Thee de - cline.
 Let ev - 'ry sin be cru - ci - fied, And Christ be all in all.
 That I may see Thy glo - rious face, And worship near Thy throne.
 Then life shall be Thy serv - ice, Lord, And death the gate of heav'n. A - MEN.

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258 Father, I Stretch My Hands To Thee

C. Wesley.

(I DO BELIEVE. C. M.)

Unknown.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
 2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath;
 3. O Je - sus, could I this be - lieve, I now should feel Thy pow'r;
 4. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;

CHO.—I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me;

If Thou with - draw Thy - self from me, Ah! whith - er shall I go?
 What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
 And all my wants Thou wouldst re - lieve, In this ac - cept - ed hour.
 Oh, let me now re - ceive that gift; My soul with - out it dies.

And thro' His blood, His pre - cious blood, I shall from sin be free. A - MEN.

I Hear Thy Welcome Voice

(WELCOME VOICE. P. M.)

Louis Hartsough, 1828.

L. Hartsough.



1. I hear Thy wel - come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee,
2. Though com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure;
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love,
4. All hail! a - ton - ing blood! All hail! re - deem - ing grace!



For cleans - ing in Thy pre - cious blood, That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
 Thou dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all, and pure.
 To per - fect hope and peace and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.
 All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Right - eous - ness.



REFRAIN.



I am com - ing, Lord! Com - ing now to Thee!



Wash me, cleanse me in Thy blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry! A - MEN.



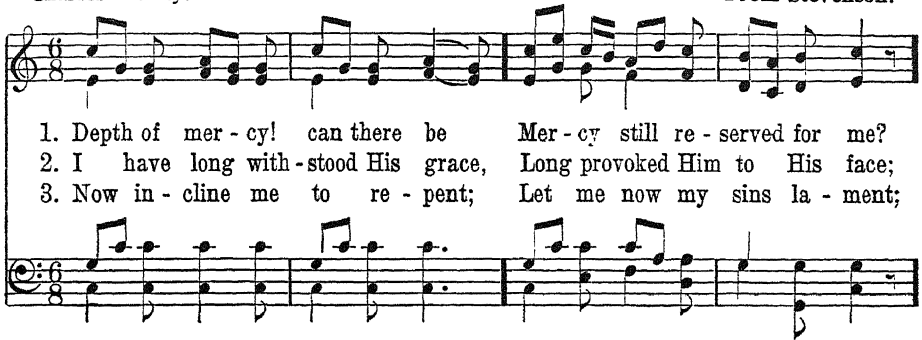
Depth of Mercy! Can There Be

"God is Love."—1 JOHN 4: 8.

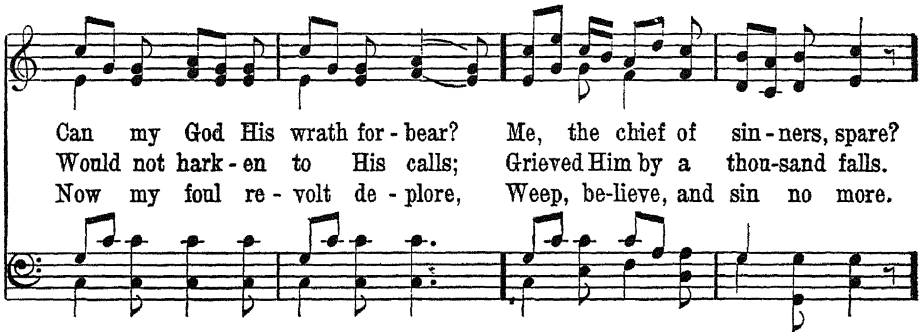
(DEPTH OF MERCY.)

Charles Wesley.

From Stevenson.

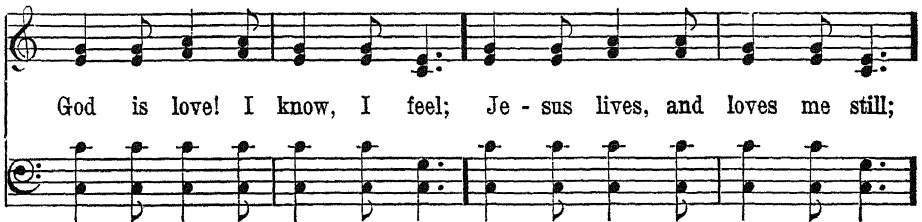


1. Depth of mer - cy! can there be Mer - cy still re - served for me?
 2. I have long with - stood His grace, Long provoked Him to His face;
 3. Now in - cline me to re - pent; Let me now my sins la - ment;

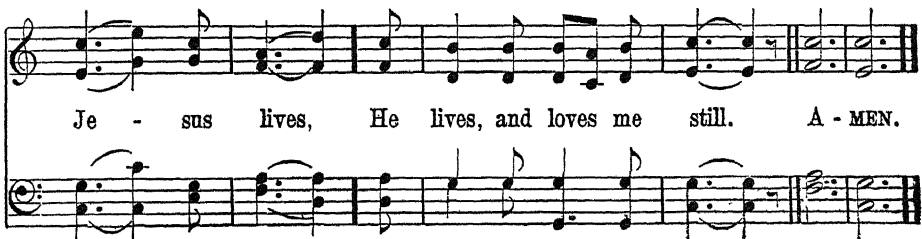


Can my God His wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
 Would not hark - en to His calls; Grieved Him by a thou - sand falls.
 Now my foul re - volt de - plore, Weep, be - lieve, and sin no more.

REFRAIN.



God is love! I know, I feel; Je - sus lives, and loves me still;

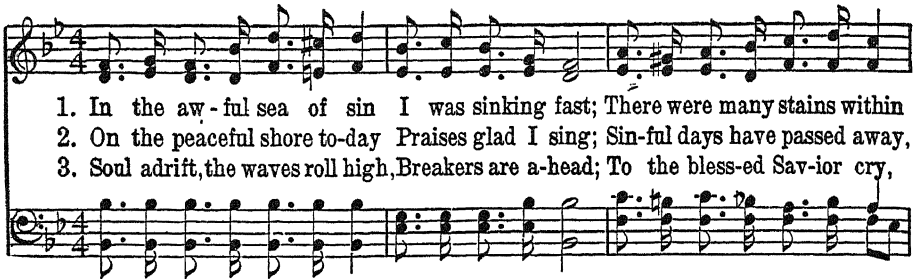


Je - sus lives, He lives, and loves me still. A - MEN.

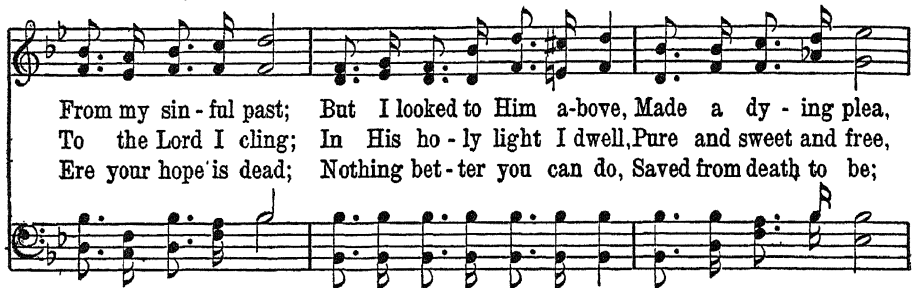
The Lord Raised Me

James Rowe.

Hamp Sewell.

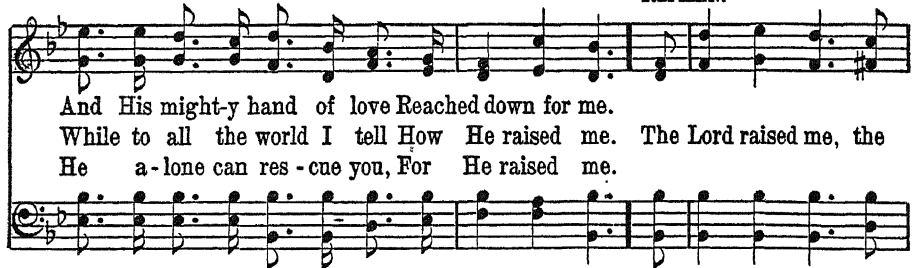


1. In the aw - ful sea of sin I was sinking fast; There were many stains within
 2. On the peaceful shore to-day Praises glad I sing; Sin-ful days have passed away,
 3. Soul adrift, the waves roll high, Breakers are a-head; To the bless-ed Sav-ior cry,



From my sin - ful past; But I looked to Him a-bove, Made a dy - ing plea,
 To the Lord I cling; In His ho - ly light I dwell, Pure and sweet and free,
 Ere your hope is dead; Nothing bet - ter you can do, Saved from death to be;

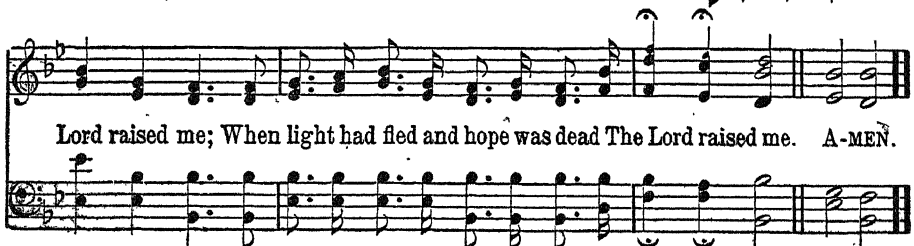
REFRAIN.



And His might-y hand of love Reached down for me.
 While to all the world I tell How He raised me. The Lord raised me, the
 He a-lone can res - cue you, For He raised me.



Lord raised me, Whispered comfort to my soul and made me free; The Lord raised me, the



Lord raised me; When light had fled and hope was dead The Lord raised me. A-MEN.

ACCEPTING CHRIST

262 I Am Resolved No Longer to Linger

Palmer Hartsough.

J. H. Fillmore.



1. I am re-solved no lon - ger to lin - ger, Charmed by the world's de-light;
2. I am re-solved to go to the Sav - ior, Leav - ing my sin and strife;
3. I am re-solved to fol - low the Sav - ior, Faith - ful and true each day;
4. I am re-solved to en - ter the Kingdom, Leav - ing the paths of sin;



Things that are high - er, things that are no - bler, These have al-lured my sight.
He is the true One, He is the just One, He hath the words of life.
Heed what He say - eth, do what He will - eth, He is the liv - ing way.
Friends may op - pose me, foes may be - set me, Still will I en - ter in.



REFRAIN.



I will has - ten to Him, Has - ten so glad and free;
I will has - ten,



Hasten glad and free;



Je - sus, Great - est, High - est, I will come to Thee. A - MEN.
Je - sus, Je - sus,



ACCEPTING CHRIST

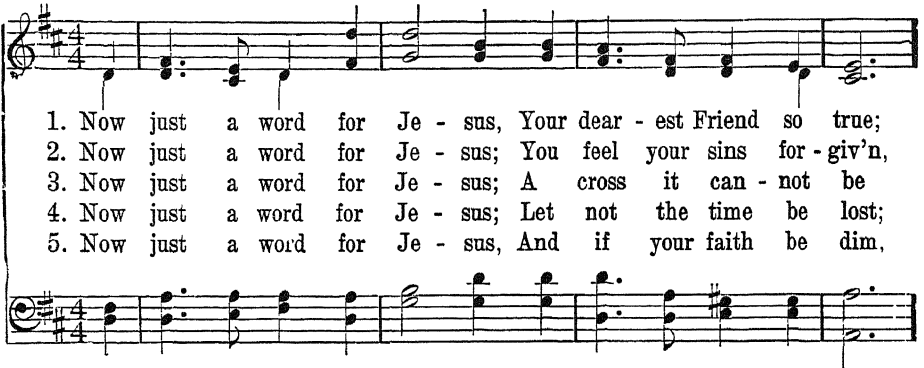
263

Just a Word for Jesus

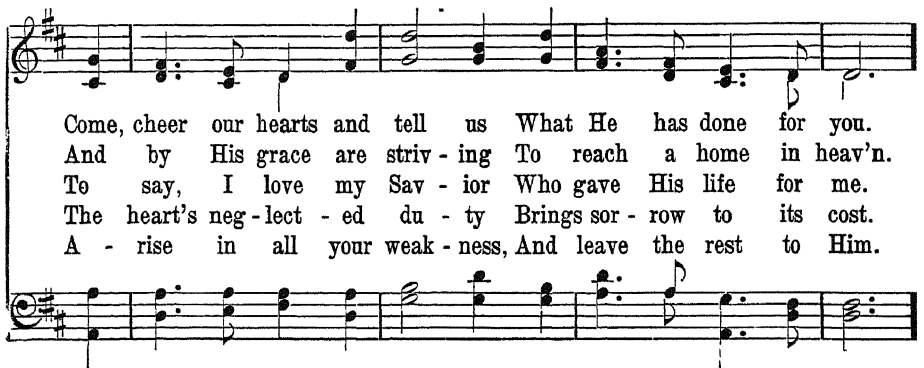
Fanny J. Crosby.

"Wilt thou not tell,"—EZEK. 24: 19.

W. H. Doane, by per.



1. Now just a word for Je - sus, Your dear - est Friend so true;
 2. Now just a word for Je - sus; You feel your sins for - giv'n,
 3. Now just a word for Je - sus; A cross it can - not be
 4. Now just a word for Je - sus; Let not the time be lost;
 5. Now just a word for Je - sus, And if your faith be dim,



Come, cheer our hearts and tell us What He has done for you.
 And by His grace are striv - ing To reach a home in heav'n.
 To say, I love my Sav - ior Who gave His life for me.
 The heart's neg - lect - ed du - ty Brings sor - row to its cost.
 A - rise in all your weak - ness, And leave the rest to Him.

REFRAIN.



Now just a word for Je - sus—'Twill help us on our way;



One lit - tle word for Je - sus, O speak, or sing, or pray. A - MEN.

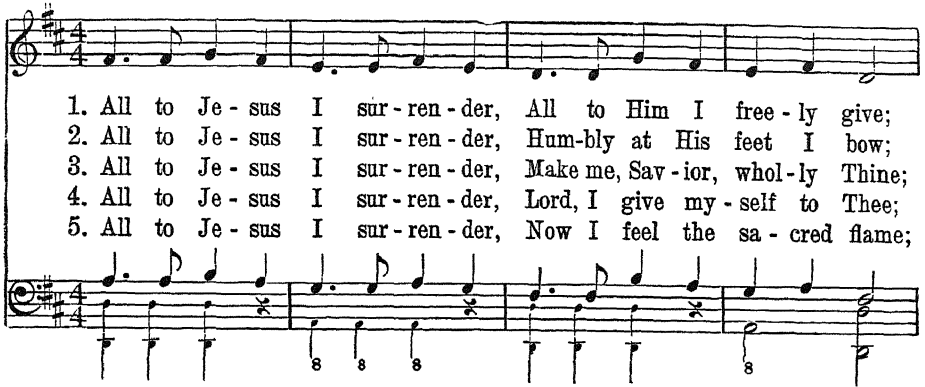
ACCEPTING CHRIST

264

I Surrender All

J. W. Van De Venter.

W. S. Weeden.

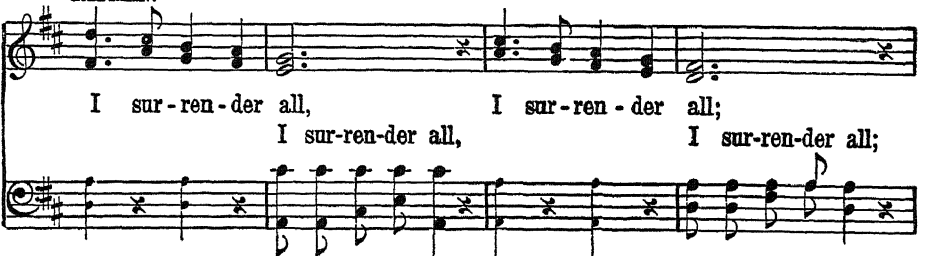


1. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give;
 2. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow;
 3. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - ior, whol - ly Thine;
 4. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Lord, I give my - self to Thee;
 5. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Now I feel the sa - cred flame;




I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres - ence dai - ly live.
 World - ly pleas - ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
 Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine.
 Fill me with Thy love and pow - er, Let Thy bless - ings fall on me.
 Oh, the joy of full sal - va - tion! Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!

REFRAIN.



I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;
 I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all;



All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur - ren - der all. A - MEN.

ACCEPTING CHRIST

265

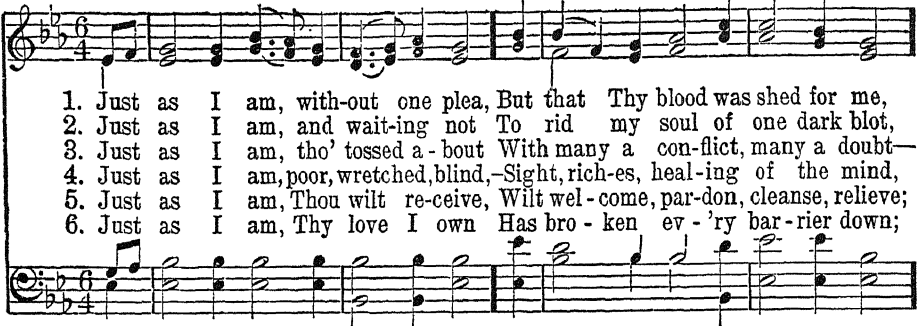
Just As I Am

[First Tune]

Charlotte Elliott.

(WOODWORTH. L. M.)

W. B. Bradbury.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt—
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,—Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
 6. Just as I am, Thy love I own Has bro-ken ev-'ry bar-rier down;



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 "Fightings within, and fears with-out," O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Be-cause Thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
 Now to be Thine, and Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. A - MEN.

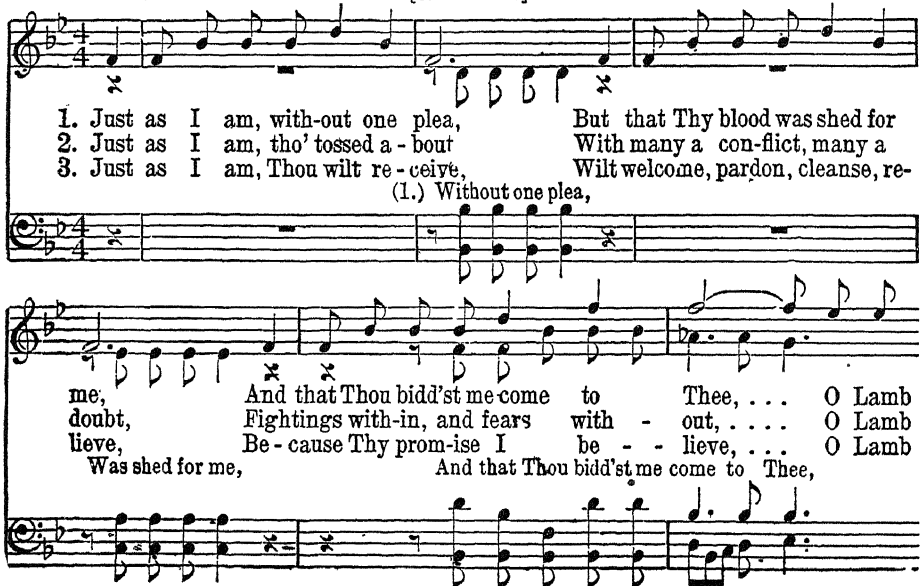
266

Just As I Am

Charlotte Elliott.

[Second Tune]

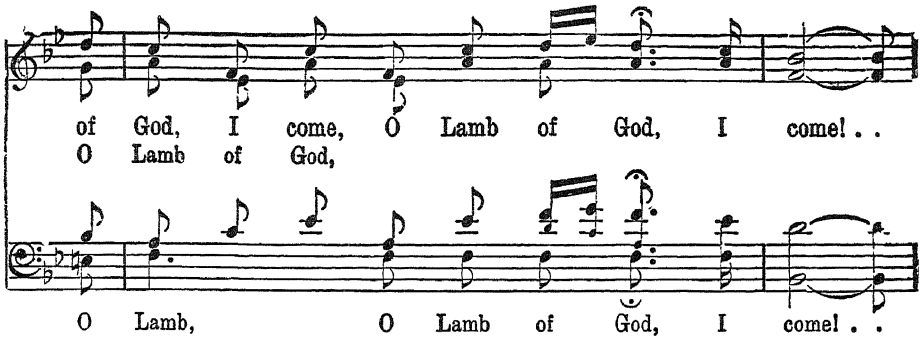
Arr. from Verdi.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for
 2. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With many a con-flict, many a
 3. Just as I am, Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-
 (1.) Without one plea,

me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, . . . O Lamb
 doubt, Fightings with-in, and fears with - out, . . . O Lamb
 lieve, Be- cause Thy prom-ise I be - - lieve, . . . O Lamb
 Was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,

ACCEPTING CHRIST



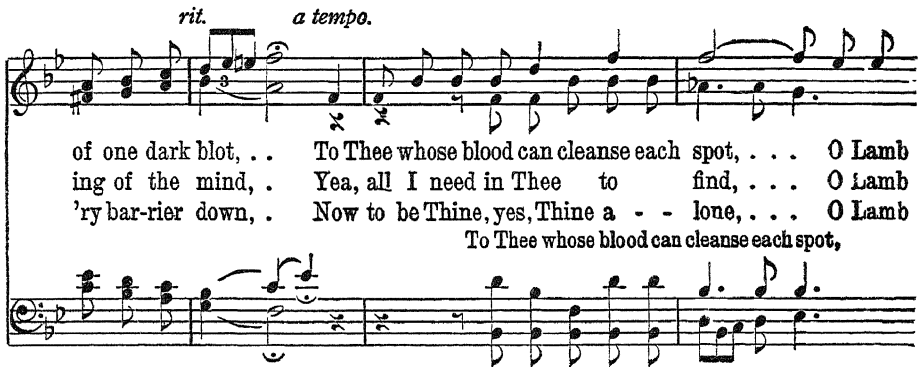
of God, I come, O Lamb of God, I come! . .
O Lamb of God,

O Lamb, O Lamb of God, I come! . .

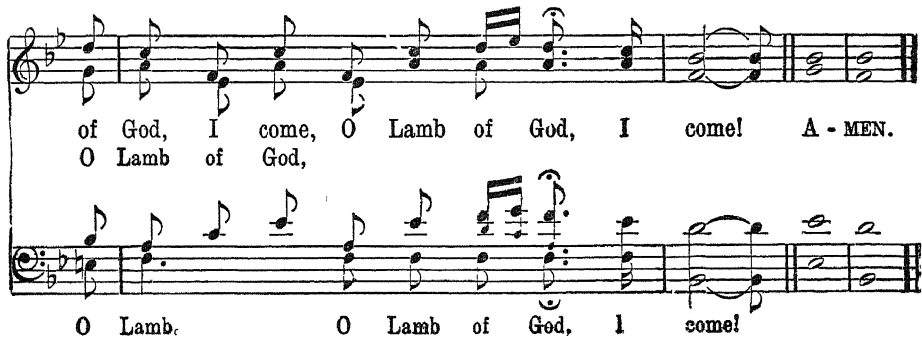


Just as I am, . . . and wait-ing not, . . . To rid my soul . . .
Just as I am, . . . poor, wretched, blind, . . . Sight, riches, heal- . .
Just as I am, . . . Thy love un-known, . . . Hath broken ev . . .
Just as I am, and wait-ing not, To rid my soul

rit. a tempo.



of one dark blot, . . To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, . . . O Lamb
ing of the mind, . Yea, all I need in Thee to find, . . . O Lamb
'ry bar-rier down, . Now to be Thine, yes, Thine a - - lone, . . . O Lamb
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,



of God, I come, O Lamb of God, I come! A - MEN.
O Lamb of God,

O Lamb. O Lamb of God, I come!

ACCEPTING CHRIST

267

Can It Be Right?

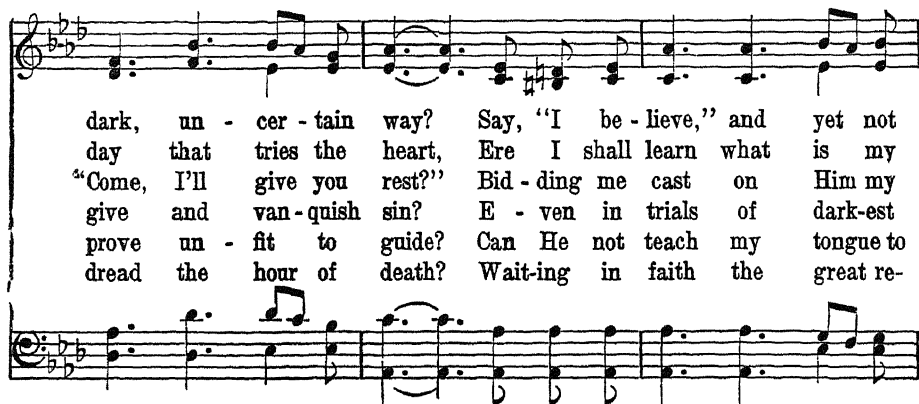
Rev. A. T. Pierson.

"Wherefore didst thou doubt?"—MATT. 14: 31.

P. P. Bliss, by per.



1. Can it be right for me to go On in this
 2. Can it be right in doubt to wait, Wait for the
 3. Can it be right such loads to bear, While He says
 4. Can it be right to doubt His pow'r, Both to for-
 5. Can it be right no soul to seek, Lest I should
 6. Can it be right with such a Lord, E - ven to



dark, un - cer - tain way? Say, "I be - lieve," and yet not
 day that tries the heart, Ere I shall learn what is my
 "Come, I'll give you rest?" Bid - ding me cast on Him my
 give and van - quish sin? E - ven in trials of dark - est
 prove un - fit to guide? Can He not teach my tongue to
 dread the hour of death? Waiting in faith the great re -



know Wheth - er my sins are put a - way?
 state, Fear - ing the Judge should say, De - part?
 care, Lean - ing in love up - on His breast.
 hour, Can - not His love give peace with - in?
 speak, Will He not am - ple strength pro - vide?
 ward, Calm - ly I'll yield my dy - ing breath.

ACCEPTING CHRIST

REFRAIN.



I will no lon - ger doubt Thee, O Lord!



I will for - ev - er rest in Thy word. A - MEN.

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And Can I Yet Delay?

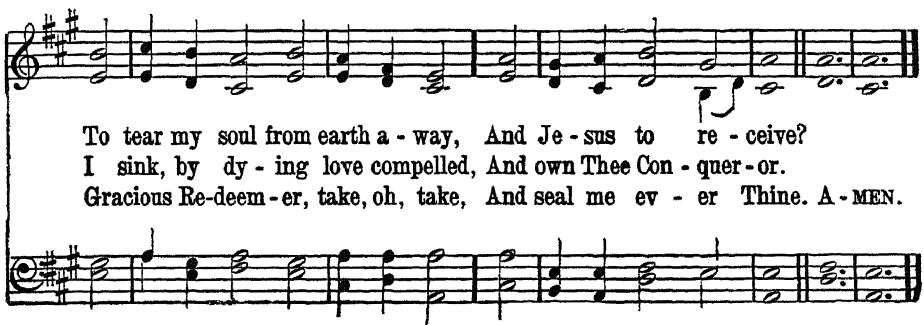
Charles Wesley.

(STATE STREET. S. M.)

J. C. Woodman.



1. And can I yet de - lay My lit - tle all to give?—
 2. Nay, but I yield, I yield! I can hold out no more:
 3. Tho' late, I all for - sake; My friends, my all, re - sign;



To tear my soul from earth a - way, And Je - sus to re - ceive?
 I sink, by dy - ing love compelled, And own Thee Con - quer - or.
 Gracious Re-deem - er, take, oh, take, And seal me ev - er Thine. A - MEN.

ACCEPTING CHRIST

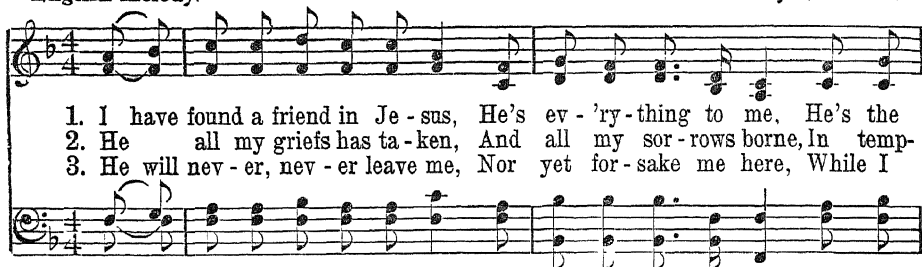
269

The Lily of the Valley

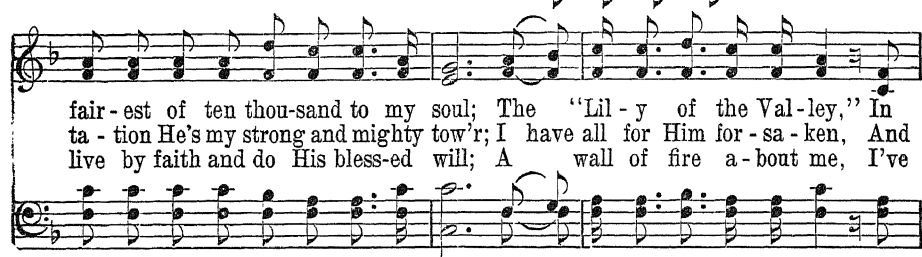
Song of Solomon.—2: 1.

English Melody.

Arr. by E. Hanks.



1. I have found a friend in Je - sus, He's ev - 'ry - thing to me, He's the
 2. He all my griefs has ta - ken, And all my sor - rows borne, In temp -
 3. He will nev - er, nev - er leave me, Nor yet for - sake me here, While I



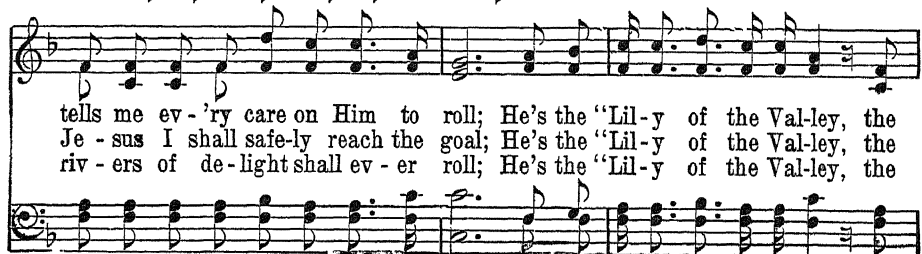
fair - est of ten thou - sand to my soul; The "Lil - y of the Val - ley," In
 ta - tion He's my strong and mighty tow'r; I have all for Him for - sa - ken, And
 live by faith and do His bless - ed will; A wall of fire a - bout me, I've



Him a - lone I see, All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole.
 all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r.
 noth - ing now to fear, With His man - na He my hun - gry soul will fill.

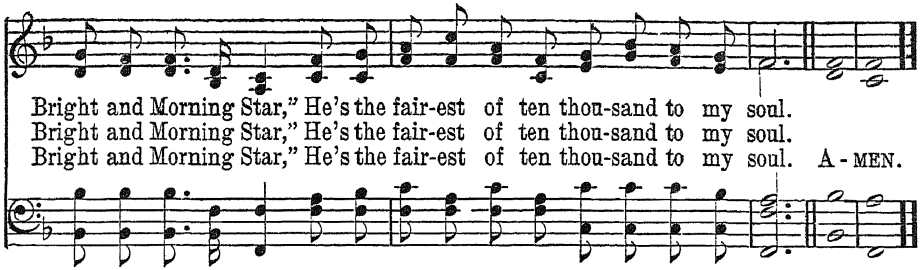


In sor - row He's my com - fort, In troub - le He's my stay, He
 Tho' all the world for - sake me, And Sa - tan tempts me sore, Through
 Then sweep - ing up to glo - ry, To see His bless - ed face, Where



tells me ev - 'ry care on Him to roll; He's the "Lil - y of the Val - ley, the
 Je - sus I shall safe - ly reach the goal; He's the "Lil - y of the Val - ley, the
 riv - ers of de - light shall ev - er roll; He's the "Lil - y of the Val - ley, the

ACCEPTING CHRIST

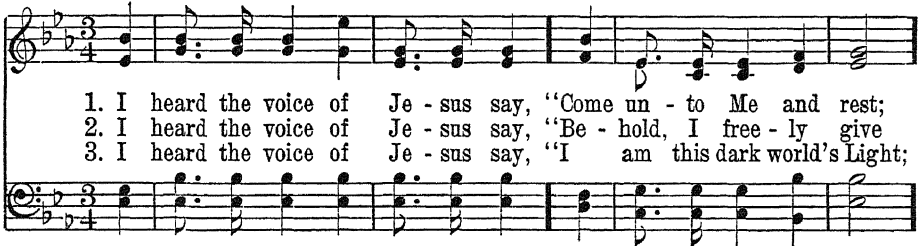


Bright and Morning Star," He's the fair-est of ten thou-sand to my soul.
 Bright and Morning Star," He's the fair-est of ten thou-sand to my soul.
 Bright and Morning Star," He's the fair-est of ten thou-sand to my soul. A - MEN.

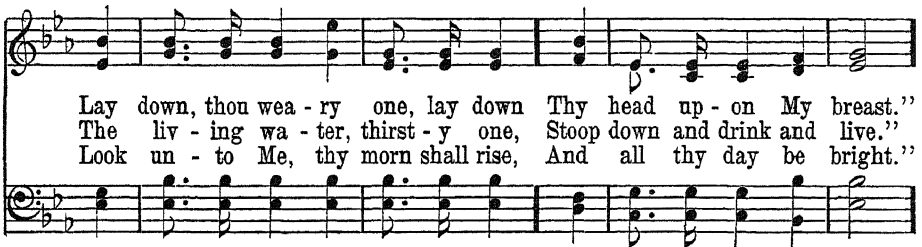
270 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

Horatius Bonar, 1846.

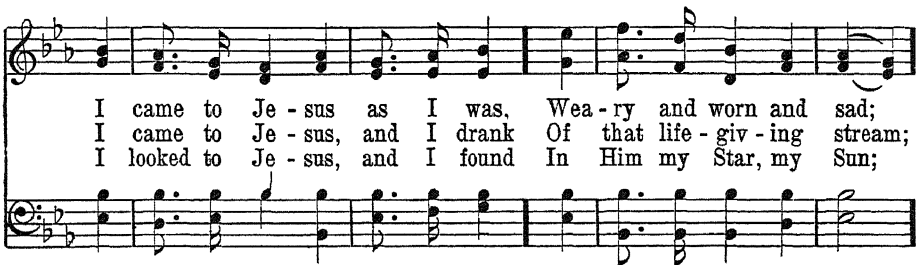
(VARINA. C. M.) Johann C. H. Rink, 1770-1846.



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;



Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
 The liv - ing wa - ter, thirst - y one, Steop down and drink and live."
 Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."



I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad;
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;



I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He has made me glad.
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
 So in that Light of life I'll walk Till trav'ling days are done. A - MEN.

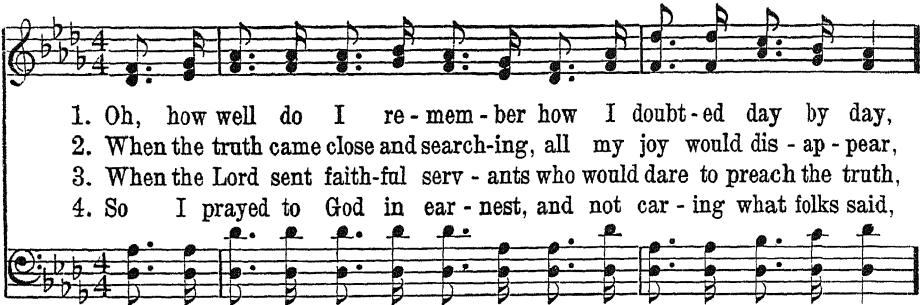
ACCEPTING CHRIST

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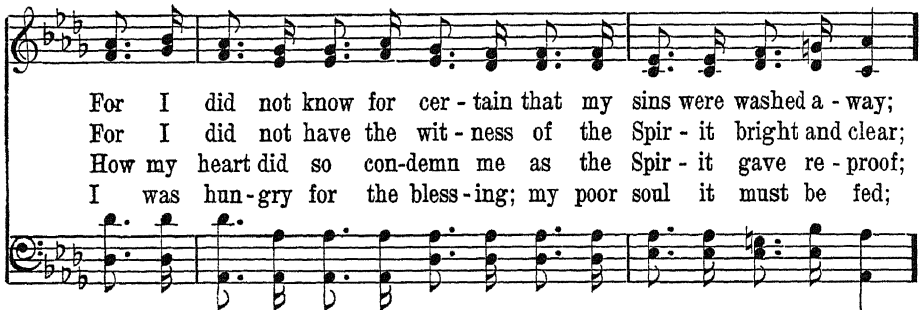
It's Real

H. L. C.

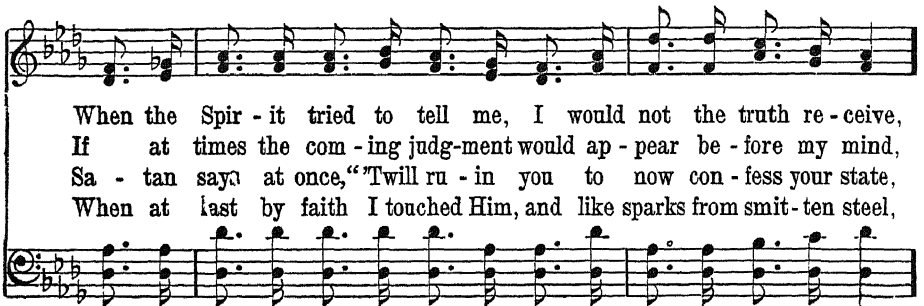
H. L. Cox.



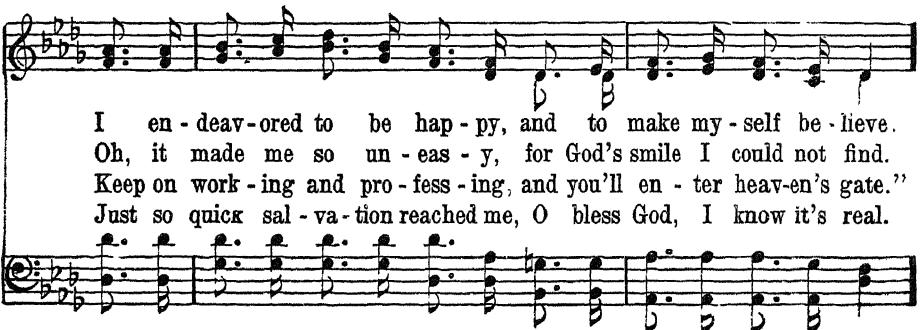
1. Oh, how well do I re-mem-ber how I doubt-ed day by day,
 2. When the truth came close and search-ing, all my joy would dis-ap-pear,
 3. When the Lord sent faith-ful serv-ants who would dare to preach the truth,
 4. So I prayed to God in ear-nest, and not car-ing what folks said,



For I did not know for cer-tain that my sins were washed a-way;
 For I did not have the wit-ness of the Spir-it bright and clear;
 How my heart did so con-demn me as the Spir-it gave re-proof;
 I was hun-gry for the bless-ing; my poor soul it must be fed;



When the Spir-it tried to tell me, I would not the truth re-ceive,
 If at times the com-ing judg-ment would ap-pear be-fore my mind,
 Sa-tan says at once, "Twill ru-in you to now con-fess your state,
 When at last by faith I touched Him, and like sparks from smit-ten steel,



I en-deav-ored to be hap-py, and to make my-self be-lieve.
 Oh, it made me so un-eas-y, for God's smile I could not find.
 Keep on work-ing and pro-fess-ing, and you'll en-ter heav-en's gate."
 Just so quick sal-va-tion reached me, O bless God, I know it's real.

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ACCEPTING CHRIST

REFRAIN.



Oh, it's real, it's real, Oh, I know it's real;
it's real, I know



Praise God, the doubts are set - tled, For I know, I know it's real. A - MEN.



272 Preach the Gospel of Salvation

Words by Dr. J. D. Bushell.

Tune:—"It's Real."

- 1 Preach the gospel of salvation to a world of dying men,
Tell it out to every nation, till the Lord shall come again;
'Tis the church's great commission, 'tis the Master's last command,
Christ has died for every creature, tell it out in every land.

CHORUS—It's real, etc.

- 2 Christ is gathering out a people, to His name of every race,
Haste to give the invitation, ere shall end the day of grace;
Preach the gospel as a witness to the world of sinful man,
Till all the nations hear it, and the Lord shall come again.

CHORUS—It's real, etc.

- 3 Oh, how much there is in Jesus for the soul that seeks His grace,
When a sinner comes repenting, seeking His dear Savior's face;
Oh, how much there is in Jesus, for His blood can cleanse from sin.
Pardon, peace and joy abounding, and He comes to dwell within.

CHORUS—It's real, etc.

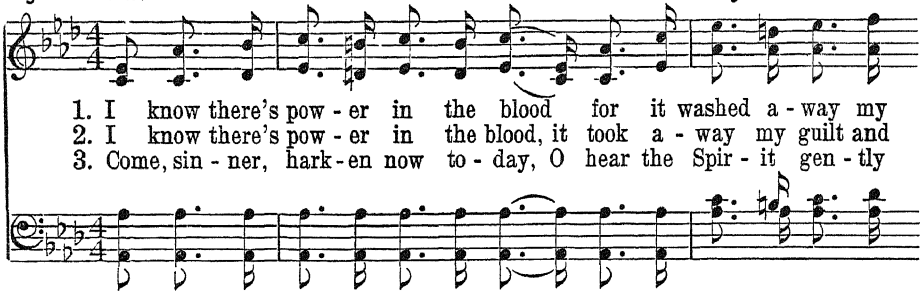
ACCEPTING CHRIST

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There is Power in the Blood

J. W. T. T.

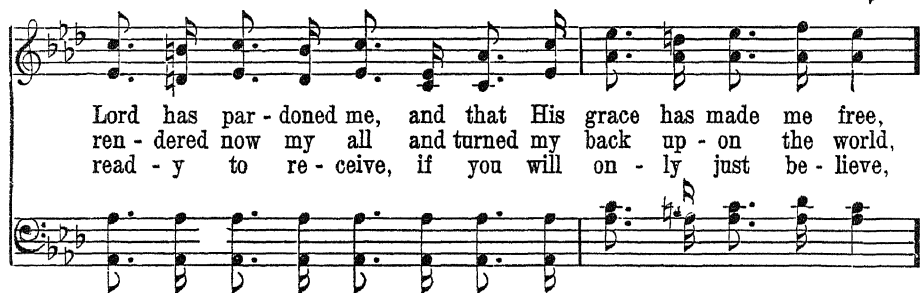
J. W. T. Tobias.



1. I know there's pow - er in the blood for it washed a - way my
 2. I know there's pow - er in the blood, it took a - way my guilt and
 3. Come, sin - ner, hark - en now to - day, O hear the Spir - it gen - tly

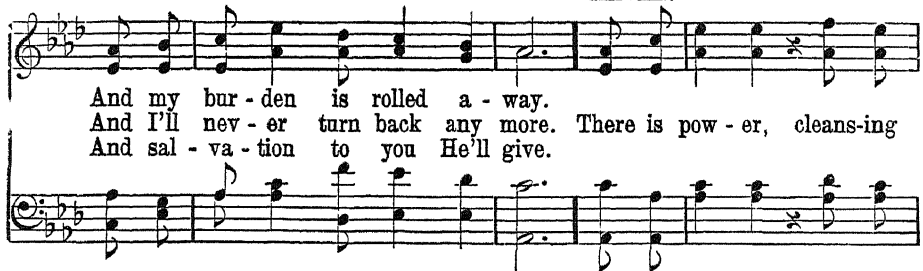


sin, And I'm hap - py all the day; . . I know the
 stain, And it washed me white as snow; . . I have sur-
 say: "Come to Je - sus now and live;" . . You'll find Him

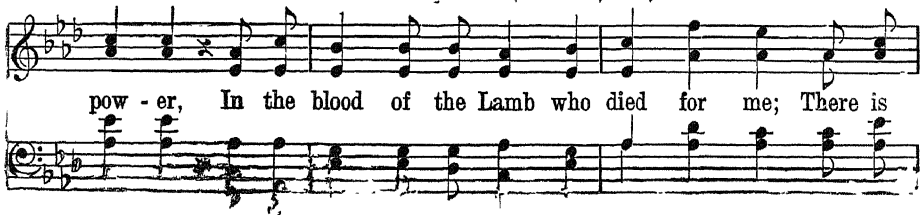


Lord has par - doned me, and that His grace has made me free,
 ren - dered now my all and turned my back up - on the world,
 read - y to re - ceive, if you will on - ly just be - lieve,

REFRAIN.



And my bur - den is rolled a - way.
 And I'll nev - er turn back any more. There is pow - er, cleans - ing
 And sal - va - tion to you He'll give.



pow - er, In the blood of the Lamb who died for me; There is

ACCEPTING CHRIST

pow - er, cleans-ing pow-er, In the blood shed on Cal - va - ry. A - MEN.

274 I Am Coming to the Cross

W. H. McDonald, 1869.

(TRUSTING. 7s.)

Wm. G. Fischer.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor and weak and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee; Long has e - vil dwelt with - in;
 3. Here I give my all to Thee, — Friends and time and earth - ly store,
 4. In the prom - is - es I trust; Now I feel the blood ap - plied;

I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find,
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Soul and bod - y Thine to be — Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.
 I am pros - trate in the dust; I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.

REFRAIN.

I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

Hum-bly at the cross I bow; Save me, Je - sus, save me now. A - MEN.

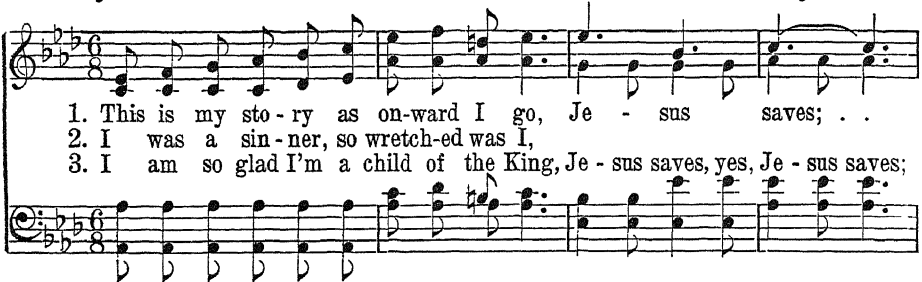
ACCEPTING CHRIST

275

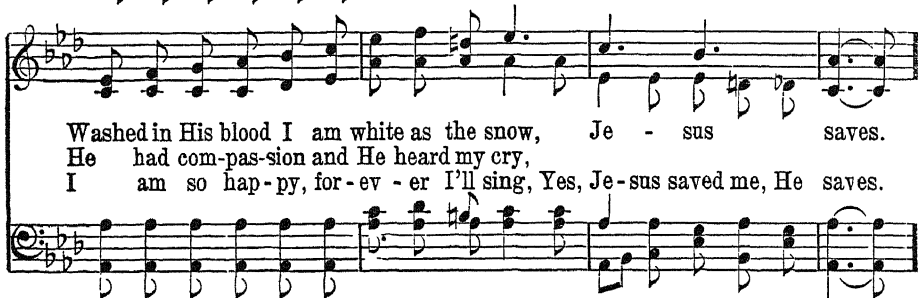
Jesus Saves

T. W. J. T.

T. W. J. Tobias.



1. This is my sto-ry as on-ward I go, Je - sus saves; . .
 2. I was a sin-ner, so wretch-ed was I,
 3. I am so glad I'm a child of the King, Je - sus saves, yes, Je - sus saves;



Washed in His blood I am white as the snow, Je - sus saves.
 He had com-pas-sion and He heard my cry,
 I am so hap-py, for-ev - er I'll sing, Yes, Je - sus saved me, He saves.

REFRAIN.



Yes, He saved . . . me and blessed my soul, He
 came to save me



washed . . . me and made me whole; I'm hap - py in
 washed me and cleansed me and made me whole;



Je - sus as on - ward I go, For I'm saved, saved, saved. A - MEN.


ACCEPTING CHRIST

276

His Blood Atoned For Me

D. W. R.

D. W. Reddick.




1. Je - sus I love and praise and a - dore, His blood a - toned for me;
 2. Lov - ing Him, al - ways hap - py am I, His blood a - toned for me;
 3. Je - sus I know will stay at my side, His blood a - toned for me;



Con - tent - ed with Je - sus, I sor - row no more, His
 I sing as I jour - ney to heav - en on high, His
 Till some day in glo - ry I'll with Him a - bide, His


REFRAIN.



blood a - toned for me.
 blood a - toned for me. His blood a - toned for me, Oh, glo - ry,
 blood a - toned for me.



His blood a - toned for me; Heav'n - ly joy now I see,



I am glad that I'm free, His blood a - toned for me. A - MEN.

THE CHRISTIAN—TRUST

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Lead, Kindly Light!

(LUX BENIGNA. 10s, 4s.)

J. H. Newman, 1833.

Rev. J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876.



1. Lead, kind-ly Light! a - mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r has blessed me, sure it still Will lead me on



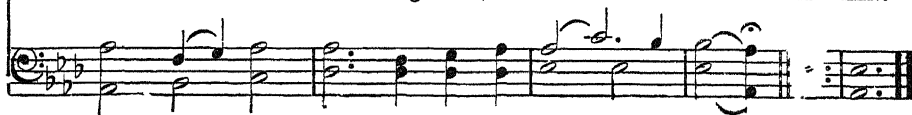
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on;
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone;



Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see . . .
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, . .
And with *he morn those an - gel fa - ces smile . .



The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re-mem-ber not past years.
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while! A - MEN.



THE CHRISTIAN—TRUST

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Savior, More Than Life to Me

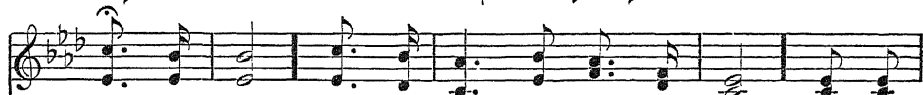
(EVERY DAY AND HOUR. P. M.)

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1875.

W. H. Doane.



1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling - ing, cling - ing
2. Thro' this chang - ing world be - low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet - ing, fleet - ing



close to Thee; Let Thy pre - cious blood ap - plied, Keep me
as I go; Trust - ing Thee, I can - not stray, I can
life is o'er; Till my soul is lost in love, In a



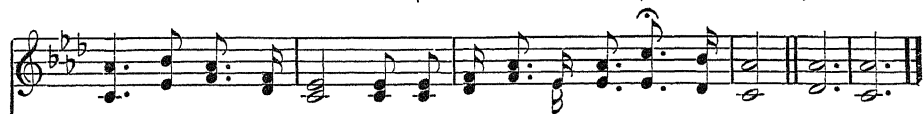
REFRAIN.



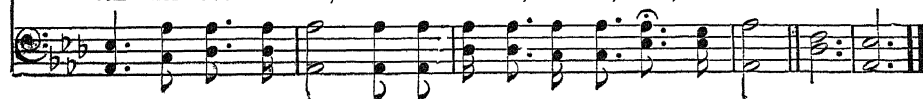
ev - er, ev - er near Thy side. Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry
nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
bright - er, bright - er world a - bove. Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry



hour, Let me feel Thy cleans - ing pow'r; May Thy
day and hour,



ten - der love to me, Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee. A - MEN.



279 O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah

Psalms 103.

(O MY SOUL. 8s, 7s.)

From Donizetti.

DUET.

1. O my soul, bless thou Je - ho - vah, All with - in . . me bless His name;
 2. He will not for - ev - er hide us, Nor keep an - ger in His mind;
 3. Far as east is from west dis - tant, He hath put . a - way our sins;

Bless Je - ho - vah, and for - get not All His mer - cies to pro - claim.
 Hath not dealt as we of - fend - ed, Nor re - ward - ed as we sinned.
 Like the pit - y of a fa - ther, Hath the Lord's com - pas - sion been.

REFRAIN.

For as high . . high . as is the heav - en, Far a -
 For as high as is the heav - en,

bove . . the earth be - low, Ev - er great to them that
 Far a - bove the earth be - low,

fear Him Is the mer - cy He will ev - er, ev - er show. A - MEN.

Cling to His Hand

Laurene Highfield.

(HIGHFIELD. 10s, 7s.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

1. When you are anx - ious and bur - dened with care, Lis - ten to
 2. When you are lost in the per - il - ous dark, Reach for the
 3. When sore temp - ta - tions en - com - pass you round, Kneel at the

hear Je - sus' voice; Soft - ly He'll say, "Bring your tri - als to Me,
 dear Mas - ter's hand; Feel - ing His hand - clasp will stead - y your feet:
 dear Sav - ior's feet; He who was tempt - ed can show you the way

REFRAIN.

And I will make you re - joice." Cling . . . to His hand, . . .
 He will the way un - der - stand.
 All of life's test - ing to meet. Cling to His hand, Cling to His hand,

Cling . . . to His hand, Je - sus will help you life's
 Cling to His hand, Cling to His hand,

test - ing to meet, O cling to the dear Sav - ior's hand. A - MEN.

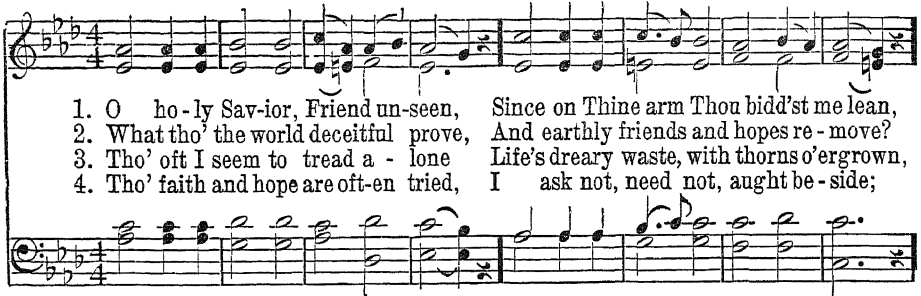
281

O Holy Savior, Friend Unseen

Miss C. Elliott, 1871.

(FLEMING. 8s, 6.)

F. Fleming, 1778-1813.



1. O ho-ly Sav-ior, Friend un-seen, Since on Thine arm Thou bidd'st me lean,
 2. What tho' the world deceitful prove, And earthly friends and hopes re-move?
 3. Tho' oft I seem to tread a-lone Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
 4. Tho' faith and hope are oft-en tried, I ask not, need not, aught be-side;



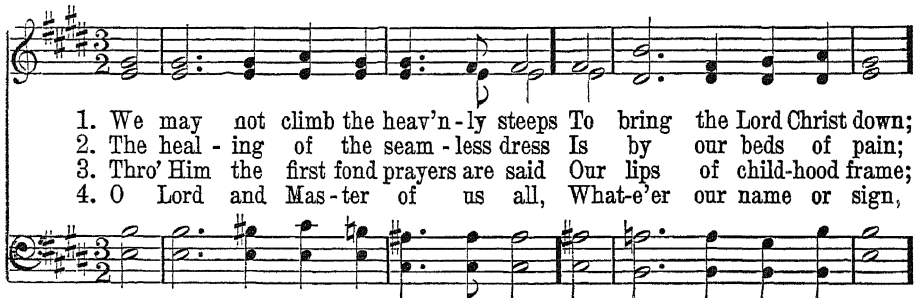
Help me, thro'-out life's chang-ing scene, By faith to cling to Thee.
 With pa-tient, un-com-plain-ing love, Still would I cling to Thee.
 The voice of love, in gen-tlest tone, Still whispers, "Cling to Me!"
 So safe, so calm, so sat-is-fied, The soul that clings to Thee. A - MEN.

282 We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps

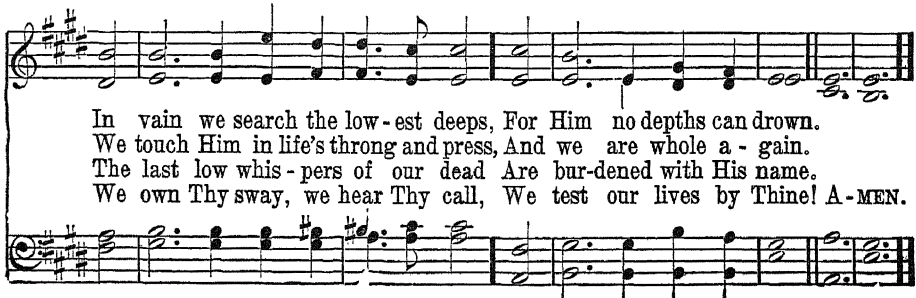
J. G. Whittier, 1802.

(SERENITY. C. M.)

W. V. Wallace, 1815-1866.



1. We may not climb the heav'n-ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
 2. The heal-ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;
 3. Thro' Him the first fond prayers are said Our lips of child-hood frame;
 4. O Lord and Mas-ter of us all, What-e'er our name or sign,



In vain we search the low-est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
 We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a-gain.
 The last low whis-pers of our dead Are bur-den-ed with His name.
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine! A-MEN.

Just to Know

T. O. Chisholm.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. Just to know that Je - sus loves me With a ten - der-ness so great;
2. Just to know He hath for - giv - en. All my sins of all the years;
3. Just to know that He is with me, Just to have His prom - ise true;
4. Just to know that up in Heav - en There's a place pre - pared for me;



Noth - ing ev - er shall be a - ble, From His love to sep - a - rate.
In the book of life e - ter - nal, That my worth - less name ap - pears.
That He nev - er will for - sake me, All my earth - ly jour - ney through.
That a glo - rious day is com - ing, When my Sav - ior I shall see.



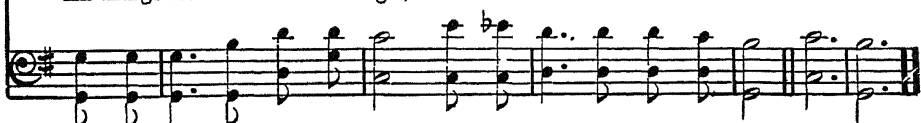
REFRAIN.



This is all I need to know. This my cup doth o - ver - flow;



All things else I can re - sign, Since I know that Christ is mine! A - MEN.



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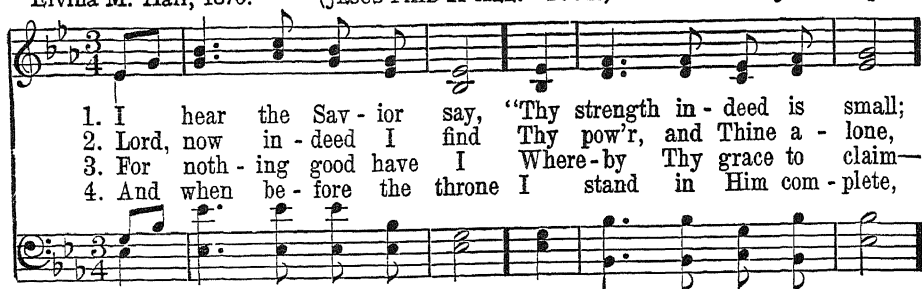
284

I Hear the Savior Say

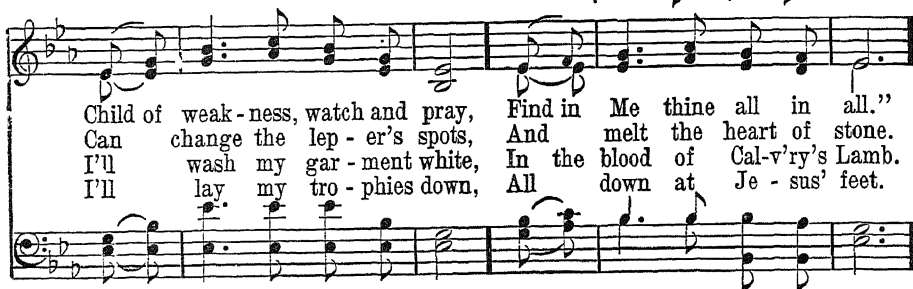
Elvina M. Hall, 1870.

(JESUS PAID IT ALL. P. M.)

J. T. Grape.



1. I hear the Sav - ior say, "Thy strength in - deed is small;
 2. Lord, now in - deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone,
 3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim -
 4. And when be - fore the throne I stand in Him com - plete,

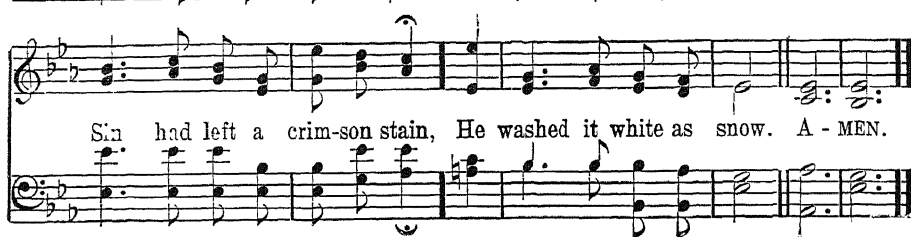


Child of weak - ness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all."
 Can change the lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
 I'll wash my gar - ment white, In the blood of Cal - v'ry's Lamb.
 I'll lay my tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.

REFRAIN.



Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;



Sin had left a crim - son stain, He washed it white as snow. A - MEN.

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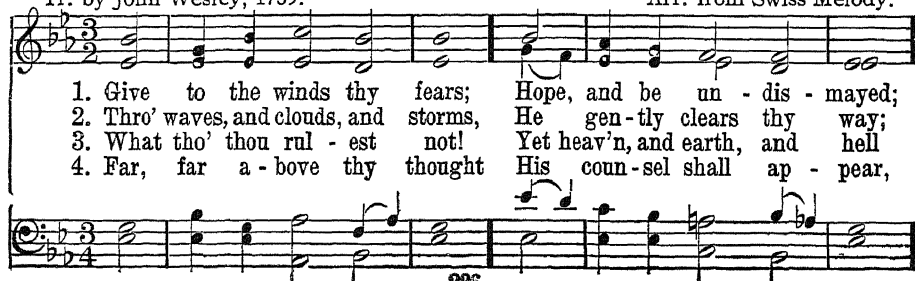
Give to the Winds Thy Fears

Paul Gerhardt, 1653.

(NORWOOD. S. M.)

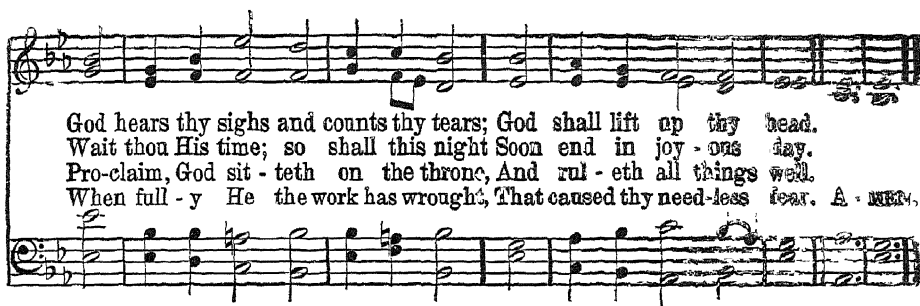
Tr. by John Wesley, 1739.

Arr. from Swiss Melody.



1. Give to the winds thy fears; Hope, and be un - dis - mayed;
 2. Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms, He gen - tly clears thy way;
 3. What tho' thou rul - est not! Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell
 4. Far, far a - bove thy thought His coun - sel shall ap - pear,

THE CHRISTIAN-TRUST

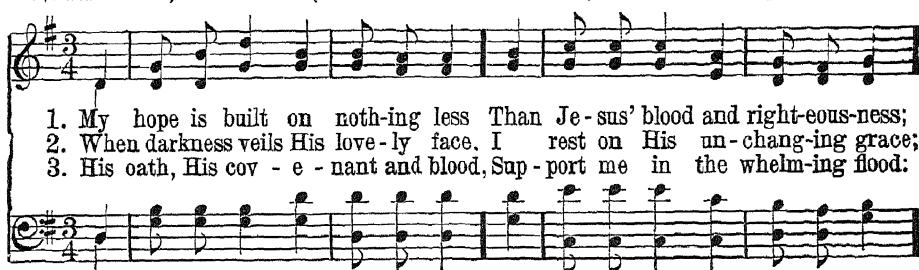


God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head.
 Wait thou His time; so shall this night Soon end in joy - ons day.
 Pro-claim, God sit - teth on the throne, And rul - eth all things well.
 When full - y He the work has wrought, That caused thy need-less fear. A - MEN.

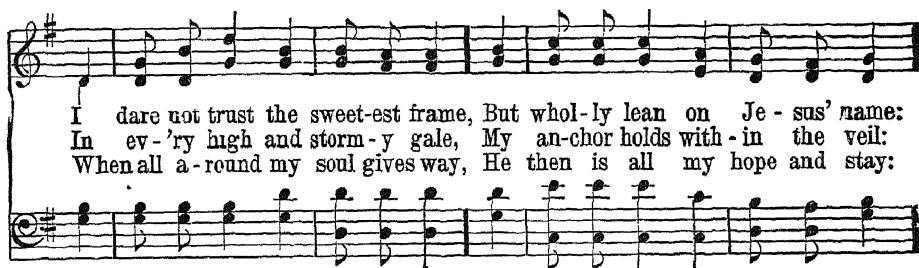
286 My Hope is Built On Nothing Less

Edward Mote, 1825.

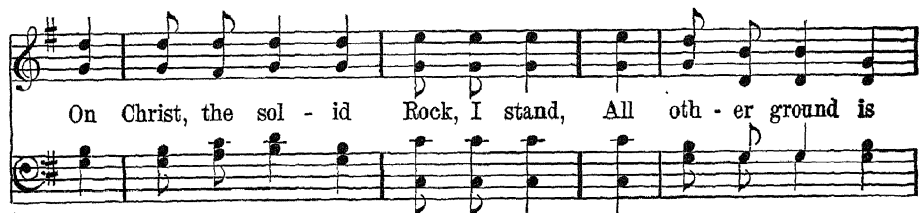
(SOLID ROCK. L. M. 61.) W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868.



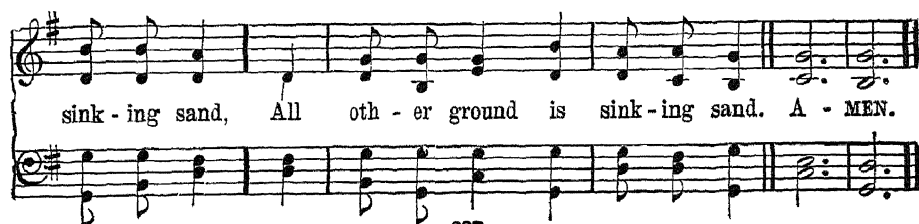
1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
2. When darkness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov - e - nant and blood, Sup - port me in the whelm-ing flood:



I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je - sus' name:
 In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with - in the veil:
 When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay:



On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand, All oth - er ground is



sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand. A - MEN.

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The Moment I Believed

J. P. S.

J. P. Scholfield.

Voices in Unison.

1. I wan-dered on in my own way, In sin I was de-ceived;
 2. My sin-ning brought no peace or gain, I longed to be re-lieved;
 3. At last the light beamed on my soul, I knew that Christ I'd grieved;

A wretch-ed soul from God a-stray, Till I on Christ be-lieved.
 I wan-dered on, en-dured the pain, Till I on Christ be-lieved.
 I yield-ed, and He took con-trol The mo-ment I be-lieved.

REFRAIN. *Four Parts.*

The mo-ment I be-lieved, When Je-sus I re-ceived, (re-ceived,)

The bless-ing came, oh, praise His name! The mo-ment I be-lieved. A-MEN.

Copyright, 1918, by Samuel W. Beazley.

288

Blest Are the Pure in Heart

J. Keble.

(GREENWOOD. S. M.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

1. Blest are the pure in heart, For they shall see our God;
 2. The Lord who left the heav'ns Our life and peace to bring,
 3. He to the low-ly soul Doth still Him-self im-part;
 4. Lord, we, Thy pres-ence seek, May ours this bless-ing be;

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The se - cret of the Lord is theirs, Their soul is Christ's a - bode.
To dwell in low - li - ness with men Their pat - tern and their King.
And for His dwell - ing and His throne Choos - eth the pure in heart.
Give us a pure and low - ly heart, A tem - ple meet for Thee. A - MEN.

289 Jesus, My All, to Heaven is Gone

John Cennick, 1743.

(DUANE STREET. L. M.)

Rev. J. Coles, 1792-1858.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone.—He, whom I fix my hopes up - on;
2. This is the way I long have sought, And mourned because I found it not;
3. Lo! glad I come! and Thou, dear Lamb, Shalt take me to Thee as I am!

His track I see, and I'll pur - sue The nar - row way till Him I view.
My grief, my bur - den long has been, Be - cause I could not cease from sin.
My sin - ful self to Thee I give: Noth - ing but love shall I re - ceive.

The way the ho - ly proph - ets went—The way that leads from ban - ish - ment—
The more I strove a - gainst its pow'r, I sinned and stum - bled but the more;
Then will I tell to sin - ners round What a dear Sav - ior I have found;

The King's highway of ho - li - ness—I'll go, for all His paths are peace.
Till late I heard my Sav - ior say, "Come hither, soul, I am the way."
I'll point to Thy re - deem - ing blood. And say—Be - hold the way to God. A - MEN.

Safe in the Arms of Jesus

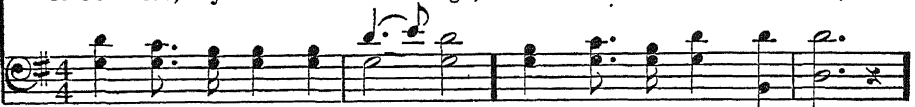
Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1868.

(7s, 6s.)

W. H. Doane,



1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care,
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me;



CHO.—*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,*



There by His love o'er-shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.
Safe from the world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there.
Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.



There by His love o'er-shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest. A - MEN.



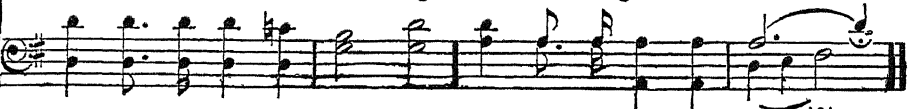
Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
Here let me wait with pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;



D. C.



O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea. . . .
On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears. . .
Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore. . .



He's So Sweet to Me

James Rowe.
Slow.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

1. With my Re-deem-er I am liv-ing, Be-cause His own I wish to be;
 2. He found me bur-den-ed and de-spair-ing, And from my fet-ters set me free;
 3. I'm on the love-lit hill of bless-ing, And in my sky no cloud I see;
 4. Some gold-en dawn I'll tell my sto-ry To an-gels, by the crys-tal sea;

More love each day to Him I'm giv-ing, For He is al-ways sweet to me.
 Since then for me He has been car-ing, And, oh, He is so sweet to me.
 My faith and love I am ex-press-ing, For Je-sus is so sweet to me.
 There I shall share the end-less glo-ry Of Him who is so sweet to me.

REFRAIN.

He's sweet to me, so sweet to me; Oh, 'tis
 He's sweet to me, so sweet to me; Oh, 'tis

joy so close to Him to be! My voice I raise in hap-py
 joy so near Him to be! My voice I raise in

molto rit. After last stanza repeat Chorus *pp.*

praise, For my Sav-ior is so sweet to me. A-MEN.
 hap-py praise,

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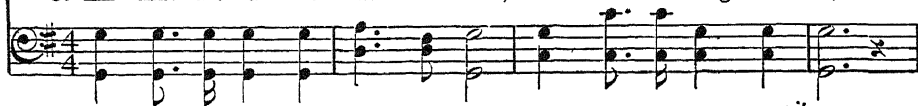
All is Mine

Florence Jones Hadley.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. All that the Fa - ther has is mine, Rich - es be - yond com - pare,
2. All that the Fa - ther has is mine, O, I am rich in - deed,
3. All that the Fa - ther has is mine, Child of a King am I,



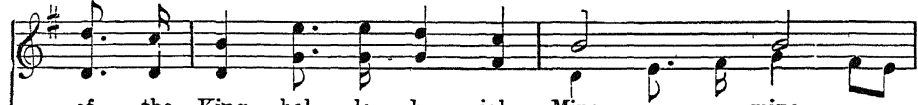
Why should my soul go hun - ger - ing, My heart bowed down with care? . .
 Why should I go with emp - ty hands, Ev - er know want or need? . .
 Heir to His rich - es here on earth, Heir to His throne on high? . .



REFRAIN.



Mine, mine, all is mine, I am a child
 All that the Fa - ther has is mine,



of the King, hal - le - lu - jah, Mine, mine,
 All that the Fa - ther



all is mine, Sing, O, my glad heart, sing. A - MEN.
 has is mine,

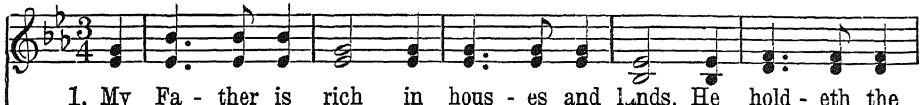


293 My Father is Rich in Houses and Lands

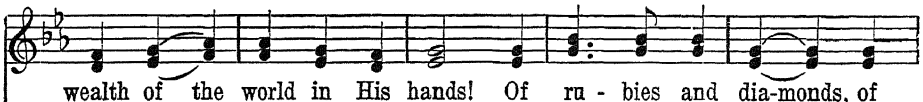
Hattie F. Buell.

(THE CHILD OF A KING. 10s, 11s.)

Arr. from Melody by
Rev. John B. Sumner.



1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold - eth the
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - ior from sin, Once wan - dered o'er
3. I once was an out - cast stran - ger on earth, A sin - ner by
4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're build - ing a




wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru - bies and dia - monds, of
earth as the poor - est of men; But now He is reign - ing for -
choice, an al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my
pal - ace for me o - ver there! Tho' ex - il - ed from home, yet,



sil - ver and gold His cof - fers are full, — He has rich - es un - told.
ev - er on high, And will give me a home in heav'n by and by.
name's written down, — An heir to a man - sion, a robe and a crown.
still I may sing: All glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

REFRAIN.



I'm the child of a King, The child of a King; With



Je - sus my Sav - ior, I'm the child of a King. A - MEN.

Jesus Saves Me

"He shall save His people from their sins."—MATT. 1: 21.

Arr. by G. R. C.

(8s, 10s.)

Sallie Stuart.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me;
 2. This is the way I long have sought, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me;
 3. The King's highway of ho - li - ness, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me;
 4. My grief and bur - den long have been, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me;
 5. Lo, glad I come; and Thou blest Lamb, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me;
 6. Noth-ing but sin have I to give, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me;
 7. Then will I tell to sin - ners round, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me;

He whom I fix my hopes up - on, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me.
 And mourned because I found it not, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me.
 I'll go, for all His paths are peace, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me.
 Be - cause I was not saved from sin, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me.
 Shall take me to Thee as I am, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me.
 Noth-ing but love shall I re - ceive, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me.
 What a dear Sav - ior I have found, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me.

REFRAIN.

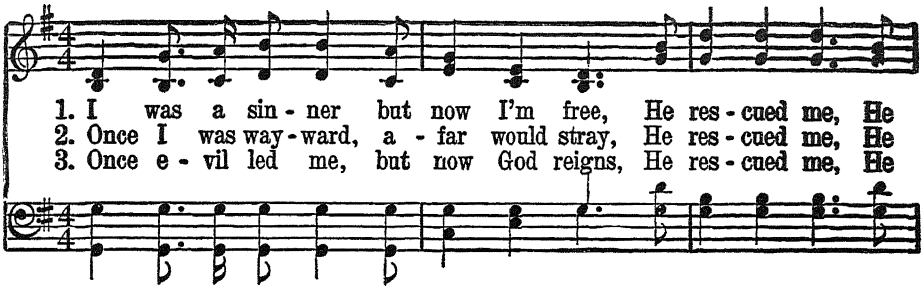
He saves me, He saves me, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me:
 Hal - le-lu-jah, Hal - le-lu-jah,

He saves me, He saves me, Glo-ry, hal - le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves me. A-MEN.
 Hal - le-lu-jah, Hal - le-lu-jah,

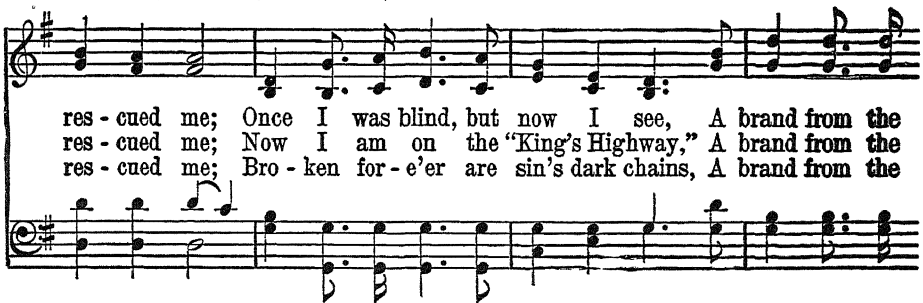
He Rescued Me

L. S. L.

Lida Stivers Leach.



1. I was a sin - ner but now I'm free, He res - cued me, He
 2. Once I was way - ward, a - far would stray, He res - cued me, He
 3. Once e - vil led me, but now God reigns, He res - cued me, He

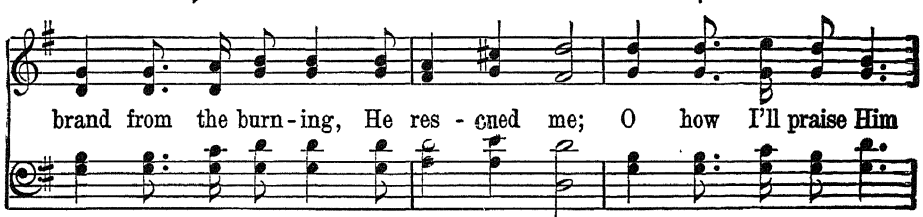


res - cued me; Once I was blind, but now I see, A brand from the
 res - cued me; Now I am on the "King's Highway," A brand from the
 res - cued me; Bro - ken for - e'er are sin's dark chains, A brand from the

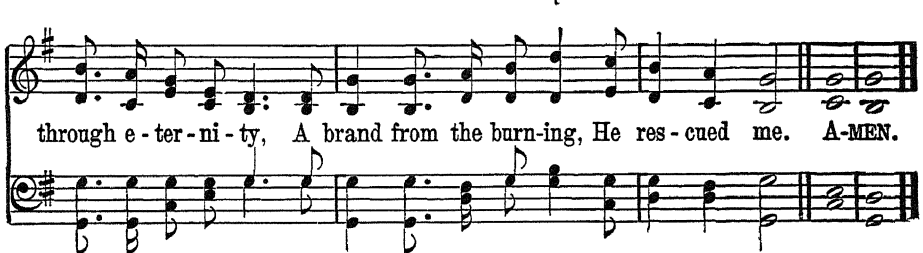
REFRAIN.



burn - ing, He res - cued me.
 burn - ing, He res - cued me. He res - cued me, He res - cued me, A
 burn - ing, He res - cued me.



brand from the burn - ing, He res - cued me; O how I'll praise Him



through e - ter - ni - ty, A brand from the burn - ing, He res - cued me. A-MEN.

What Shall I Do?

T. O. Chisholm.

(9s.)

Mrs. Carrie Booker Person.

1. What shall I do when the day is dark, When there's not one ray of
 2. What shall I do when the way is long And be - set with snares on
 3. What shall I do when I la - bor on And my best en - deav - or
 4. What shall I do when the time shall come I must bid these earth - ly

light for me? What shall I do when my frag - ile bark Toss - es wild - ly
 ei - ther hand? What shall I do when my foes are strong, And I have no
 seems but vain? What shall I do when, my pur - pose gone, Life is filled with
 scenes fare - well? What shall I do as I near life's brink And the waves of

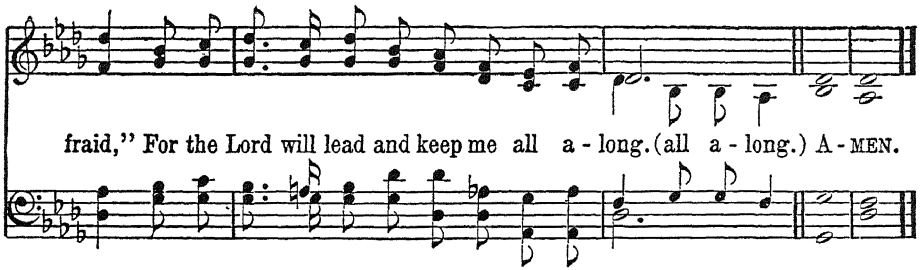
REFRAIN.

on a storm-swept sea? (storm-swept sea?)
 lon - ger strength to stand? (strength to stand?) "I will trust and not be a-fraid,"
 bit - ter - ness and pain? (and pain?)
 death a - bout me swell? (me swell?)

"I will trust and not be a-fraid," "For the Lord Je - ho - vah is my strength and

song;" "I will trust and not be a-fraid," "I will trust and not be a -
 strength and song;"

THE CHRISTIAN—TRUST

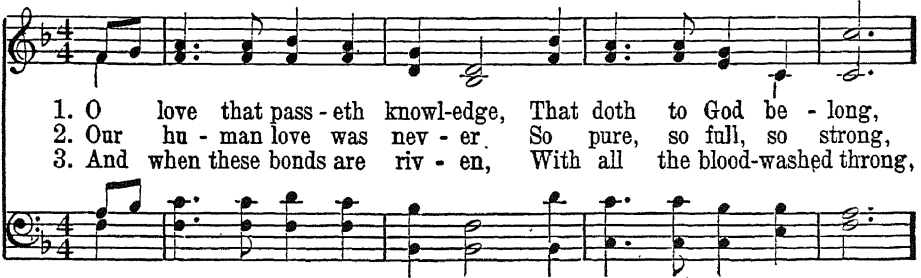


fraid," For the Lord will lead and keep me all a - long. (all a - long.) A - MEN.


297 His Love Shall Be My Song

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. O love that pass - eth knowl - edge, That doth to God be - long,
2. Our hu - man love was nev - er, So pure, so full, so strong,
3. And when these bonds are riv - en, With all the blood-washed throng,



The love of God the Fa - ther, His love shall be my song.
For - ev - er and for - ev - er, His love shall be my song.
Up - on the streets of Heav - en, His love shall be my song.

REFRAIN.



I know not if my jour - ney On earth be short or long,



But all the way to glo - ry, His love shall be my song. A - MEN.

Copyright, 1917, by Samuel W. Beazley, in "Hosannas."

Hold to God's Unchanging Hand

*It is joy, beyond expressing,—That we have, at our command,—
Thus, to know that we can ever,—“Hold to God's unchanging-hand!”—F. L. E.*

Jennie Wilson.

F. L. Eiland.

1. Time is filled with swift tran-si-tion, Naught of earth unmoved can stand,
 2. Trust in Him who will not leave you, What - so - ev - er years may bring;
 3. Cov - et not this world's vain riches, That so rap - id - ly de - cay;
 4. When your jour-ney is com-plet - ed, If to God you have been true,

Build your hopes on things e - ter - nal, Hold to God's un-chang-ing hand!
 If by earth-ly friends for - sa - ken, Still more close-ly to Him cling!
 Seek to gain the heav'n-ly treas-ures, They will nev - er pass a - way!
 Fair and bright the home in glo - ry, Your en-rap-tured soul will view!

REFRAIN.

Hold to God's unchanging hand! Hold to God's unchanging hand!
 Hold to His hand, Hold to His hand,

Repeat Refrain softly.

Build your hopes on things e - ter - nal, Hold to God's unchanging hand! A - MEN.

I Feel Like Going On

"They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

Dedicated to Rev. J. W. Burke.

W. T. D.

W. T. Dale, by per.



1. I have start-ed for the king-dom, I am on my jour-ney home;
2. And my Sav-ior's go-ing with me, Ev-'ry day I feel Him near;
3. I am in the land of Beu-lah, And its breez-es fan my soul;
4. I am dwell-ing on the moun-tains, And in sight of Ca-naan stand;
5. Now my friends are wait-ing for me, Who have crossed the chill-ing tide;
6. Soon I'll cross the roll-ing Jor-dan, Soon I'll en-ter Ca-naan's land;



I shall reach the "bet-ter coun-try," And I feel like go-ing on.
 With His pres-ence here He cheers me, And He quells each ris-ing fear.
 I am near-ing Ca-naan's bor-der, And I soon shall reach the goal.
 I am drink-ing of the foun-tains, Flow-ing thro' this good-ly land.
 Now I see them as they beck-on, Call-ing from the oth-er side.
 Then I'll shout and sing for-ev-er, With that ho-ly, hap-py band.



REFRAIN.



Yes, I feel like go-ing on, Oh, I feel like go-ing on;



I am on my way to Zi-on, And I feel like go-ing on. A-MEN.



*In a Testimony Meeting a Christian in the prime of life spoke of his many trials and discouragements, and seemed utterly cast down. Following him an old gray-headed father arose to his feet, and in clear, thrilling tones said: "Brethren, *I feel like going on*, the Lord being my help." His words proved an inspiration to every heart.

Copyright, 1893, by W. T. Dale.

THE CHRISTIAN-TRUST

300

I Will Trust in the Lord

Arr. by J. D. Bushell, D. D.

REFRAIN.

I will trust in the Lord, I will trust in the Lord! I will

trust in the Lord till I die. . . I will trust in the Lord, I will

trust in the Lord, I will trust in the Lord till I die. A-MEN.

1. Fa - ther, I stretch my hand to Thee, No oth - er help I know;
2. What did Thine on - ly Son en - dure, Be - fore I drew my breath?
3. Au - thor of faith, to Thee I lift My wea - ry, long - ing eyes;

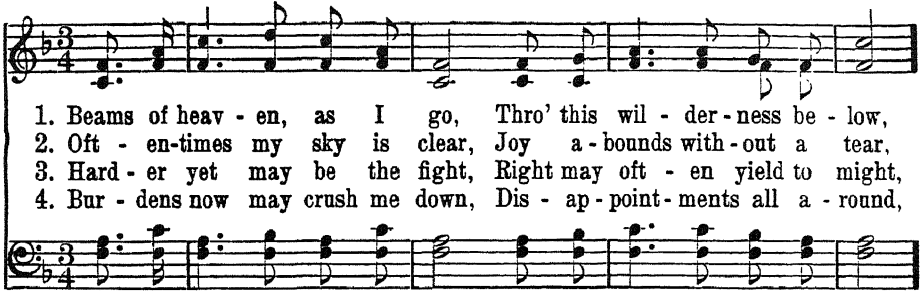
If Thou with-draw Thy-self from me, Ah! whith-er shall I go?
What pain, what la - bor to se - cure My soul from end - less death!
Oh, may I now re - ceive that gift; My soul with - out it dies.

301

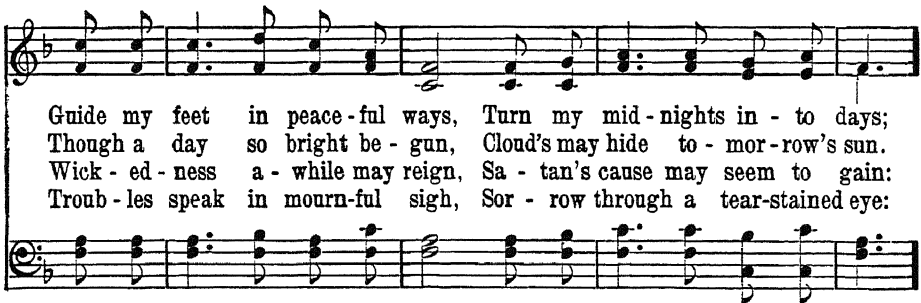
Some Day

Words and Music by C. A. Tindley.


Arr. by F. A. Clark.



1. Beams of heav - en, as I go, Thro' this wil - der - ness be - low,
 2. Oft - en - times my sky is clear, Joy a - bounds with - out a tear,
 3. Hard - er yet may be the fight, Right may oft - en yield to might,
 4. Bur - dens now may crush me down, Dis - ap - point - ments all a - round,



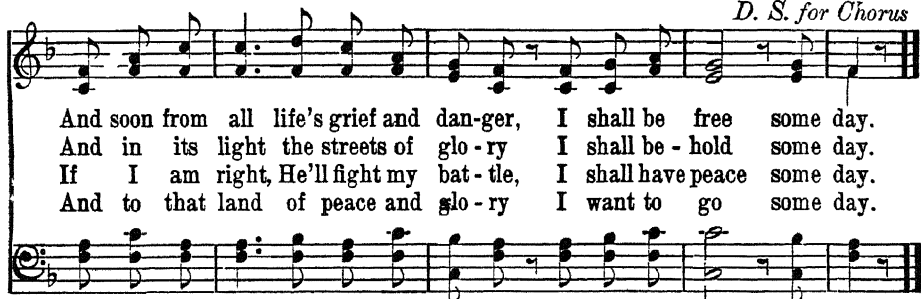
Guide my feet in peace - ful ways, Turn my mid - nights in - to days;
 Though a day so bright be - gun, Cloud's may hide to - mor - row's sun.
 Wick - ed - ness a - while may reign, Sa - tan's cause may seem to gain:
 Troub - les speak in mourn - ful sigh, Sor - row through a tear - stained eye:



When in the dark - ness I would grope, Faith al - ways sees a star of hope,
 There'll be a day that's al - ways bright, A day that nev - er yields to night,
 There is a God that rules a - bove, With hand of pow'r and heart of love;
 There is a world where pleasurereigns, No mourn - ing soul shall roam its plains,

CHO.—I do not know how long 'twill be, Nor what the fu - ture holds for me,

D. S. for Chorus



And soon from all life's grief and dan - ger, I shall be free some day.
 And in its light the streets of glo - ry I shall be - hold some day.
 If I am right, He'll fight my bat - tle, I shall have peace some day.
 And to that land of peace and glo - ry I want to go some day.

But this I know, if Je - sus leads me, I shall get home some day.

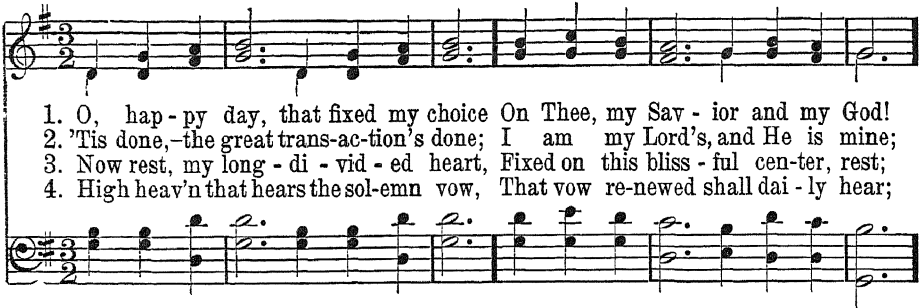
Copyright, 1905, by C. A. Tindley.

302 O, Happy Day, That Fixed My Choice

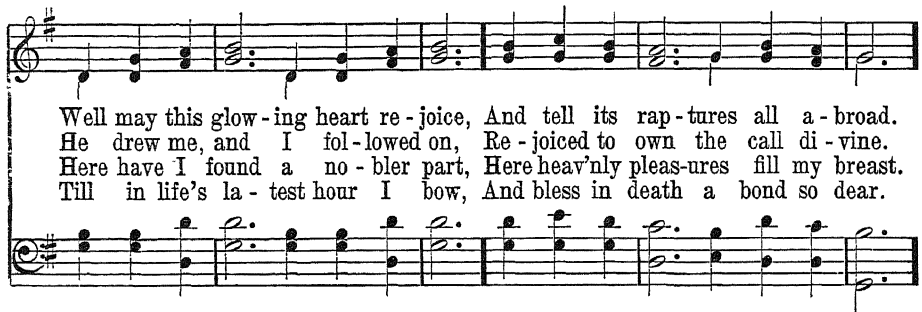
Philip Doddridge, 1755.

(HAPPY DAY. L. M.)

E. F. Rimbault, 1816-1876.

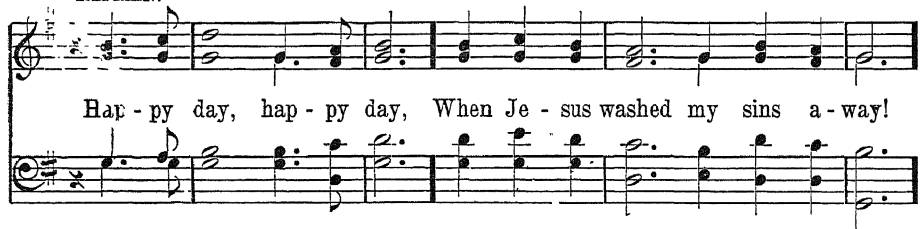


1. O, hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav - ior and my God!
 2. 'Tis done, - the great trans - ac - tion's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
 3. Now rest, my long - di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this bliss - ful cen - ter, rest;
 4. High heav'n that hears the sol - emn vow, That vow re - newed shall dai - ly hear;

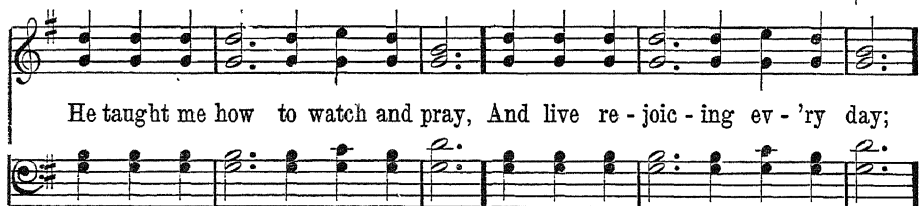


Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
 He drew me, and I fol - lowed on, Re - joiced to own the call di - vine.
 Here have I found a no - bler part, Here heav'nly pleas - ures fill my breast.
 Till in life's la - test hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

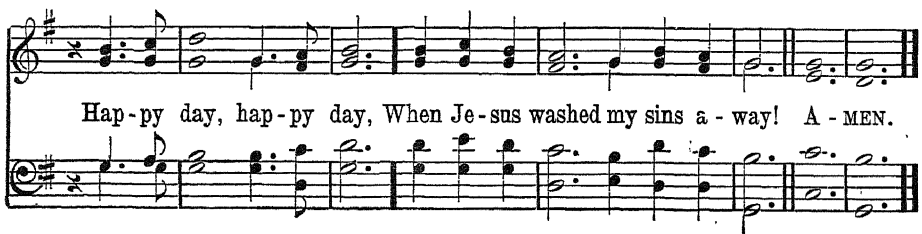
REFRAIN.



Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!



He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;



Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way! A - MEN.

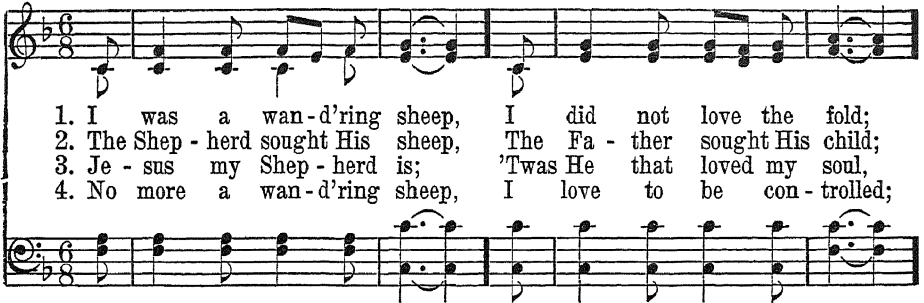
303

I Was a Wandering Sheep

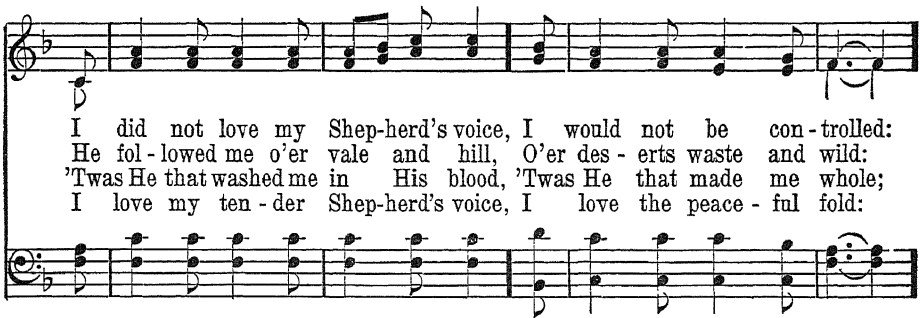
Horatius Bonar, 1857.

(LEBANON. S. M. D.)

J. Zundel, 1815-1882.



1. I was a wan-d'ring sheep, I did not love the fold;
 2. The Shep-herd sought His sheep, The Fa-ther sought His child;
 3. Je-sus my Shep-herd is; 'Twas He that loved my soul,
 4. No more a wan-d'ring sheep, I love to be con-trolled;



I did not love my Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con-trolled:
 He fol-lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des-erts waste and wild:
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole;
 I love my ten-der Shep-herd's voice, I love the peace-ful fold:



I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home;
 He found me nigh to death, Fam-ished and faint and lone;
 'Twas He that sought the lost, That found the wan-d'ring sheep;
 No more a way-ward child, I seek no more to roam;



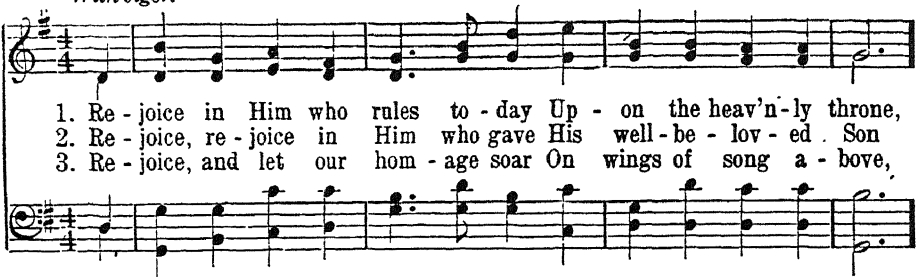
I did not love my Fa-ther's voice, I loved a-far to roam.
 He bound me with the bands of love, He saved the wand'ring one.
 'Twas He that bro't me to the fold, 'Tis He that still doth keep.
 I love my heav'n-ly Fa-ther's voice, I love, I love His home! A - MEN.

Rejoice in His Great Name

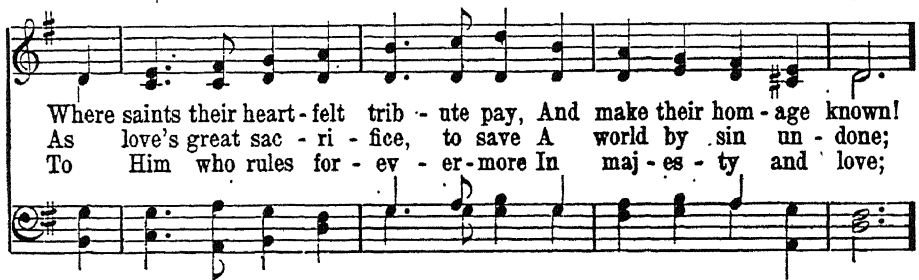
S. W. B.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

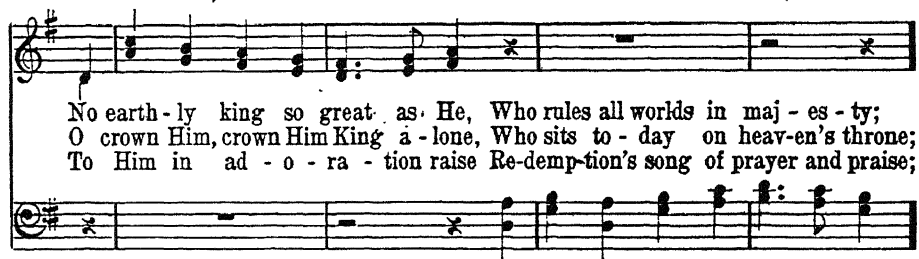
With vigor.



1. Re - joice in Him who rules to - day Up - on the heav'n - ly throne,
 2. Re - joice, re - joice in Him who gave His well - be - lov - ed Son
 3. Re - joice, and let our hom - age soar On wings of song a - bove,



Where saints their heart - felt trib - ute pay, And make their hom - age known!
 As love's great sac - ri - fice, to save A world by sin un - done;
 To Him who rules for - ev - er - more In maj - es - ty and love;

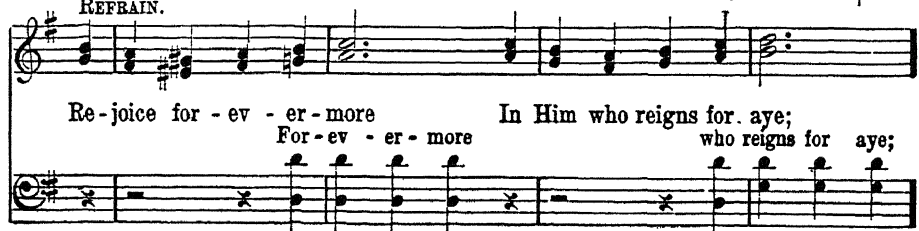


No earth - ly king so great as He, Who rules all worlds in maj - es - ty;
 O crown Him, crown Him King a - lone, Who sits to - day on heav - en's throne;
 To Him in ad - o - ra - tion raise Re - demp - tion's song of prayer and praise;



Re - joice, Re - joice in His great name, Re - joice in His great name!

REFRAIN.



Re - joice for - ev - er - more In Him who reigns for aye;
 For - ev - er - more who reigns for aye;

THE CHRISTIAN—JOY

Let choirs of earth and heav'n u - nite Their songs to - - day;
songs of praise to - day;

All glo - ry to the King of kings, New life and light to all He brings;

Re - joice, Re-joice in His great name. His great name. A-MEN.

The musical score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in G major (one sharp). It consists of three systems. The first system has two lines of lyrics. The second system has one line of lyrics. The third system has two lines of lyrics, with the first line of lyrics having two endings marked with '1' and '2'.

305 Children of the Heavenly King

John Cennick, 1742.

(PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.)

I. Pleyel, 1757-1831.

1. Chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, As ye jour - ney, sweet-ly sing;
2. Ye are trav - 'ling home to God, In the way the fa - thers trod;
3. Lord, sub - mis - sive make us go, Glad-ly leav - ing all be - low;

Sing your Sav-ior's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways.
They are hap - py now, and ye Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.
On - ly Thou our Lead-er be, And we still will fol - low Thee. A - MEN.

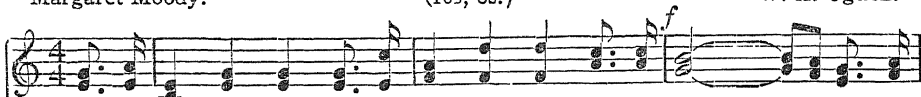
The musical score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef) in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of three systems. The first system has three lines of lyrics. The second system has one line of lyrics. The third system has one line of lyrics.

306 When a Sinner Comes, as a Sinner May


Margaret Moody.

(10s, 6s.)

W. A. Ogden.



1. When a sin - ner comes, as a sin - ner may, There is joy, . . . there is
 2. When a soul is born in the king-dom bright, There is joy, . . . there is
 3. When a pil - grim comes to the riv - er wide, There is joy, . . . there is
 There is joy,

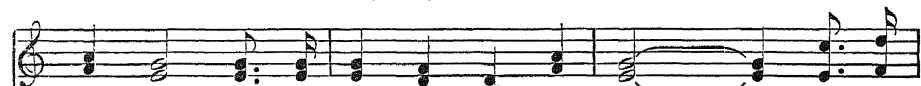


joy; When he turns to God in the gos - pel way,
 joy; When it walks by faith in the gos - pel light,
 joy; When he dwells se - cure on the oth - er side,
 There is joy,

REFRAIN.



There is joy, . . . there is joy. There is joy a - mong the
 There is joy,



an - gels, And their harps with mu - sic ring, sic When a
 mu - sic ring,



sin - ner comes re - pent - ing, Bend - ing low be - fore the King. A - MEN.

307

Ring the Bells of Heaven

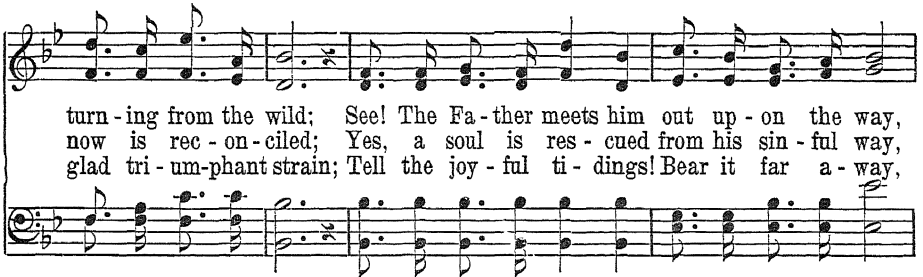
Rev. Wm. O. Cushing.

Geo. F. Root.

Joyfully.

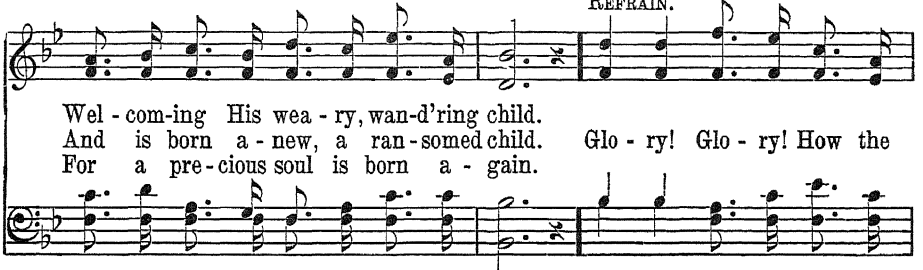


1. Ring the bells of heav - en! There is joy to - day, For a soul re-
 2. Ring the bells of heav - en! There is joy to - day, For the wan-d'rer
 3. Ring the bells of heav - en! Spread the feast to - day, An - gels swell the

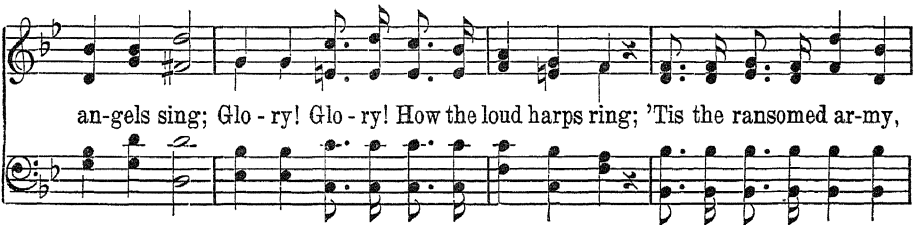


turn - ing from the wild; See! The Fa - ther meets him out up - on the way,
 now is rec - on - ciled; Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin - ful way,
 glad tri - um - phant strain; Tell the joy - ful ti - dings! Bear it far a - way,

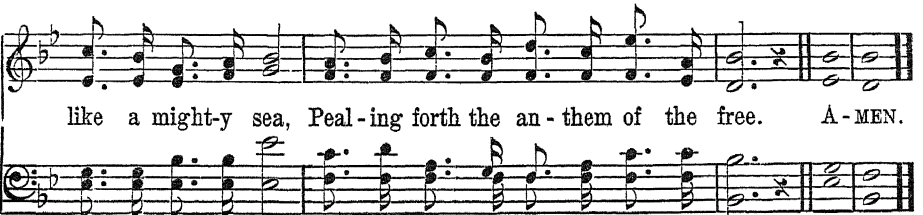
REFRAIN.



Wel - com - ing His wea - ry, wan-d'ring child.
 And is born a - new, a ran - somed child. Glo - ry! Glo - ry! How the
 For a pre - cious soul is born a - gain.



an - gels sing; Glo - ry! Glo - ry! How the loud harps ring; 'Tis the ransomed ar - my,



like a might - y sea, Peal - ing forth the an - them of the free. A - MEN.

THE CHRISTIAN—JOY

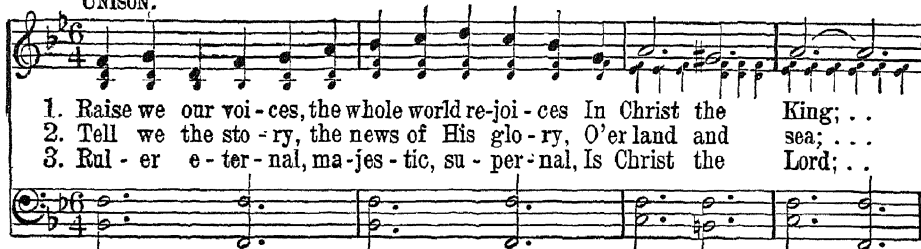
308

Glory and Honor

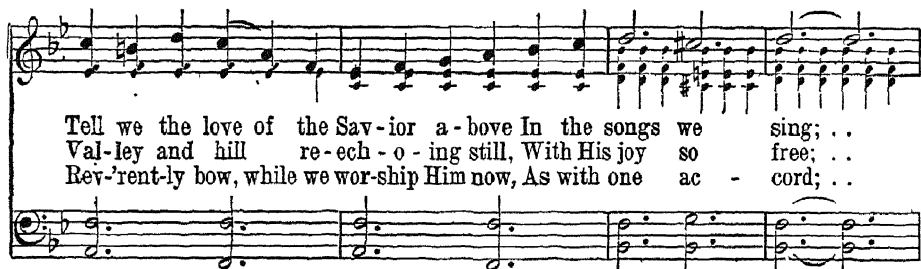
Mabel J. Rosemon.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

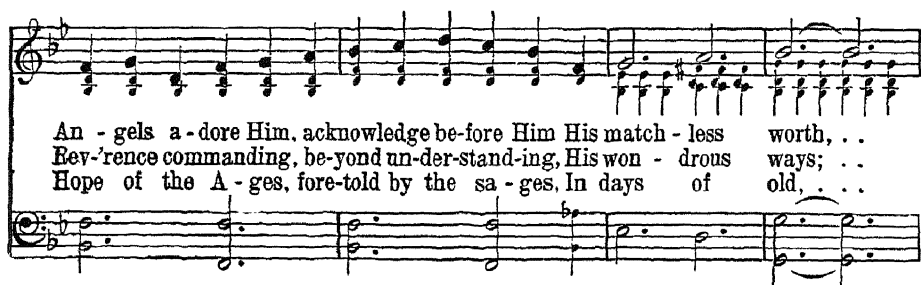
UNISON.



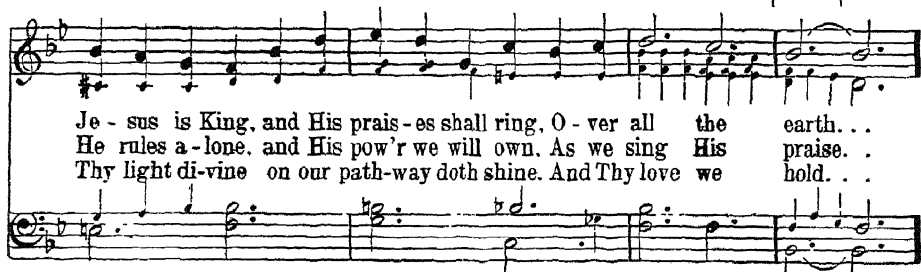
1. Raise we our voi - ces, the whole world re - joi - ces In Christ the King; ..
2. Tell we the sto - ry, the news of His glo - ry, O'er land and sea; ...
3. Rul - er e - ter - nal, ma - jes - tic, su - per - nal, Is Christ the Lord; ..



Tell we the love of the Sav - ior a - bove In the songs we sing; ..
Val - ley and hill re - ech - o - ing still, With His joy so free; ..
Rev' - rent - ly bow, while we wor - ship Him now, As with one ac - cord; ..

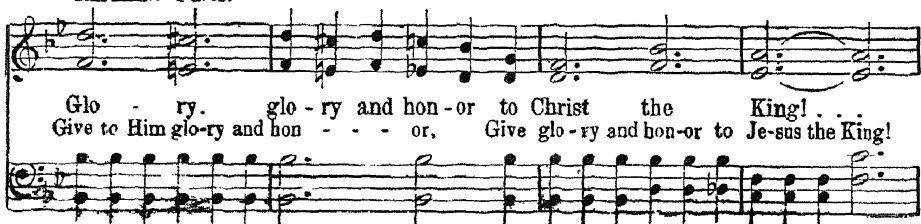


An - gels a - dore Him, acknowledge be - fore Him His match - less worth; ..
Rev - rence commanding, be - yond un - der - stand - ing, His won - drous ways; ..
Hope of the A - ges, fore - told by the sa - ges, In days of old, ..



Je - sus is King, and His prais - es shall ring, O - ver all the earth...
He rules a - lone, and His pow'r we will own. As we sing His praise. .
Thy light di - vine on our path - way doth shine. And Thy love we hold. .

REFRAIN. *Parts.*



Glo - ry. glo - ry and hon - or to Christ the King! . . .
Give to Him glo - ry and hon - or, Give glo - ry and hon - or to Je - sus the King!

THE CHRISTIAN—JOY

Praise Him, glad is the wor-ship to Him we bring; . . .
Praise Him with reverent wor - - ship, He's worthy the trib-ute, the tribute we bring;

Glo - ry! An-gels in heav-en His name a - - dore; . . .
An-gels in heav-en-ly glo - - - ry Bow down at His feet while His name they adore;

Hail Him, Je-sus, our Savior, for-ev - er - - more. . . A - MEN.
Hail-ing Him Je-sus the Sav - - ior, the Savior and King evermore, ev-er-more.

309 Come, Ye That Love the Lord

Isaac Watts, 1707

(ST. THOMAS. S. M.)

G. F. Handel, 1685-1759.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets,
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;

Join in a song of sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.
But chil-dren of the heav'n-ly King May speak their joys a - broad.
Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets.
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To fair-er worlds on high. A - MEN.

310

Fade, Fade Each Earthly Joy

Catharine Jane Bona, 1845. (JESUS IS MINE. 6s, 4s.)

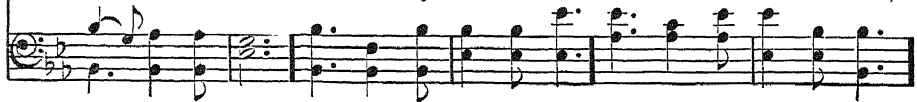
T. E. Perkins, by per.



1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine; Break ev-'ry ten-der tie,
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine; Here would I ev - er stay,
3. Fare-well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine; Lost in this dawning bright,



- Je - sus is mine. Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest - ing - place,
 Je - sus is mine. Per - ish - ing things of clay Born but for one brief day,
 Je - sus is mine All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void;



- Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine.
 Pass from my heart a - way; Je - sus is mine.
 Je - sus has sat - is - fied; Je - sus is mine. A - MEN.



311

O God of Love, O King of Peace

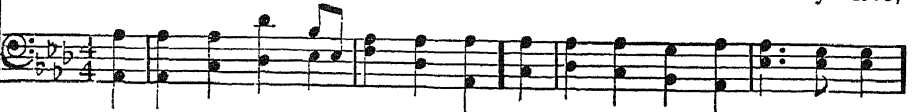
W. H. Baker.

(FOSTER. L. M.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars thro'-out the world to cease;
2. Re-mem - ber, Lord, Thy works of old, The won - ders that our fa - thers told;
3. Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord? Where rest but on Thy faith - ful Word?
4. Where saints and angels dwell a - bove, All hearts are knit in ho - ly love;



THE CHRISTIAN—JOY

The wrath of sin - ful man re-strain, Give peace, O God, give peace again!
 Re - mem-ber not our sins' dark stain, Give peace, O God, give peace again!
 None ev - er called on Thee in vain, Give peace, O God, give peace again!
 O bind us in that heav'nly chain! Give peace, O God, give peace again! A - MEN.

312 O How Happy Are They

C. Wesley, 1749.

(HAPPINESS. 11s, 9s.)

Western Melody.

1. O how hap - py are they Who their Sav - ior o - bey, And have
 2. That sweet com - fort was mine, When the fa - vor di - vine I had
 3. Je - sus all the day long Was my joy and my song: O that

laid up their treas - ure a - bove! Tongue can nev - er ex - press The sweet
 found in the blood of the Lamb. When at first I be - lieved, What true
 all His sal - va - tion might see! "He hath loved me," I cried, "He hath

com - fort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love.
 joy I re - ceived! What a heav - en in Je - sus' sweet name!
 suf - fered and died To re - deem such a reb - el as me." A - MEN

Hallelujah, Jesus Reigns

Edith Sanford Tillotson.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah,
Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, Je-sus reigns.

Allegro.

1. Sound the glad tri-umphant cho-rus, Let the song of vic-t'ry ring, . .
2. Let the world u-nite in wor-ship, Let the na-tions bless His name, . .
3. Join each voice in songs in-spir-ing, Till the ech-oes ring a-bove, . .

His ban-ner waves be-fore us, The stand-ard of our King.
Their thank-ful voi-ces rais-ing, With hon-or and ac-claim.
Give laud and praise un-tir-ing, Un-dy-ing faith and love.

From far and near the an-them rolls In sweet and swell-ing strains;
Let souls of earth be prais-ing Him, Who lose their guilt-y stains;
Let all cre-a-tion glad-ly say. While earth and sky re-mains.

"Re-joice, re-joice, ye sons of earth. The King of glo-ry reigns."
"Re-joice, re-joice, O hearts of men. The King of glo-ry reigns."
"Re-joice, re-joice, give thanks and sing. The King of glo-ry reigns."

THE CHRISTIAN—JOY

REFRAIN.

mf Je - - sus reigns to - day, Je -
Hal - le - lu - jah, earth re - joi - ces in His glo - - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah, tell a -

sus reigns to - day, Sound His praise a-broad, He is Christ our Lord; As our
gain the bless-ed sto - - ry, Hal - le -

King He reigns. . . Je - - sus reigns to - day,
lu - jah, Je - sus reigns, He reigns. Hal-le-lu - jah, raise the ban - ner of sal - va - tion,

Je - - sus reigns to - day, He is King of kings, bless-ed
Hal - le - lu - jah, give Him praise and ad - o - ra - - tion,

light He brings, Hal-le-lu - jah, He reigns, Je - sus reigns, He reigns. A - MEN.
Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus reigns, He reigns, Hal-le-lu - jah, Jesus reigns, He reigns.

314

I'm Glad Salvation's Free

Anon.

1. I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, And with - out price or cost, For
 2. In this cold world be - low, With none to care for me, A
 3. Once I was blind and lost, Of sin and sor - row full; But
 4. And now I'm on the way To bright - er lands a - bove; I'll

CHO.—I'm glad sal - va - tion's free, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free; Sal-

D. C.

had it been for me to buy, My soul must have been lost.
 pil - grim lone with-out a home—I'm glad sal - va - tion's free.
 now I'm saved thro' Je - sus' blood. I feel it in my soul.
 sure - ly tri - umph ev - er - more Thro' my Re-deem - er's love.

va - tion's free for you and me, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free. A-MEN.

315

My God, the Spring of All My Joys

Isaac Watts, 1707.

(DENFIELD. C. M.)

C. G. Glaser.

1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de - lights,
 2. In dark - est shades, if He ap - pear, My dawn - ing is be - gun;
 3. The ope - ning heav'ns a - round me shine With beams of sa - cred bliss,
 4. My soul would leave this heav - y clay, At that trans - port - ing word,

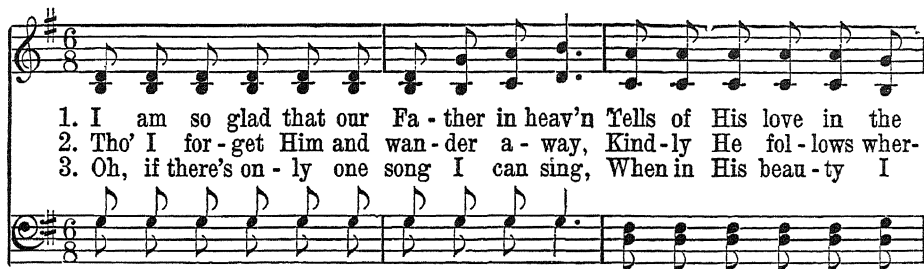
The glo - ry of my bright - est days, And com - fort of my nights!
 He is my soul's bright Morning Star, And He my ris - ing Sun.
 While Jesus shows His love is mine, And whis - pers, I am His.
 And run with joy the shin - ing way, To meet my gra - cious Lord. A-MEN.

316 I Am So Glad That Our Father in Heaven

P. P. B.

(JESUS LOVES ME.)

P. P. Bliss.

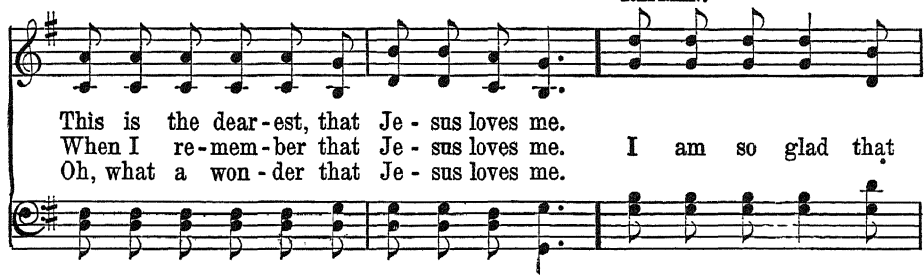


1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
 2. Tho' I for - get Him and wan - der a - way, Kind - ly He fol - lows wher -
 3. Oh, if there's on - ly one song I can sing, When in His beau - ty I



Book He has giv'n; Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see,
 ev - er I stray; Back to His dear lov - ing arms would I flee,
 see the great King, This shall my song in e - ter - ni - ty be,

REFRAIN.



This is the dear - est, that Je - sus loves me.
 When I re - mem - ber that Je - sus loves me. I am so glad that
 Oh, what a won - der that Je - sus loves me.



Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me; I am so



glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me. A - MEN.

317

Love Divine

[First Tune]

Charles Wesley.

(LOVE DIVINE. 8s, 7s. D.)

John Zundel.



1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast!
3. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be;



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Iet us find that sec - ond rest.
 Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave:
 Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re - stored in Thee:



Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;
 Take a - way our bent to sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
 Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
 Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in Heav'n we take our place,



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.
 End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise. A - MEN.



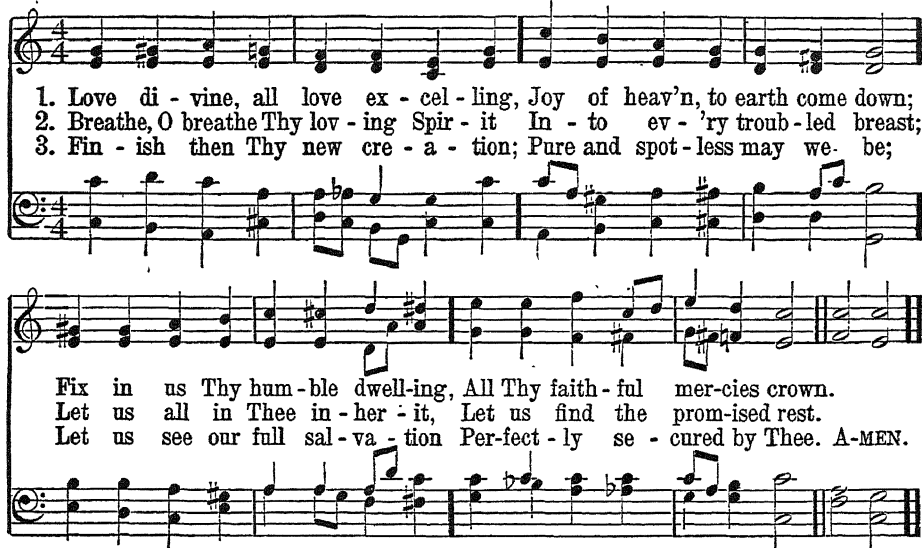
THE CHRISTIAN—LOVE AND GRATITUDE

318 Love Divine, All Love Excelling

C. Wesley.

[Second Tune]
(RACINE. 8s, 7s.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast;
3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less may we be;

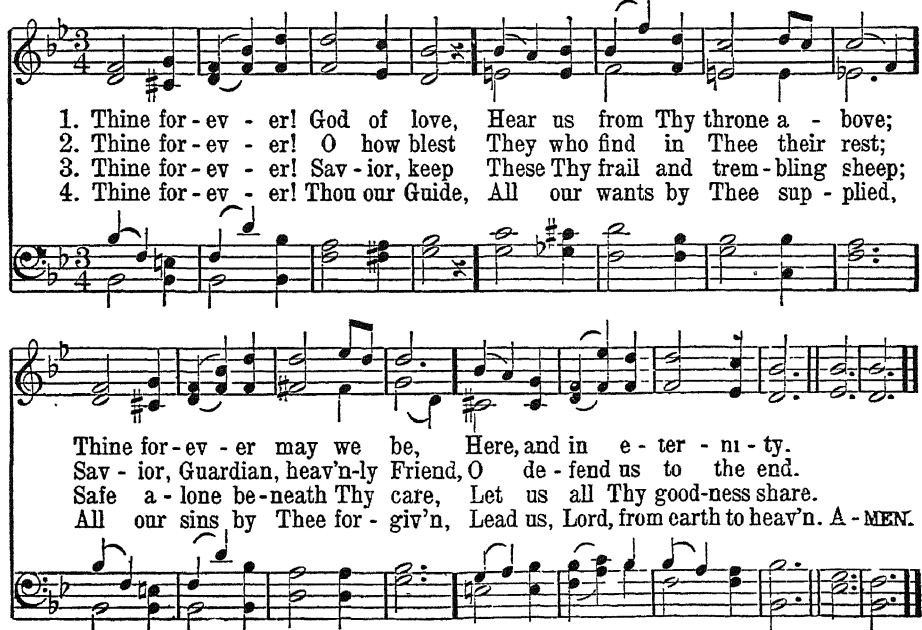
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest.
Let us see our full sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee. A - MEN.

319 Thine Forever! God of Love

(MERCY. 7s.)

Mary F. Maude, 1848

Arr. from L. M. Gottschalk, 1829-1869.



1. Thine for - ev - er! God of love, Hear us from Thy throne a - bove;
2. Thine for - ev - er! O how blest They who find in Thee their rest;
3. Thine for - ev - er! Sav - ior, keep These Thy frail and trem - bling sheep;
4. Thine for - ev - er! Thou our Guide, All our wants by Thee sup - plied,

Thine for - ev - er may we be, Here, and in e - ter - ni - ty.
Sav - ior, Guardian, heav'n - ly Friend, O de - fend us to the end.
Safe a - lone be - neath Thy care, Let us all Thy good - ness share.
All our sins by Thee for - giv'n, Lead us, Lord, from earth to heav'n. A - MEN.

320 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

George Matheson.

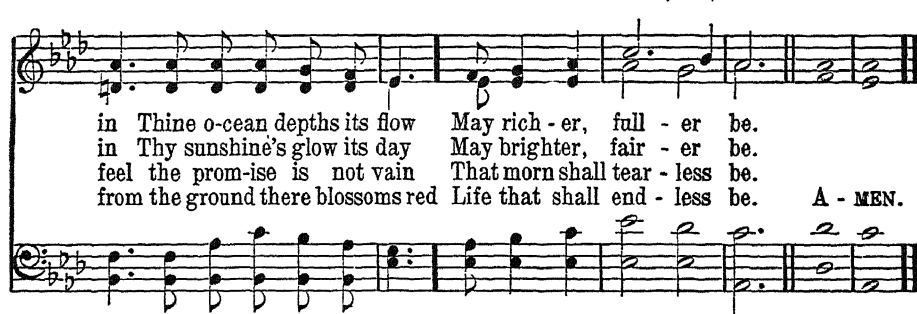
Albert L. Peace.



1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my
 2. O Light that fol - l'west all my way, I yield my
 3. O Joy that seek - est me through pain, I can - not
 4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not



wea - ry soul in Thee, I give Thee back the life I owe, That
 flick - ring torch to Thee; My heart re - stores its borrowed ray, That
 close my heart to Thee; I trace the rain - bow thro' the rain, And
 ask to hide from Thee: I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, And



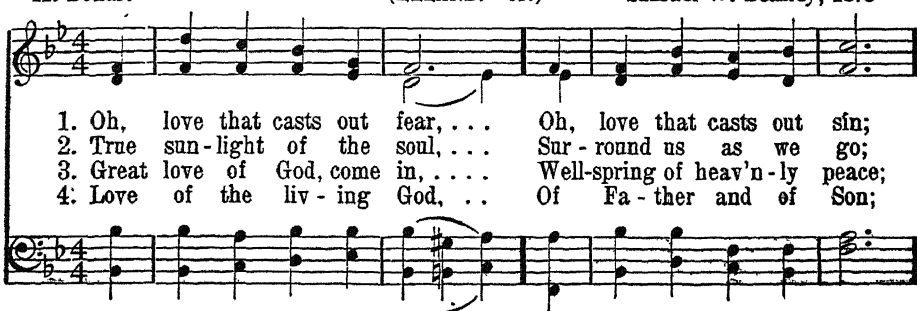
in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
 in Thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fair - er be.
 feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear - less be.
 from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be. A - MEN.

321 Oh, Love That Cast Out Fear

H. Bonar.

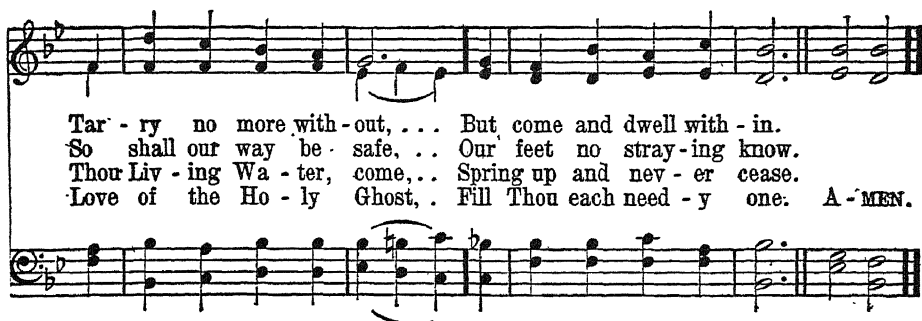
(LELAND. 6s.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. Oh, love that casts out fear, ... Oh, love that casts out sin;
 2. True sun - light of the soul, ... Sur - round us as we go;
 3. Great love of God, come in, ... Well-spring of heav'n - ly peace;
 4: Love of the liv - ing God, .. Of Fa - ther and of Son;

THE CHRISTIAN—LOVE AND GRATITUDE



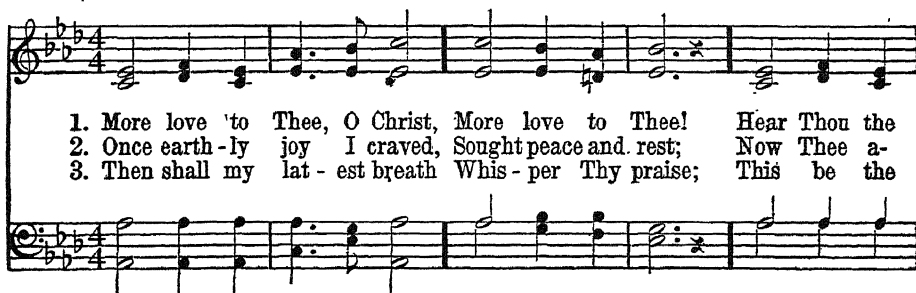
Tar - ry no more with - out, . . . But, come and dwell with - in.
 So shall our way be - safe, . . . Our feet no stray - ing know.
 Thou Liv - ing Wa - ter, come, . . . Spring up and nev - er cease.
 Love of the Ho - ly Ghost, . . . Fill Thou each need - y one. A - MEN.

322 More Love to Thee, O Christ


(MORE LOVE TO THEE. 6s, 4s, 6s.)

Elizabeth Prentiss, 1870

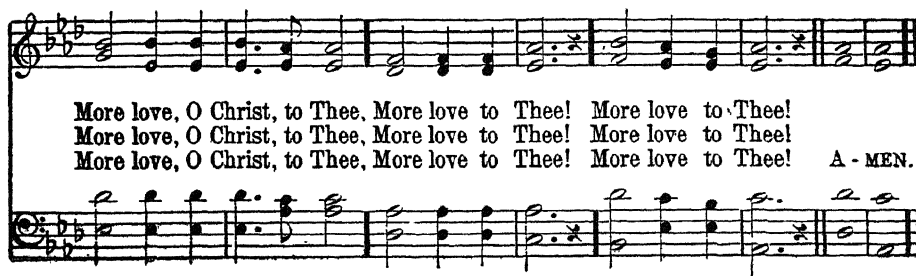
W. H. Doane.



1. More love 'to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
 2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
 3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise; This be the



prayer I make, On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea,
 lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,
 part - ing cry My heart shall raise, This still its prayer shall be,



More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
 More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
 More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee! A - MEN.

323

To See His Face

T. O. Chisholm.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

DUET. Soprano and Alto.

1. To see His face, my Sav-ior's face, Who hath re-deemed me by His
 2. To see His face, His bless-ed face, Who bore my sins, who took my
 3. To see the face, of Christ my Lord! Oh! dear as-sur-ance of His
 4. To see His face, this is my goal: The deep-est long-ing of my

grace! That vi-sion will my heart re-pay For all the
 place; What-ev-er joys heav'n holds for me, The great-est,
 word; That He for me pre-pares a place Where, some day,
 soul; Thro' storm and stress my path I'll trace Till, sat-is-

REFRAIN.

pain of life's rough way.
 this will sure-ly be. 'Tis this which most the thought of heav'n en-
 I shall see His face!
 fied, I see His face!

dears, Of this I dream, and smiles break through my
 of heav'n en-dears,

tears, For this I wait, through all my pil-grim
 break through my tears,

THE CHRISTIAN—LOVE AND GRATITUDE

rit.



years, To see His face, To see His face! A - MEN.
my pil - grim years,

324

My Jesus, I Love Thee

(MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE. 11, 11, 11, 11.)

Anonymous.

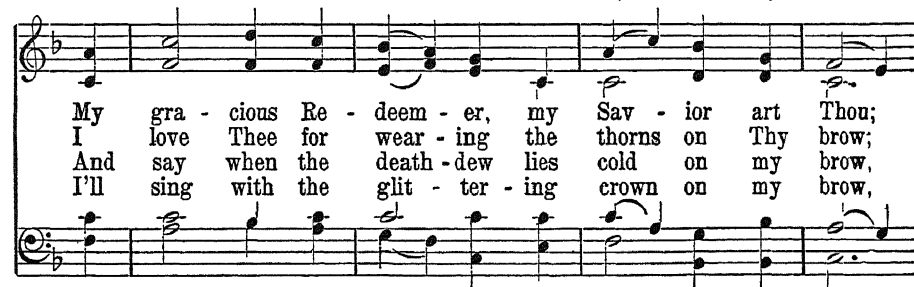
Adoniram J. Gordon, 1836-1895.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry, and end - less de - light,



For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;



My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou;
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;
And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,



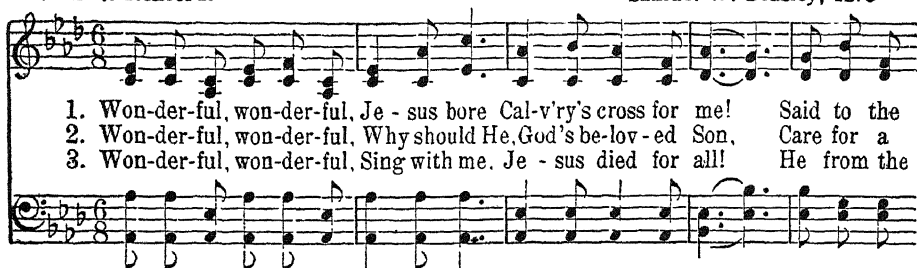
If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. A - MEN.

325

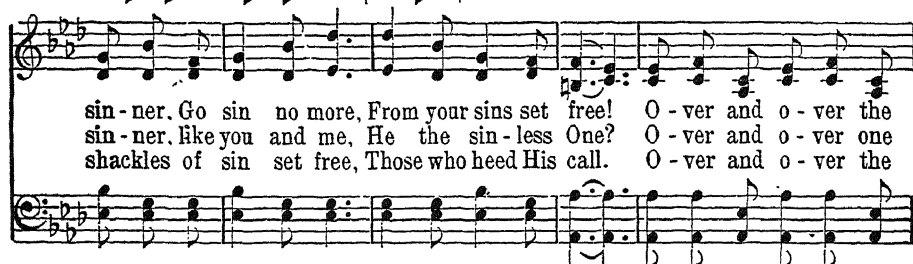
The Song of Wonderful Love

Eben E. Rexford.

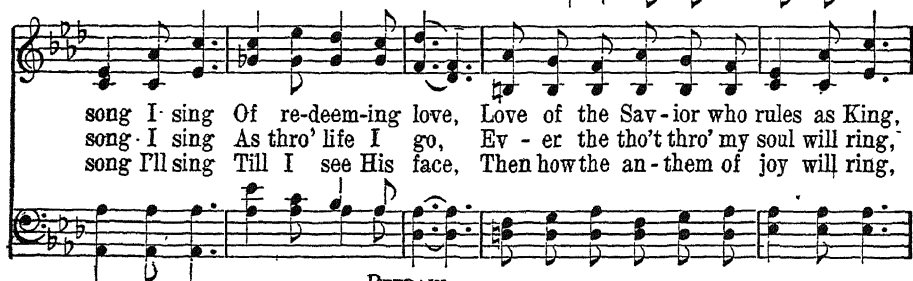
Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, Je - sus bore Cal-v'ry's cross for me! Said to the
 2. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, Why should He, God's be-lov-ed Son, Care for a
 3. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, Sing with me, Je - sus died for all! He from the



sin-ner. Go sin no more, From your sins set free! O - ver and o - ver the
 sin-ner, like you and me, He the sin-less One? O - ver and o - ver one
 shackles of sin set free, Those who heed His call. O - ver and o - ver the

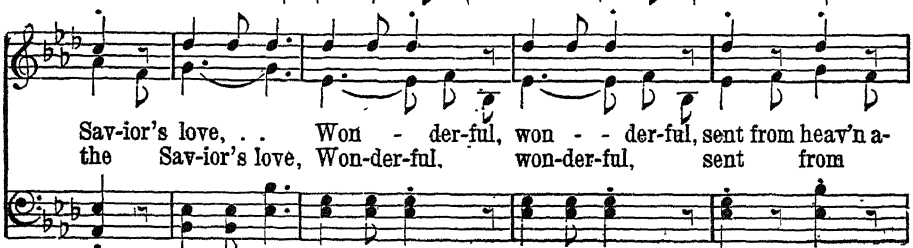


song I sing Of re-deem-ing love, Love of the Sav-ior who rules as King,
 song I sing As thro' life I go, Ev - er the tho't thro' my soul will ring,
 song I'll sing Till I see His face, Then how the an-them of joy will ring,

REFRAIN.

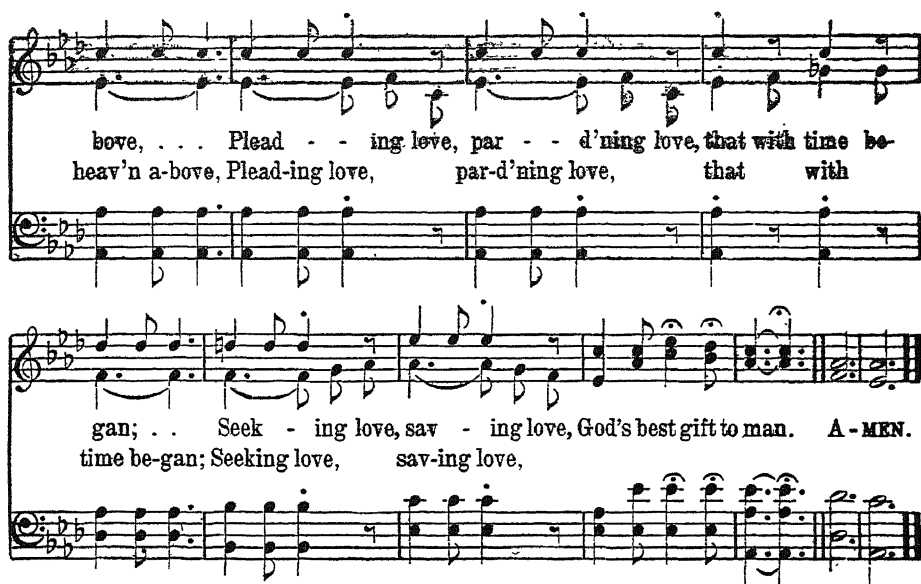


In the realms a - bove. Won - - der-ful, won - - der-ful is the
 Je - sus loved me so.
 Saved, O saved by grace. Won-der-ful, won-der-ful is



Sav-ior's love, . . . Won - der-ful, won - - der-ful, sent from heav'n a -
 the Sav-ior's love, Won-der-ful, won-der-ful, sent from

THE CHRISTIAN—LOVE AND GRATITUDE



bove, . . . Plead - - ing love, par - - d'ning love, that with time be-
heav'n a-bove, Plead-ing love, par-d'ning love, that with

gan; . . Seek - ing love, sav - ing love, God's best gift to man. A - MEN.
time be-gan; Seeking love, sav-ing love,

326

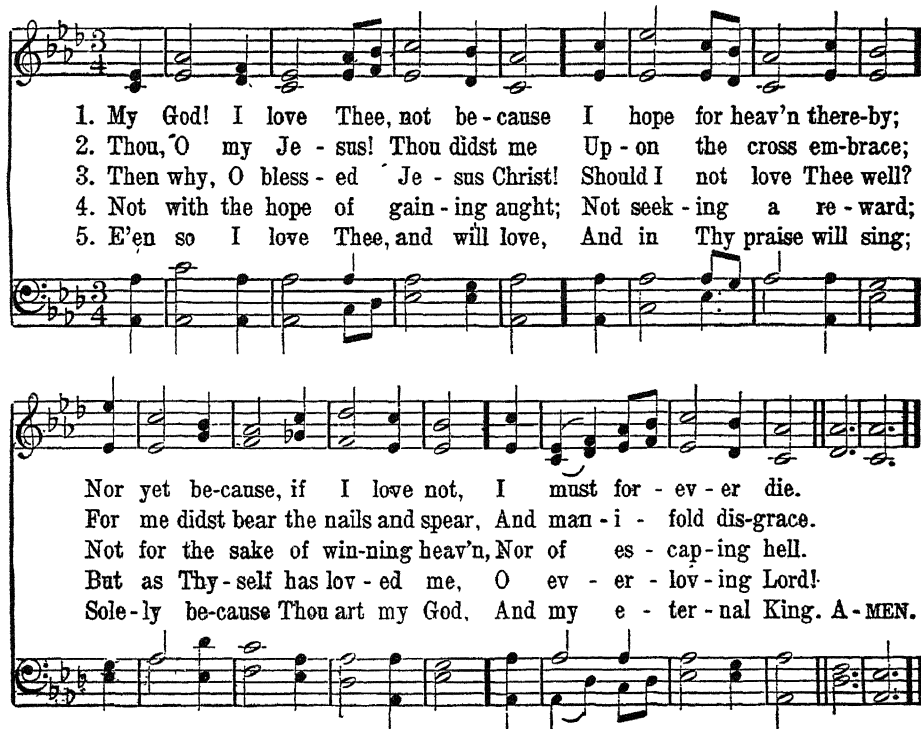
My God, I Love Thee

Frances Xavier, 1652.

(AVON. C. M.)

Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1849.

Hugh Wilson, 1768.



1. My God! I love Thee, not be-cause I hope for heav'n there-by;
2. Thou, O my Je - sus! Thou didst me Up - on the cross em-brace;
3. Then why, O bless - ed Je - sus Christ! Should I not love Thee well?
4. Not with the hope of gain - ing aught; Not seek - ing a re - ward;
5. E'en so I love Thee, and will love, And in Thy praise will sing;

Nor yet be-cause, if I love not, I must for - ev - er die.
For me didst bear the nails and spear, And man - i - fold dis-grace.
Not for the sake of win-ning heav'n, Nor of es - cap-ing hell.
But as Thy-self has lov - ed me, O ev - er - lov-ing Lord!
Sole-ly be-cause Thou art my God, And my e - ter - nal King. A - MEN.

THE CHRISTIAN—LOVE AND GRATITUDE

327

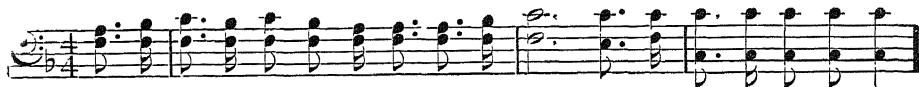
I Never Can Forget

Frank E. Graeff.

C Austin Miles.



1. There is One who loved me tru-ly, and so well, That He came from heav'n for me,
2. There is One who bore my bur-den, O so great! Bore the shame of sin for me,
3. There is One who bought my pardon, full and free, Paid the price of sin for me,
4. There is One I love more dearly than all else, For He gave His life for me.



Died for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
 All for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
 E'en for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
 Yes, for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.

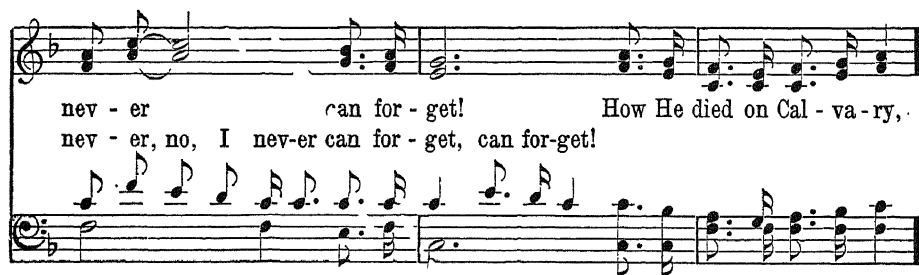


REFRAIN.



O I nev-er can for-get! O I
 O I nev-er, no, I nev-er, O I nev-er can for-get! O I

O I nev - - - er can for - get! O I



nev-er can for-get! How He died on Cal - va - ry,
 nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get, can for-get!

nev - - - er can for - get!

Copyright, 1916, by Hall-Mack Co.

THE CHRISTIAN—LOVE AND GRATITUDE

How He died to set me free, O I nev - er can for - get! A-MEN.
O I nev - er, no, I nev - er can for - get!

O I nev - - - er can for - get!

328 Savior, Thy Dying Love Thou Gavest Me

(SOMETHING FOR JESUS. 6s, 4s.)

S. D. Phelps, 1862.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I aught with - hold,
2. Give me a faith - ful heart—Like - ness to Thee—That each de - part - ing day
3. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free— In joy, in grief, thro' life,

Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow, My heart ful -
Hence - forth may see Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of
Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see, My ran - somed

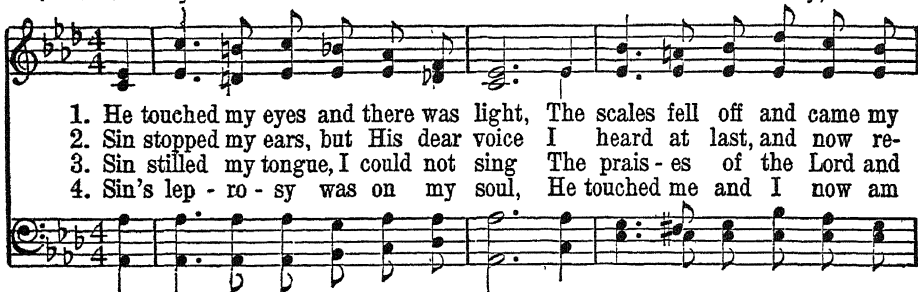
fill its vow, Some of - f'ring bring Thee now, Some - thing for Thee.
kind - ness done, Some wan - d'r'er sought and won, Some - thing for Thee.
soul shall be, Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Some - thing for Thee. A-MEN.

329

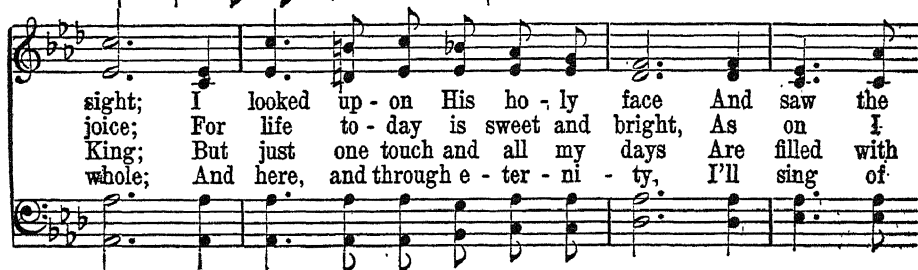
One Touch of His Hand

Esma G. Denby.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. He touched my eyes and there was light, The scales fell off and came my
 2. Sin stopped my ears, but His dear voice I heard at last, and now re-
 3. Sin stilled my tongue, I could not sing The prais-es of the Lord and
 4. Sin's lep - ro - sy was on my soul, He touched me and I now am

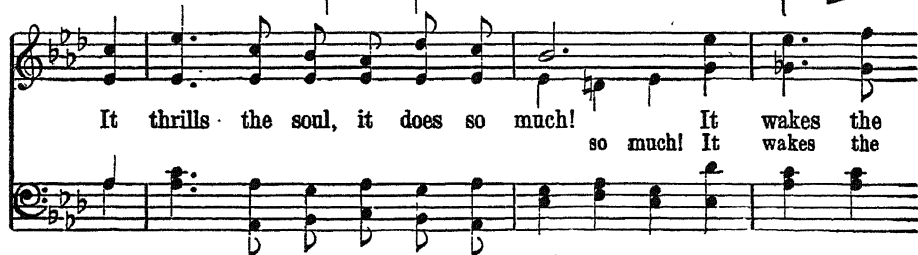


sight; I looked up - on His ho - ly face And saw the
 joice; For life to - day is sweet and bright, As on I
 King; But just one touch and all my days Are filled with
 whole; And here, and through e - ter - ni - ty, I'll sing of

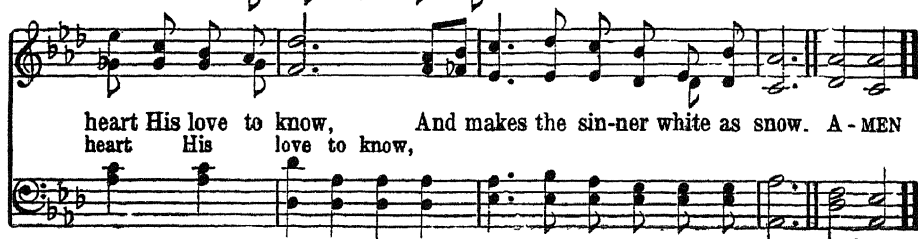
REFRAIN.



won - ders of His grace.
 go in love's pure light. His touch, His lov - ing, ho - ly touch!
 grate - ful, joy - ous praise.
 His great love for me. His touch, His lov - - ing, ho - ly touch!



It thrills the soul, it does so much! It wakes the
 so much! It wakes the



heart His love to know, And makes the sin-ner white as snow. A - MEN
 heart His love to know,

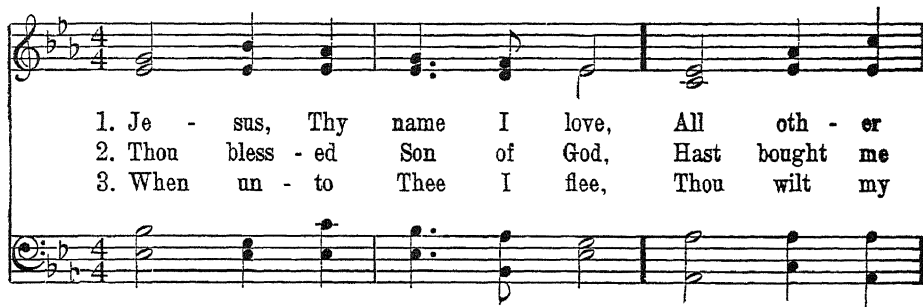
330

Jesus, Thy Name I Love

(JESUS, THY NAME I LOVE. 6s, 4s.)

J. G. Deck, 1853.

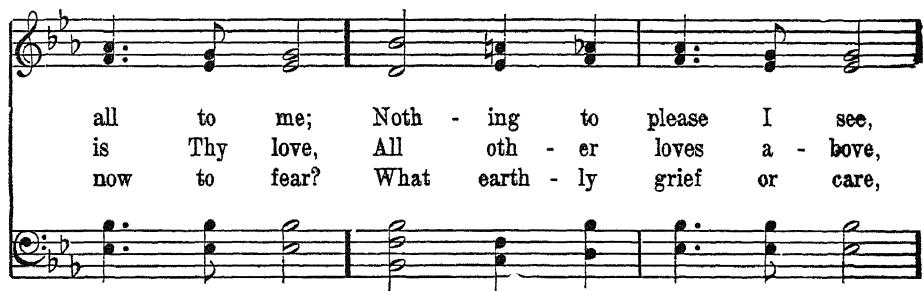
W. H. Doane.



1. Je - sus, Thy name I love, All oth - er
 2. Thou bless - ed Son of God, Hast bought me
 3. When un - to Thee I flee, Thou wilt my



names a - bove, Je - sus, my Lord. O. Thou art
 with Thy blood, Je - sus, my Lord. O, won - drous
 ref - uge be, Je - sus, my Lord. What need I



all to me; Noth - ing to please I see,
 is Thy love, All oth - er loves a - bove,
 now to fear? What earth - ly grief or care,




Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord.
 Love that I dai - ly prove, Je - sus, my Lord.
 Since Thou art ev - er near? Je - sus, my Lord. A - MEN.

331 There is a Name I Love to Hear

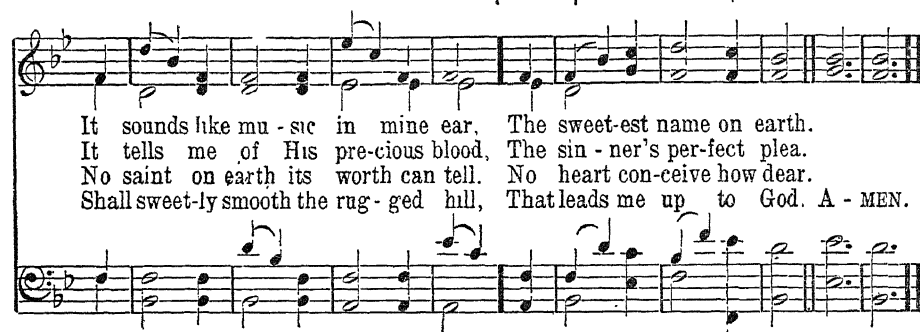
Frederick Whitfield, 1859.

(GEER C. M.)

H. W. Greatorex, 1811-1858.



1. There is a name I love to hear. I love to sing its worth;
 2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love. Who died to set me free;
 3. Je - sus, the name I love so well. The name I love to hear!
 4. This name shall shed its fra-grance still A - long this thorn - y road;



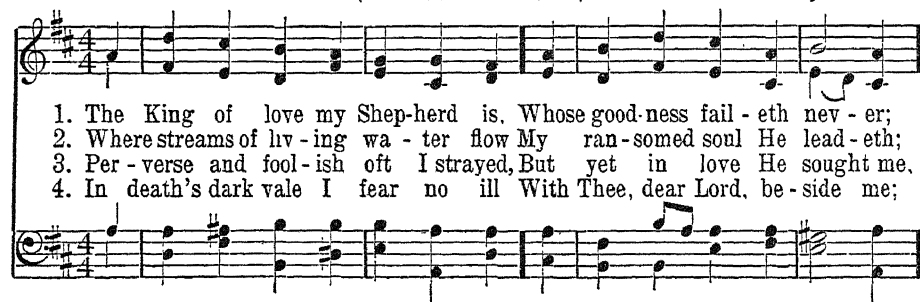
It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear. The sweet-est name on earth.
 It tells me of His pre-cious blood, The sin - ner's per-fect plea.
 No saint on earth its worth can tell. No heart con-ceive how dear.
 Shall sweet-ly smooth the rug - ged hill, That leads me up to God. A - MEN.

332 The King of Love My Shepherd Is

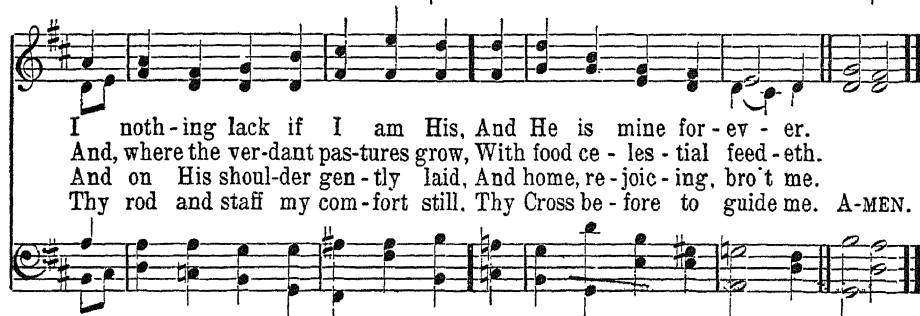
W. H. Baker.

(GRACELAND. 8s. 7s.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail - eth nev - er;
 2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow My ran-somed soul He lead-eth;
 3. Per - verse and fool - ish oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,
 4. In death's dark vale I fear no ill With Thee, dear Lord, be - side me;



I noth-ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
 And, where the ver-dant pas-tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed-eth.
 And on His shoul-der gen - tly laid, And home, re-joic-ing, bro't me.
 Thy rod and staff my com-fort still. Thy Cross be - fore to guide me. A-MEN.

333


I Saw a Wayworn Traveler

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give you."—NUM. 10: 29.



J. B. M.

(DELIVERANCE WILL COME.)

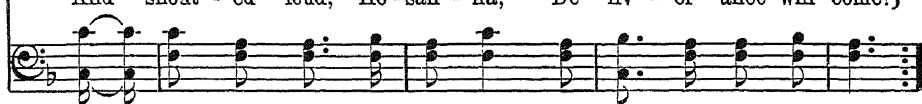
Rev. Jno. B. Matthias.




1. { I saw a way-worn trav-'ler In tat-tered gar-ments clad,
 { His back was la-den heav-y, His strength was al-most gone,
 2. { The sum-mer sun was shin-ing, The sweat was on his brow,
 { But he kept press-ing on-ward, For he was wend-ing home;
 3. { The song-sters in the ar-bor, That stood be-side the way,
 { His watch-word be-ing "On-ward!" He stopped his ears and ran,
 4. { I saw him in the eve-ning, The sun was bend-ing low,
 { He saw the gold-en cit-y,— His ev-er-last-ing home,—

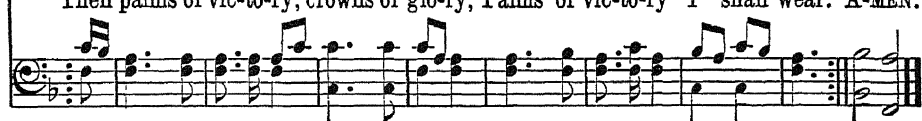
And strug-gling up the moun-tain, It seemed that he was sad; }
 Yet he shout-ed as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come. }
 His gar-ments worn and dust-y, His step seemed ver-y slow: }
 Still shout-ing as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come. }
 At-tract-ed his at-ten-tion, In-vit-ing his de-lay: }
 Still shout-ing as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come. }
 He'd o-ver-topped the moun-tain, And reached the vale be-low: }
 And shout-ed loud, Ho-san-na, De-liv-er-ance will come! }



REFRAIN.



Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall wear. A-MEN.



5 While gazing on that city,
 Just o'er the narrow flood,
 A band of holy angels
 Came from the throne of God:
 They bore him on their pinions
 Safe o'er the dashing foam;
 And joined him in his triumph,—
 Deliverance had come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
 They sang upon that shore,
 Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,
 To suffer nevermore:
 Then, casting his eyes backward
 On the race which he had run,
 He shouted loud, Hosanna,
 Deliverance has come!


334

Never Alone

English.




1. I've seen the light - - ning flash - - ing, And
 2. The world's fierce winds are blow - - - ing Temp-
 3. When in af - flic - - tion's val - - - ley I'm
 4. He died for me on the moun - - tain, For



heard the thun - der roll, . . I've felt sin's break - ers
 ta - tions sharp and keen, . . I feel a peace in
 tread - ing the road of care, . . My Sav - ior helps me to
 me they pierced His side, . . For me He o - pened that




dash - ing, — Try - ing to con - quer my soul; . .
 know - ing My Sav - - ior stands be - tween;
 car - - ry My cross when heav - y to bear, . .
 foun - tain, The crim - - son, cleans - ing tide; . .



I've heard the voice . . of Je - - - sus, —
 He stands to shield me from dan - - - ger, When
 My feet en - tan - gled with bri - - - ars —
 For me He's wait - ing in glo - - - ry, —

THE CHRISTIAN—LOVE AND GRATITUDE



Tell - ing me still to fight on, . . He prom - ised nev - er to
 earth - ly friends are gone, . . He prom - ised nev - er to
 Read - y to cast me down, . . My Sav - ior whis - pers His
 Seat - ed up - on His throne, He prom - ised nev - er to



leave me, — Nev - er to leave me a - lone. . .
 leave me, — Nev - er to leave me a - lone. . .
 prom - ise: "I nev - er will leave thee a - lone." . .
 leave me, — Nev - er to leave me a - lone. . .

REFRAIN.



No, nev - er a - lone, No, [nev - er a -



lone, . . He prom - ised nev - er to leave me,



Nev - er to leave me a - lone. . . A - MEN.

335

His Love is Wonderful

"Thy love to me was wonderful."—2 SAMUEL 1: 26.

T. O. Chisholm.

(CHISHOLM. L. M.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

1. His love is more than all my dreams, A world of light and glad-ness seems.
 2. It sat - is - fies my hun - gry soul, Doth all my life and love con - trol,
 3. Such love no earth - ly friend could prove, More ten - der e'en than moth - er's love;
 4. When roar - ing li - ons would de - vour, He safe - ly keeps me by His pow'r,
 5. I sleep in peace be - neath His care, And when I wak - en He is there,

A land of fruits and flow'rs and streams,—His love to me is won - der - ful!
 My theme while end - less a - ges roll,—His love to me is won - der - ful!
 'Tis high as heav'n the earth a - bove,—His love to me is won - der - ful!
 Sup - ports in ev - 'ry try - ing hour,—His love to me is won - der - ful!
 He's with me al - ways, ev - 'ry - where! His love to me is won - der - ful!

REFRAIN.

His love is won - der - ful, His love is won - der - ful, No

CRES.

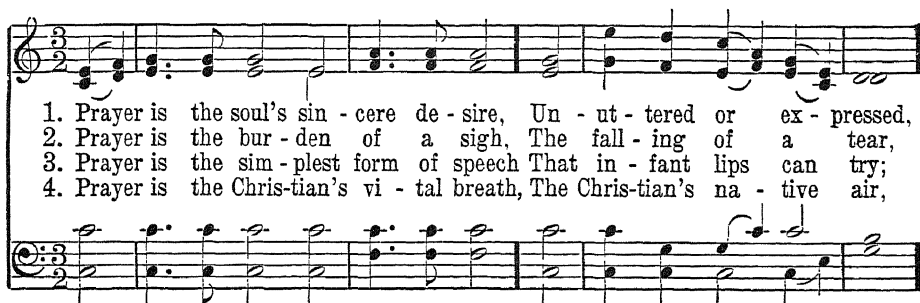
oth - er love so pre - cious can be,—His love is won - der - ful to me. A - MEN.

336 Prayer is the Soul's Sincere Desire

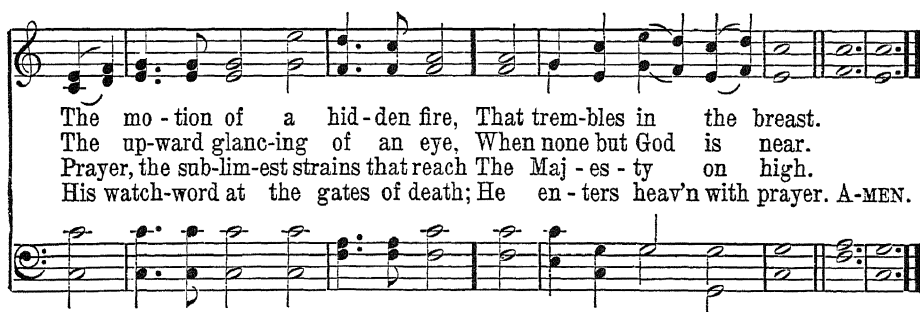
James Montgomery, 1819.

(HEBER. C. M.)

Geo. Kingsley.



1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Un - ut - tered or ex - pressed,
 2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh, The fall - ing of a tear,
 3. Prayer is the sim - plest form of speech That in - fant lips can try;
 4. Prayer is the Chris - tian's vi - tal breath, The Chris - tian's na - tive air,



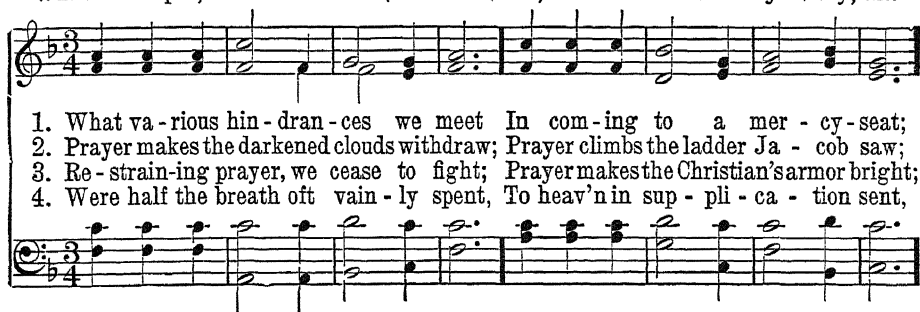
The mo - tion of a hid - den fire, That trem - bles in the breast.
 The up - ward glanc - ing of an eye, When none but God is near.
 Prayer, the sub - lim - est strains that reach The Maj - es - ty on high.
 His watch - word at the gates of death; He en - ters heav'n with prayer. A - MEN.

337 What Various Hindrances We Meet

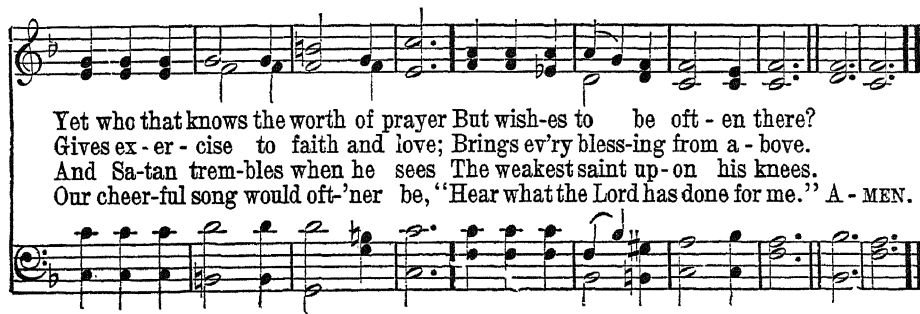
William Cowper, 1779.

(VENN. L. M.)

Sir G. J. Elvey, alt.



1. What va - rious hin - dran - ces we meet In com - ing to a mer - cy - seat;
 2. Prayer makes the darkened clouds withdraw; Prayer climbs the ladder Ja - cob saw;
 3. Re - strain - ing prayer, we cease to fight; Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright;
 4. Were half the breath oft vain - ly spent, To heav'n in sup - pli - ca - tion sent,



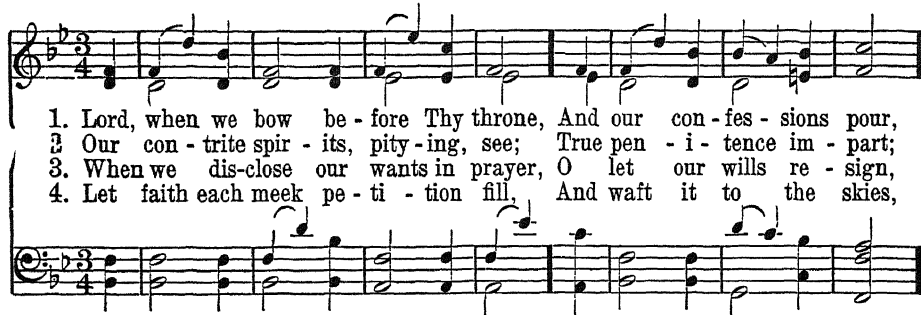
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer But wish - es to be oft - en there?
 Gives ex - er - cise to faith and love; Brings ev'ry bless - ing from a - bove.
 And Sa - tan trem - bles when he sees The weakest saint up - on his knees.
 Our cheer - ful song would oft - 'ner be, "Hear what the Lord has done for me." A - MEN.

338 Lord, When We Bow Before Thy Throne

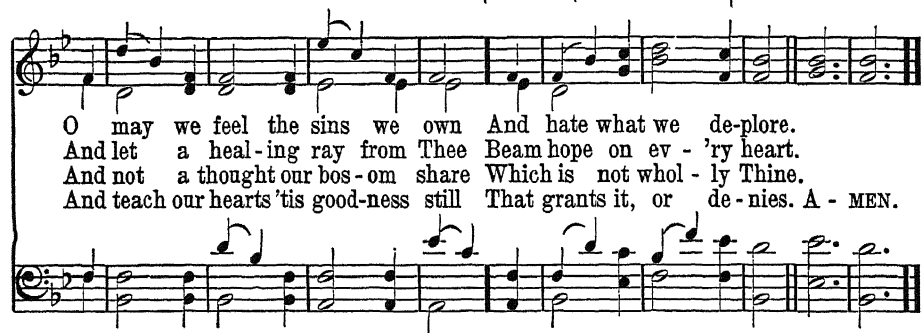
Joseph D. Carlyle, 1805.

(GEER. L. M.)

H. W. Greatorex, 1811-1858.



1. Lord, when we bow be - fore Thy throne, And our con - fes - sions pour,
 2 Our con - trite spir - its, pity - ing, see; True pen - i - tence im - part;
 3. When we dis - close our wants in prayer, O let our wills re - sign,
 4. Let faith each meek pe - ti - tion fill, And waft it to the skies,



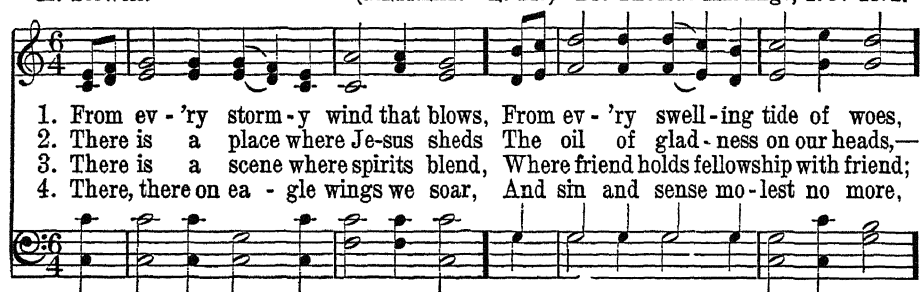
O may we feel the sins we own And hate what we de - plore.
 And let a heal - ing ray from Thee Beam hope on ev - 'ry heart.
 And not a thought our bos - om share Which is not whol - ly Thine.
 And teach our hearts 'tis good - ness still That grants it, or de - nies. A - MEN.

339 From Every Stormy Wind That Blows

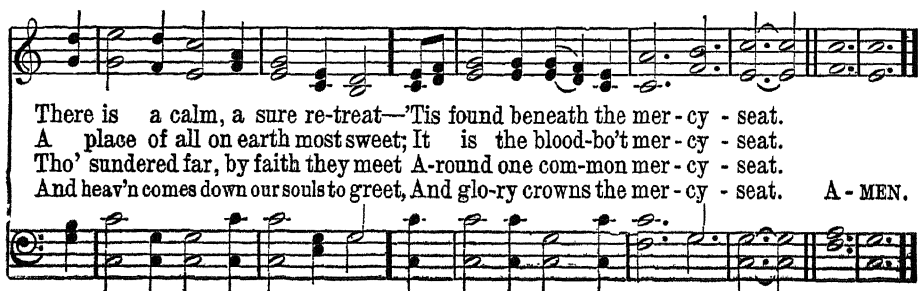
[First Tune]

H. Stowell.

(RETREAT. L. M.) Dr. Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872.



1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads,—
 3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
 4. There, there on ea - gle wings we soar, And sin and sense mo - lest no more,



There is a calm, a sure re - treat—'Tis found beneath the mer - cy - seat.
 A place of all on earth most sweet; It is the blood - bo't mer - cy - seat.
 Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy - seat.
 And heav'n comes down our souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy - seat. A - MEN.

340 From Every Stormy Wind That Blows

H. Stowell.

[Second Tune]

S. Wilder.

SOLO OBLIGATO. Soprano.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows. From ev - 'ry
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of

3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds
 4. There, there, on ea - gle wings we soar, And sense and
 5. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be

swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
 glad - ness on our heads, A place, than all be-

fel - low - ship with friend; Though sun - dered far, by
 sin - mo - lest no more, And heav'n comes down our
 si - lent, cold and still, This bound - ing heart for

sure re - treat; 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy-seat.
 sides, more sweet; It is the blood-bought mer - cy-seat. A - MEN.

faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy-seat.
 souls to greet, And glo - ry crowns the mer - cy-seat!
 get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy-seat! A - MEN.

341

Sweet Hour of Prayer!

(SWEET HOUR. L. M. D.)

W. W. Walford, 1846.

W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1863.

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a world of care,
 2. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
 3. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! May I thy con - so - la - tion share;

And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish-es known;
 To Him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless;
 Till from Mount Pis-gah's loft - y height, I view my home, and take my flight:

In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
 And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word and trust His grace,
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;


And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
 I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
 And shout, while passing thro' the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer. A-MEN.

342 What a Friend We Have in Jesus

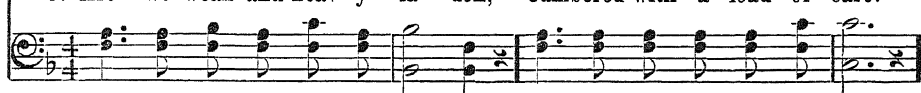

Joseph Scriven, 1855.

(WHAT A FRIEND. 8s, 7s. D.)



C. C. Converse.





1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
 2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y-where?
 3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?

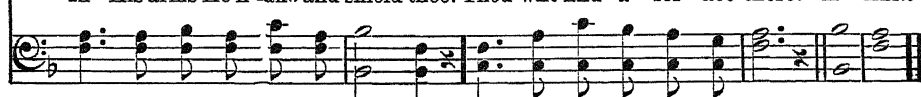
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.

O, what peace we oft - en for - feit, O, what need-less pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor-rows share?
 Do thy friends de-spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee: Thou wilt find a sol - ace there. A - MEN.



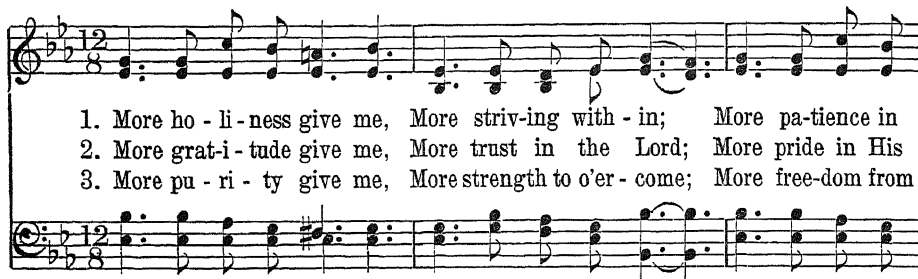
343

More Holiness Give Me

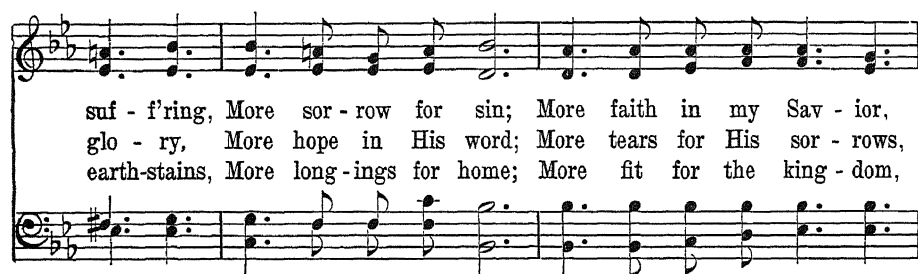
P. P. B.

(MY PRAYER.)

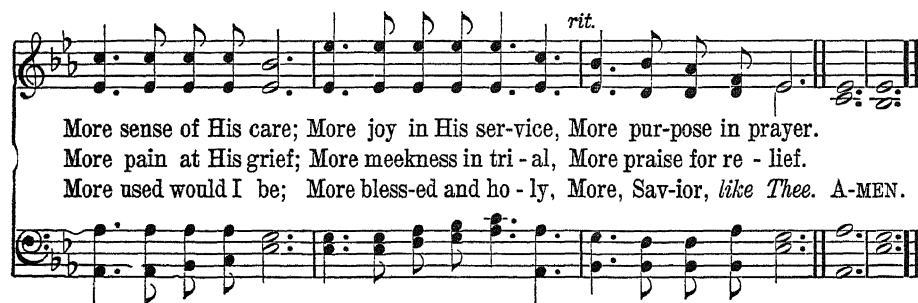
P. P. Bliss.



1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv - ing with - in; More pa - tience in
 2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord; More pride in His
 3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er - come; More free - dom from



suf - f'ring, More sor - row for sin; More faith in my Sav - ior,
 glo - ry, More hope in His word; More tears for His sor - rows,
 earth - stains, More long - ings for home; More fit for the king - dom,



More sense of His care; More joy in His ser - vice, More pur - pose in prayer.
 More pain at His grief; More meekness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.
 More used would I be; More bless - ed and ho - ly, More, Sav - ior, like Thee. A - MEN.

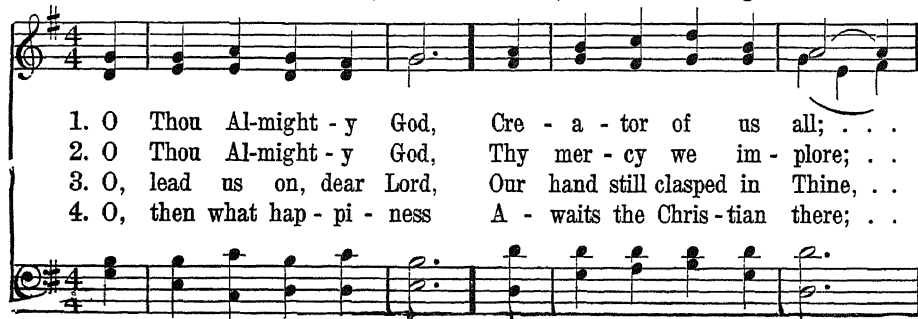
344

O Thou Almighty God

W. A. A.

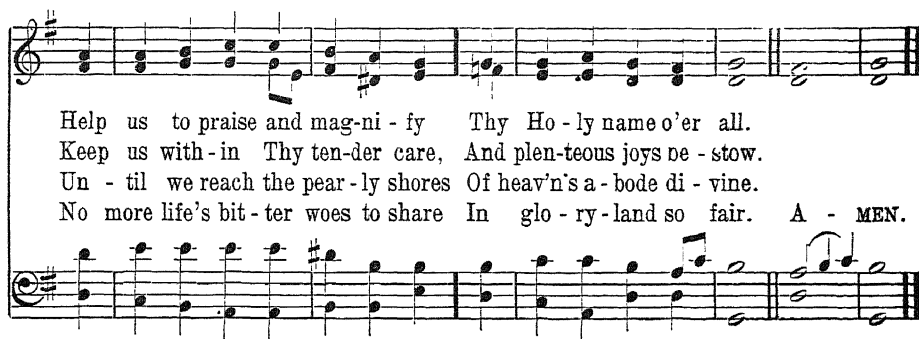
(PETITION. S. M.)

Wellington A. Adams.



1. O Thou Al - might - y God, Cre - a - tor of us all; . . .
 2. O Thou Al - might - y God, Thy mer - cy we im - plore; . .
 3. O, lead us on, dear Lord, Our hand still clasped in Thine, . .
 4. O, then what hap - pi - ness A - waits the Chris - tian there; . .

THE CHRISTIAN—PENITENCE AND PRAYER



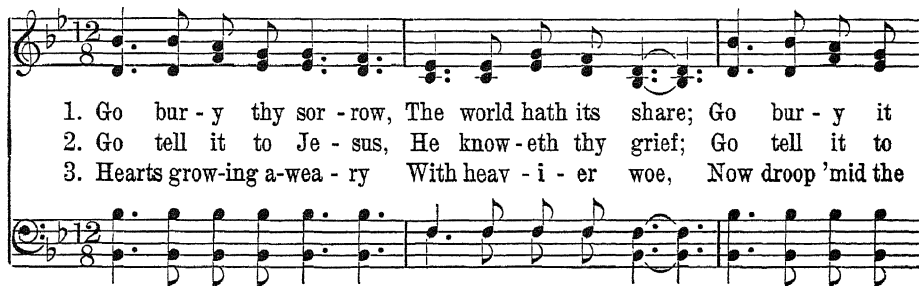
Help us to praise and mag-ni - fy Thy Ho - ly name o'er all.
 Keep us with-in Thy ten-der care, And plen-teous joys be - stow.
 Un - til we reach the pear - ly shores Of heav'n's a - bode di - vine.
 No more life's bit - ter woes to share In glo - ry - land so fair. A - MEN.

345 Go Bury Thy Sorrow

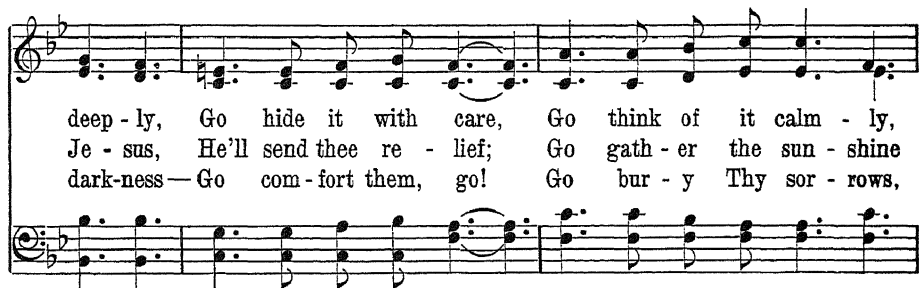
"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISAIAH 35: 10.

Mary A. Bachelor.

P. P. Bliss, by per.



1. Go bur - y thy sor - row, The world hath its share; Go bur - y it
 2. Go tell it to Je - sus, He know - eth thy grief; Go tell it to
 3. Hearts grow-ing a-wea - ry With heav - i - er woe, Now droop 'mid the



deep - ly, Go hide it with care, Go think of it calm - ly,
 Je - sus, He'll send thee re - lief; Go gath - er the sun - shine
 dark-ness—Go com - fort them, go! Go bur - y Thy sor - rows,



rit.
 When curtained by night, Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.
 He sheds on the way; He'll lighten thy burden, Go, wea - ry one, pray.
 Let oth - ers be blest; Go give them the sunshine; Tell Je - sus the rest. A - MEN.


346 The Lord Will Work Wonders To-day

G. P. Hott.

M. W. Street.




1. Have cour - age, my broth - er, to trust Him, Though le - gions a -
 2. The halt and the blind shall have heal - ing, The sin - bur - dened
 3. The na - tions of earth He will gath - er, His king - dom tri -



gainst you ar - ray, Be strong in His might and you'll con - quer,
 soul He'll re - lieve, And won - der - ful peace shall be giv - en,
 um - phant shall be, The bond - age of sin shall be bro - ken,


REFRAIN.



The Lord will work won - ders to - day.
 If on - ly on Him we'll be - lieve. The Lord will work won - ders in
 At home and far o - ver the sea.



Zi - on, If on - ly His chil - dren will pray; Be strong and re -



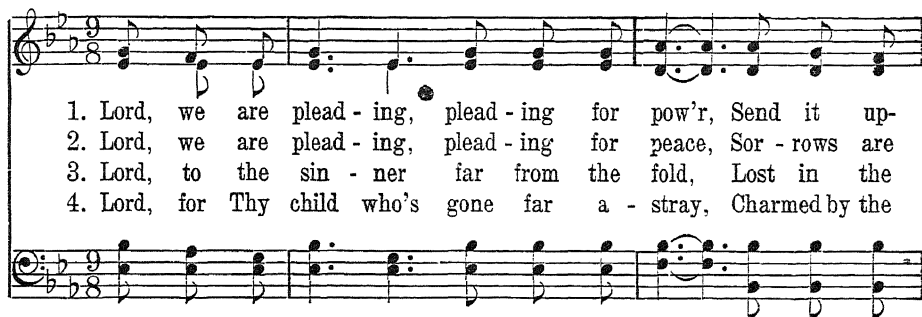
lax not your cour - age, The Lord will work won - ders to - day. A - MEN.

347

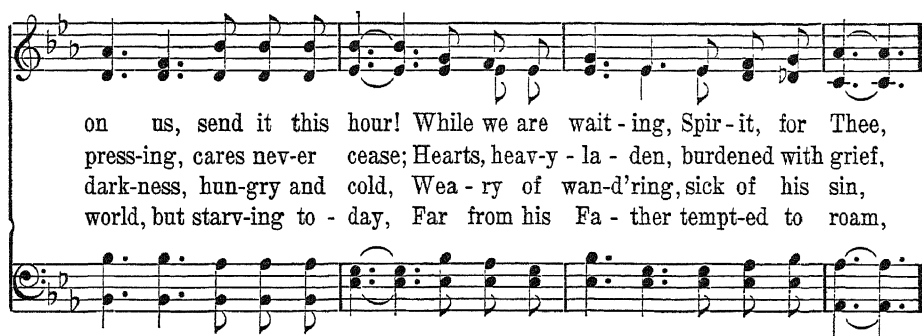
Answer Us Now

A. W. S.

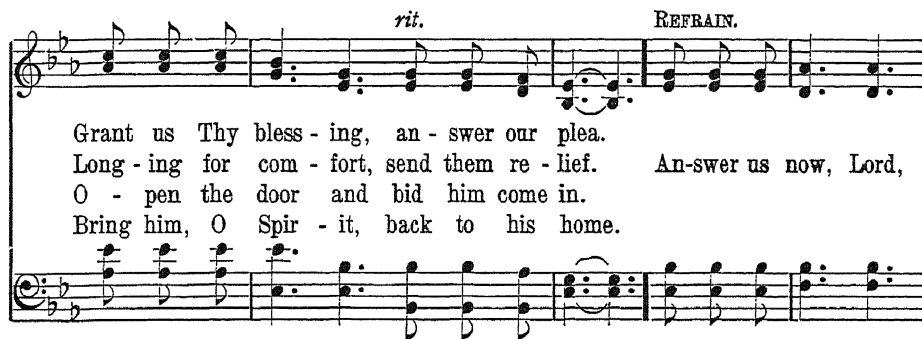
Arthur Willis Spooner.



1. Lord, we are plead - ing, plead - ing for pow'r, Send it up -
 2. Lord, we are plead - ing, plead - ing for peace, Sor - rows are
 3. Lord, to the sin - ner far from the fold, Lost in the
 4. Lord, for Thy child who's gone far a - stray, Charmed by the



on us, send it this hour! While we are wait - ing, Spir - it, for Thee,
 press - ing, cares nev - er cease; Hearts, heav - y - la - den, burdened with grief,
 dark - ness, hun - gry and cold, Wea - ry of wan - d'ring, sick of his sin,
 world, but starv - ing to - day, Far from his Fa - ther tempt - ed to roam,



rit. REFRAIN.
 Grant us Thy bless - ing, an - swer our plea.
 Long - ing for com - fort, send them re - lief. An - swer us now, Lord,
 O - pen the door and bid him come in.
 Bring him, O Spir - it, back to his home.



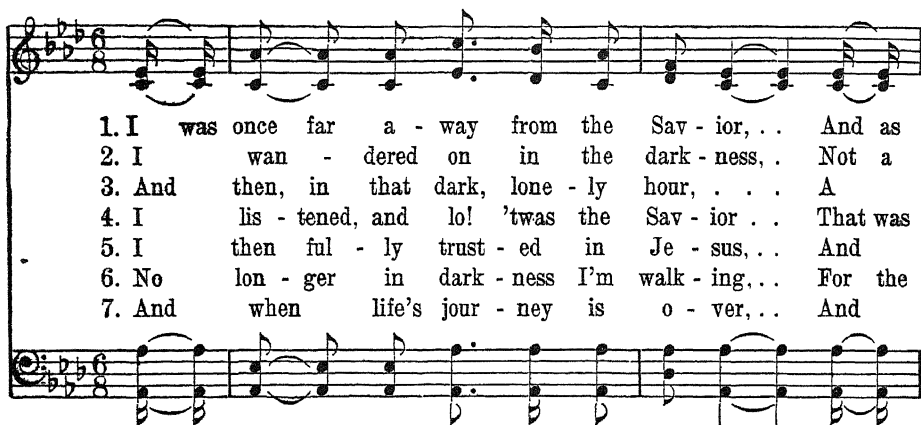
rit.
 an - swer us now; Lord, we are wait - ing, an - swer us now. A - MEN.

348

A Sinner Like Me

Charles J. Butler.

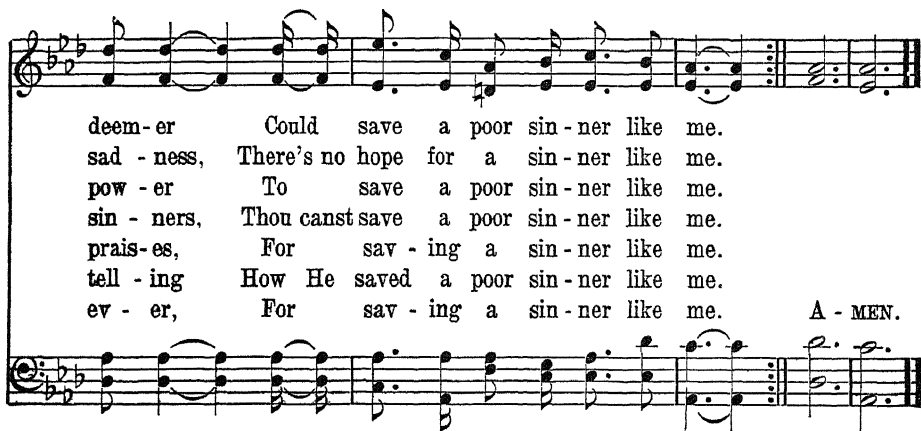
C. J. Butler.



1. I was once far a - way from the Sav - ior, . . And as
 2. I wan - dered on in the dark - ness, . Not a
 3. And then, in that dark, lone - ly hour, . . . A
 4. I lis - tened, and lo! 'twas the Sav - ior . . That was
 5. I then ful - ly trust - ed in Je - sus, . . And
 6. No lon - ger in dark - ness I'm walk - ing, . . For the
 7. And when life's jour - ney is o - ver, . . And



vile as a sin - ner could be; I won - dered if Christ the Re -
 ray of light could I see, And the tho't filled my heart with
 voice whispered sweet - ly to me, Say - ing, Christ the Re - deem - er has
 speak - ing so kind - ly to me; I cried, I'm the chief of
 O what a joy came to me! My heart was filled with His
 light is now shin - ing on me, And now un - to oth - ers I'm
 I the dear Sav - ior shall see, I'll praise Him for - ev - er and



deem - er Could save a poor sin - ner like me.
 sad - ness, There's no hope for a sin - ner like me.
 pow - er To save a poor sin - ner like me.
 sin - ners, Thou canst save a poor sin - ner like me.
 prais - es, For sav - ing a sin - ner like me.
 tell - ing How He saved a poor sin - ner like me.
 ev - er, For sav - ing a sin - ner like me. A - MEN.

349

Jesus, My Lord, to Thee I Cry

(TAKE ME AS I AM.)

Eliza H. Hamilton.

Ira D. Sankey.



1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un-less Thou help me I must die:
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt; But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best re-solves I on - ly break,
4. Be - hold me, Sav - ior, at Thy feet, Deal with me as Thou se - est meet;



Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
 And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, And take me as I am.
 Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.
 Thy work be - gin, Thy work com-plete, And take me as I am.



REFRAIN.



And take me as I am, And take me as I am;



My on - ly plea—Christ died for me! Oh, take me as I am. A - MEN.



350

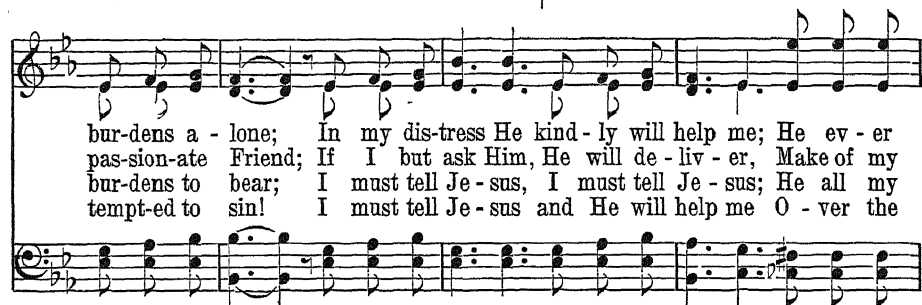
I Must Tell Jesus

E. A. H.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub - les; He is a kind, com -
 3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is



bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me; He ev - er
 pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er, Make of my
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus; He all my
 tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus and He will help me O - ver the

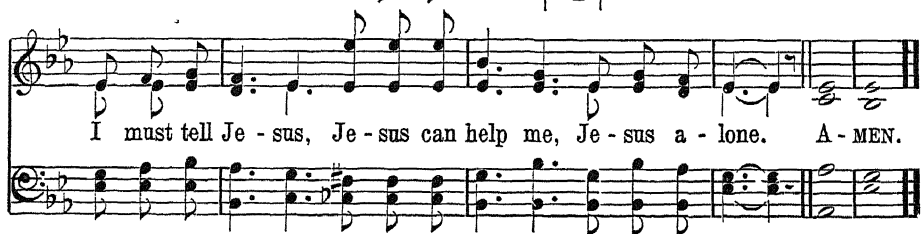
REFRAIN.



loves and cares for His own.
 troubles quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus,
 cares and sor - rows will share.
 world the vic - t'ry to win.



I can - not bear my bur - dens a - lone; I must tell Je - sus,



I must tell Je - sus, Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone. A - MEN.

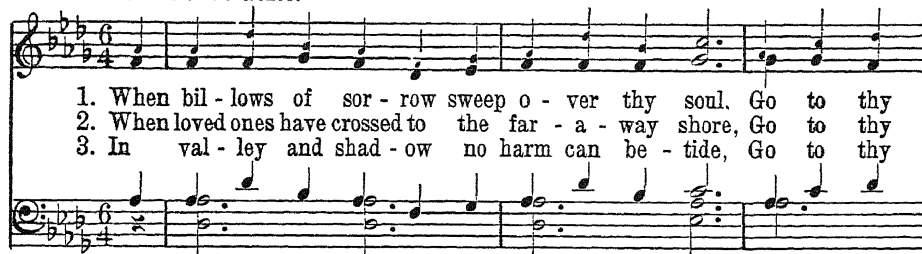
351

Go to Thy Father in Prayer

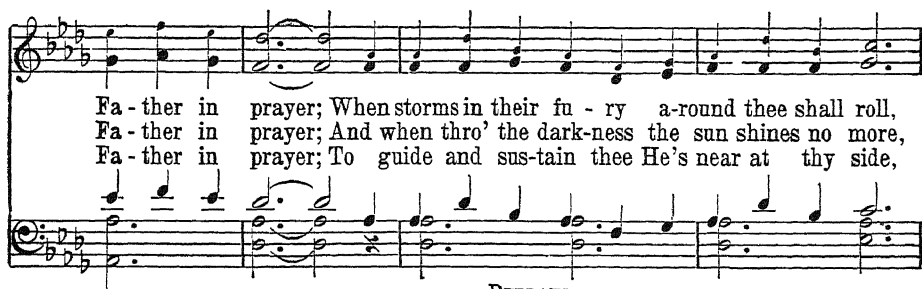
Frona Scott.

Haldor Lillenas.

DUET. Alto and Tenor.

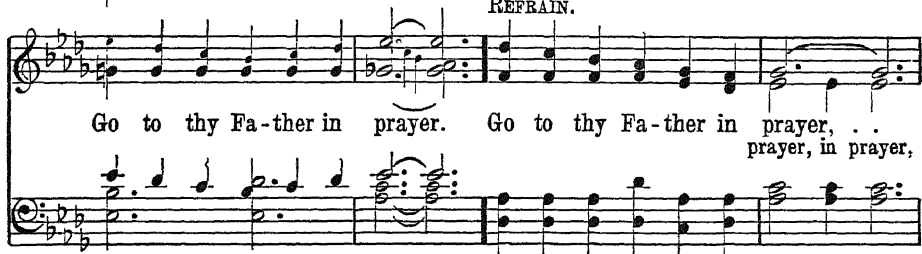


1. When bil - lows of sor - row sweep o - ver thy soul. Go to thy
 2. When loved ones have crossed to the far - a - way shore, Go to thy
 3. In val - ley and shad - ow no harm can be - tide, Go to thy



Fa - ther in prayer; When storms in their fu - ry a - round thee shall roll,
 Fa - ther in prayer; And when thro' the dark - ness the sun shines no more,
 Fa - ther in prayer; To guide and sus - tain thee He's near at thy side,

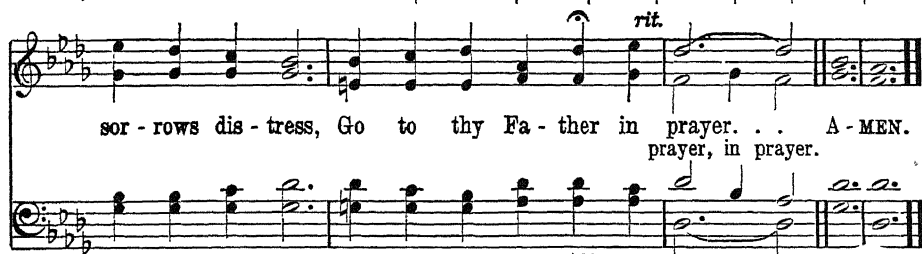
REFRAIN.



Go to thy Fa - ther in prayer. Go to thy Fa - ther in prayer, . .
 prayer, in prayer,



He will thy bur - dens bear; . . . When cares op - press and
 bur - dens bear;

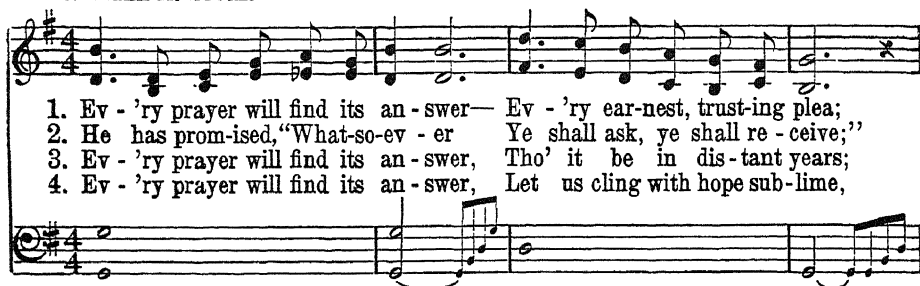


sor - rows dis - tress, Go to thy Fa - ther in prayer. . . A - MEN.
 prayer, in prayer.

352 Every Prayer Will Find Its Answer

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

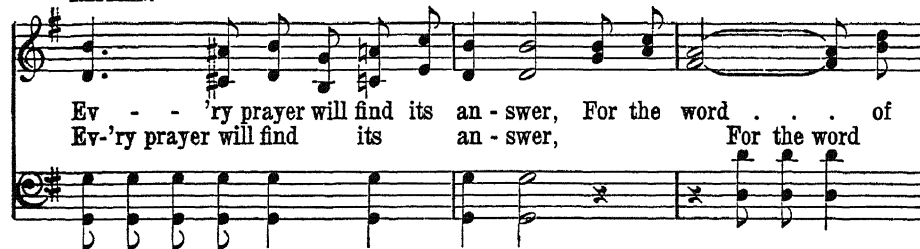


1. Ev - 'ry prayer will find its an - swer— Ev - 'ry ear-nest, trust-ing plea;
 2. He has prom-ised, "What-so-ev - er Ye shall ask, ye shall re - ceive;"
 3. Ev - 'ry prayer will find its an - swer, Tho' it be in dis - tant years;
 4. Ev - 'ry prayer will find its an - swer, Let us cling with hope sub-lime,




Pray, and know that God is faith - ful, Though the world un - faith-ful be!
 Naught shall fail of blest ful - fill - ment, If we stead-fast-ly be-lieve.
 Past our earth-ly time of test - ing, Past our plead-ing and our tears.
 To the prom-ise ev - er - last - ing, Reach-ing past the bounds of time.

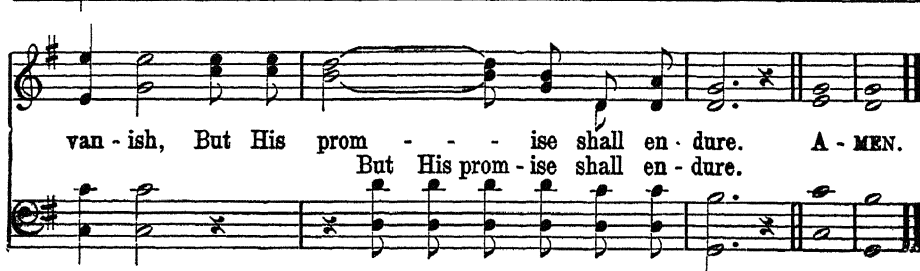
REFRAIN.



Ev - - 'ry prayer will find its an - swer, For the word . . . of
 Ev-'ry prayer will find its an - swer, For the word



God is sure; Suns may fade . . . and worlds may
 of God is sure; Suns may fade

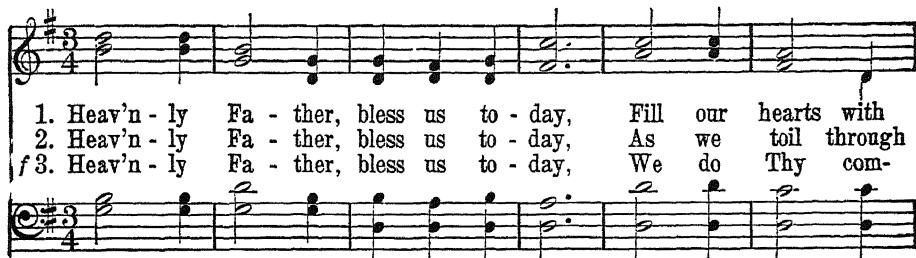


van - ish, But His prom - - - ise shall en - dure. A - MEN.
 But His prom - ise shall en - dure.

353 Heavenly Father, Bless Us To-day

H. S.

Hiram Simmons.



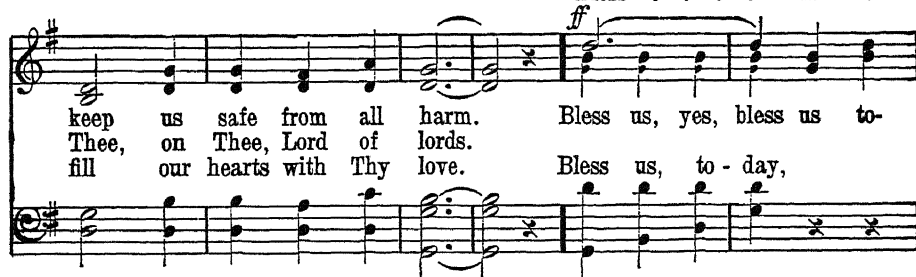
1. Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, bless us to - day, Fill our hearts with
 2. Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, bless us to - day, As we toil through
 3. Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, bless us to - day, We do Thy com-




good things to say, Take us near Thee, in Thy great arms, And
 life's rug - ged way, Hear us, Fa - ther, when Thou we call, On
 mand-ments o - bey, Show's of bless - ings pour from a - bove, And

REFRAIN.

Bless us to-



keep us safe from all harm. Bless us, yes, bless us to-
 Thee, on Thee, Lord of lords. Bless us, to - day,
 fill our hearts with Thy love. Bless us, to - day,



day, Bless us to - day,
 day, to - day, Bless us, yes, bless us to - day, to - day, Heav'n - ly
 Lord, to - day, Bless us to - day, Lord, to - day, Heav'n - ly



Fa - ther, bless us to - day, And fill our hearts with Thy love. A - MEN.

354

A Prayer in One Accord

OPENING SONG

D. W. R.

D. W. Reddick.

O Lord of earth and sky and sea, We've met to - day to wor-ship Thee,

And now we plead Thy prom-ise, Lord, The pow'r Thou giv - eth in Thy Word.

Our prayers as - cend to Thee, O Lord, We
Our prayers as - cend to Thee, O Lord,

pray Thee for the pow'r, . . . Our hearts are all in
pow'r, the pow'r, Our hearts are all

one in one ac - cord, Now bless us in this hour. A - MEN.

355

Thou My Everlasting Portion

Fanny J. Crosby.

(CLOSE TO THEE. 8s, 7s.)

S. J. Vail.



1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me,
2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;



All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
 Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
 Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.



REFRAIN.



Close to Thee, Close to Thee, Close to Thee, Close to Thee; All a -
 Close to Thee, Close to Thee, Close to Thee, Close to Thee; Glad - ly
 Close to Thee, Close to Thee, Close to Thee, Close to Thee; Then the



long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
 will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
 gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee. A - MEN.



356 O For a Heart to Praise My God

[First Tune]

Charles Wesley, 1742.

(Downs. C. M.)

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
 2. O for a heart sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-deem-er's throne,
 3. Thy temp-er, gra-cious Lord, im-part; Come quick-ly from a-bove;

A heart that's sprinkled with the blood So free-ly shed for me.
 Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns a-lone.
 O write Thy name up-on my heart! Thy new, best name of love. A - MEN.

357 Oh, For a Heart to Praise My God

[Second Tune]

C. Wesley, 1742.

(BEATITUDO. C. M.)

J. B. Dykes, 1875.

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free,
 2. A heart re-signed, sub-mis-sive, meek, My dear Re-deem-er's throne,
 3. A hum-ble, low-ly, con-trite heart. Be-liev-ing, true, and clean,
 4. A heart in ev-'ry thought re-newed, And full of love di-vine,
 5. Thy na-ture, gra-cious Lord, im-part; Come quick-ly from a-bove:

A heart that al-ways feels Thy blood So free-ly shed for me.
 Where on-ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Jesus reigns a-lone;
 Which neither life nor death can part From Him that dwells within;
 Per-fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop-y, Lord, of Thine.
 Write Thy new name up-on my heart, Thy new, best name of Love. A - MEN.

358 Father, Whate'er of Earthly Bliss

Anne Steele, 1760.

(NAOMI. C. M.)

Arr. by L. Mason, 1836.

1. Fa-ther, what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sov'-reign will de - nies,
 2. "Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur-mur free;
 3. "Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at - tend;

Ac-cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:—
 The blessings of Thy grace im-part, And make me live to Thee.
 Thy presence thro' my jour - ney shine, And crown my jour-ney's end." A - MEN.

359 O For a Faith That Will Not Shrink

William H. Bathurst, 1831.

(ORTONVILLE. C. M.)

Dr. T. Hastings, 1784-1872.

1. O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev'ry foe. That will not tremble
 2. That will not murmur nor complain Beneath the chast'ning rod, But, in the hour of
 3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage without, That, when in dan-ger,
 4. Lord, give us such a faith as this, And then, whate'er may come, We'll taste, e'en here, the

on the brink Of an - y earth-ly woe;— Of an - y earth-ly woe;—
 grief or pain, Will lean up-on its God;— Will lean up-on its God;—
 knows no fear, In dark-ness feels no doubt, In darkness feels no doubt.
 hal-lowed bliss Of an e - ter-nal home, Of an e - ter-nal home. A - MEN.

360 O For a Closer Walk With God

William Cowper, 1779.

(AVON. C. M.)

Hugh Wilson, 1768.

1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n - ly frame,
 2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew When first I saw the Lord?
 3. What peaceful hours I then en - joyed! How sweet their mem - 'ry still!
 4. Re - turn, O Ho - ly Dove, re - turn, Sweet Mes - sen - ger of rest;

A light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb!
 Where is the soul - re - fresh - ing view Of Je - sus and His word?
 But they have left an ach - ing void The world can nev - er fill.
 I hate the sins that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast. A - MEN.

361 Jesus, Thou Art the Sinner's Friend

Richard Burnham, 1783.

(SUBMISSION. C. M.)

T. J. Cook, 1826-1876.

1. Je - sus, Thou art the sin - ner's Friend; As such I look to Thee;
 2. Re - mem - ber Thy pure word of grace, Re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry;
 3. Lord, I am guilt - y, I am vile, But Thy sal - va - tion's free;

Now in the full - ness of Thy love, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 Re - mem - ber all Thy dy - ing groans, And then re - mem - ber me.
 Then, in Thine all - a - bound - ing grace, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me. A - MEN.

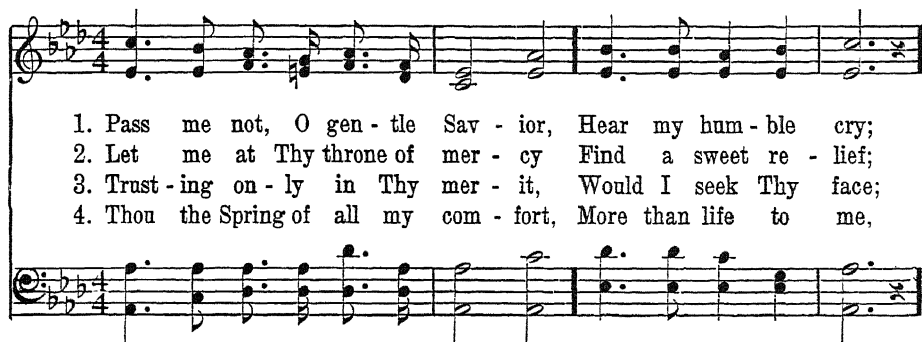
362

Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior

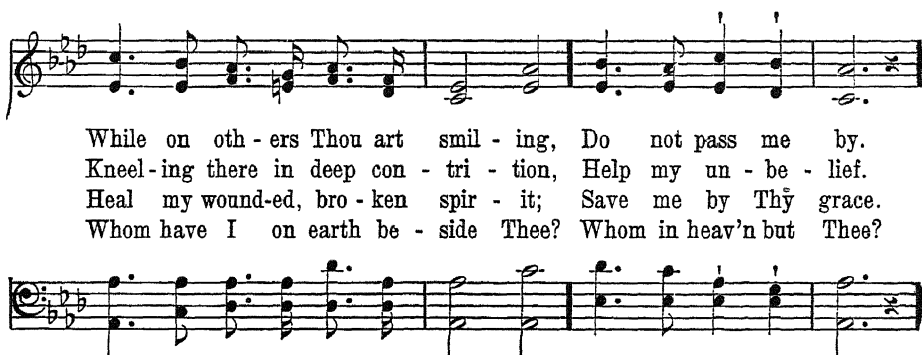
(PASS ME NOT. 8s, 5s.)

F. J. Van Alstyne, 1869.

W. H. Doane.



1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;
 2. Let me at Thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
 3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face;
 4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me,

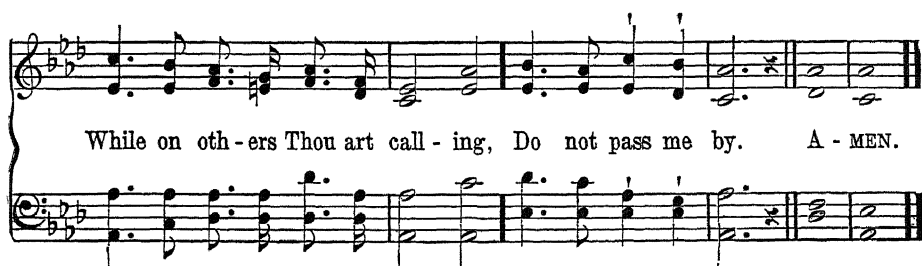


While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
 Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
 Heal my wound - ed, bro - ken spir - it; Save me by Thy grace.
 Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

REFRAIN.



Sav - ior, Sav - ior; Hear my hum - ble cry;



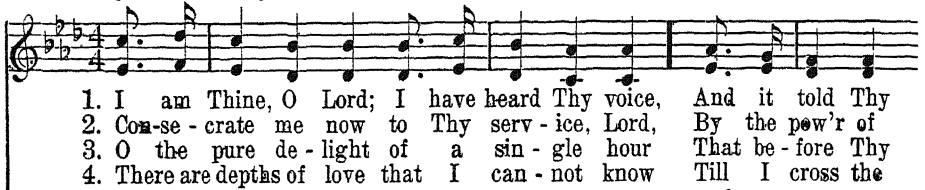
While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by. A - MEN.

I Am Thine, O Lord

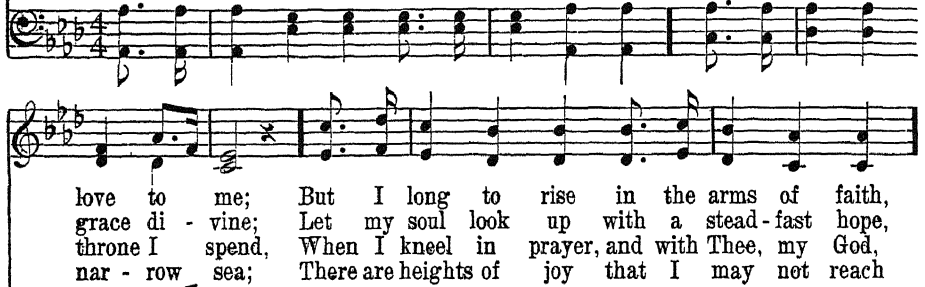
(DRAW ME NEARER. P. M.)

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1875.

W. H. Doane.



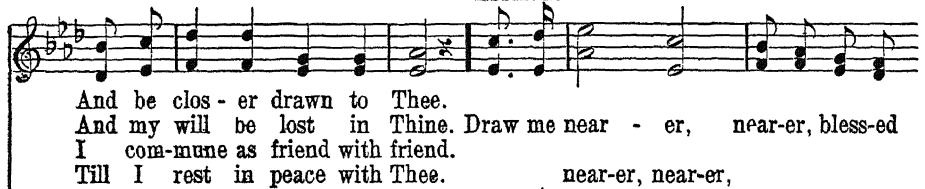
1. I am Thine, O Lord; I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
 2. Con-se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
 3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy
 4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the



love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
 grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope,
 throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
 nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach



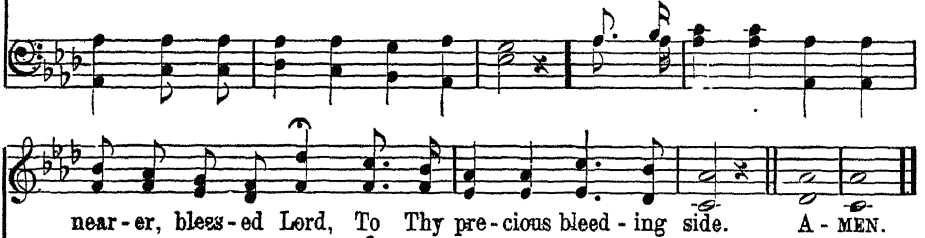
REFRAIN.



And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
 And my will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er, near - er, bless - ed
 I com - mune as friend with friend.
 Till I rest in peace with Thee. near - er, near - er,



Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died, Draw me near - er, near - er,



near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious bleed - ing side. A - MEN.




364

Gently, Lord, O Gently

(AUTUMN. 8, 7. D. M. H. 646.)

Thomas Hastings.

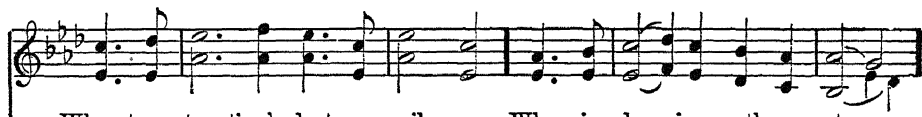
Spanish Melody.




1. Gen - tly, Lord, O gen - tly lead us, Thro' this gloom-y vale of tears,
 2. In the hour of pain and an - guish, In the hour when death draws near,
 3. When to Ca-naan's long-loved dwell-ing Love di - vine thy foot shall bring,



And, O Lord, in mer - cy give us Thy rich grace in all our fears.
 Suf - fer not our hearts to lan - guish, Suf - fer not our souls to fear.
 There, with shouts of tri - umph swell-ing Zi - on's songs in rest to sing;



When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,
 When this mor - tal life is end - ed, Bid us in Thine arms to rest,
 There, no stran-ger, God shall meet thee, Stran-ger thou in courts a - bove!




Let Thy good-ness nev-er fail us, Lead us in Thy per-fect way.
 Till, by an - gel bands at-tend - ed, We a-wake a-mong the blest.
 He who to His rest shall greet thee, Greet's thee with a well-known love. A - MEN.

365 How Tedious and Tasteless the Hours



John Newton, 1779.

(DE FLEURY. 8s. D.)


German Melody.





1. How te-dious and taste-less the hours When Je - sus no lon - ger I see!
 2. His name yields the rich - est per - fume, And sweet - er than mu - sic His voice;
 3. Con - tent with be-hold - ing His face, My all to His pleas - ure re - signed,
 4. Dear Lord, if in - deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,


Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me.
 His pres-ence dis-pers-es my gloom, And makes all with-in me re - joice;
 No chang-es ef sea-son or place Would make an-y change in my mind.
 Say, why do I lan-guish and pine? And why are my win-ters so long?




The mid-sum-mer sun shines but dim; The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 I should, were He al-ways thus nigh, Have noth-ing to wish or to fear;
 While blest with a sense of His love, A pal - ace a toy would ap-pear;
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky; Thy soul-cheer-ing pres-ence re - store;

But when I am hap - py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas - ant as May.
 No mor-tal so hap - py as I; My sum-mer would last all the year.
 And pris-ons would pal - a - ces prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.
 Or take me un - to Thee on high, Where winter and clouds are no more. A - MEN.

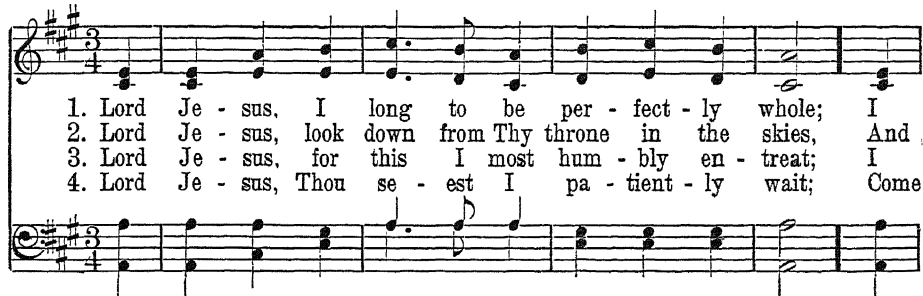


366 Lord Jesus, I Long to Be Perfectly Whole

Jas. Nicholson.

(WHITER THAN SNOW.)

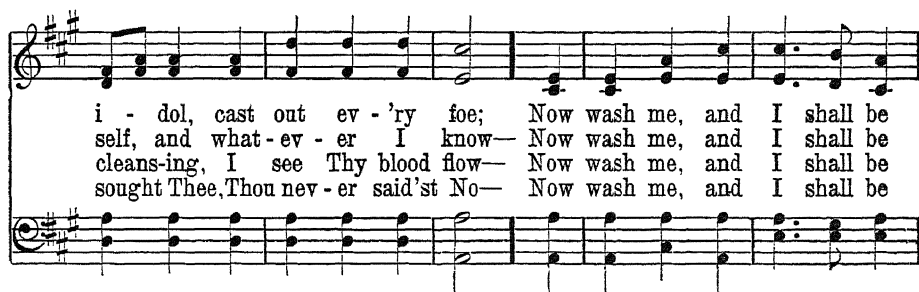
W. G. Fischer.



1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat; I
 4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait; Come

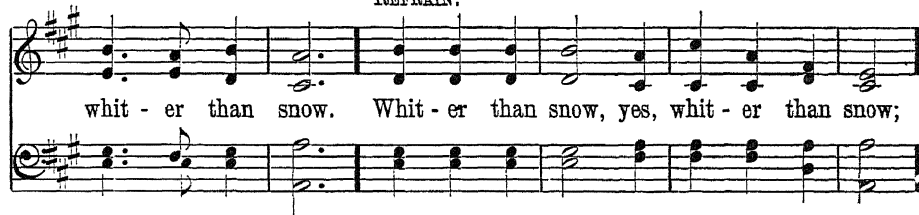


want Thee for - ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry
 help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my-
 wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my
 now, and with - in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have



i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be
 self, and what - ev - er I know— Now wash me, and I shall be
 cleans - ing, I see Thy blood flow— Now wash me, and I shall be
 sought Thee, Thou nev - er said'st No— Now wash me, and I shall be

REFRAIN.



whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow;



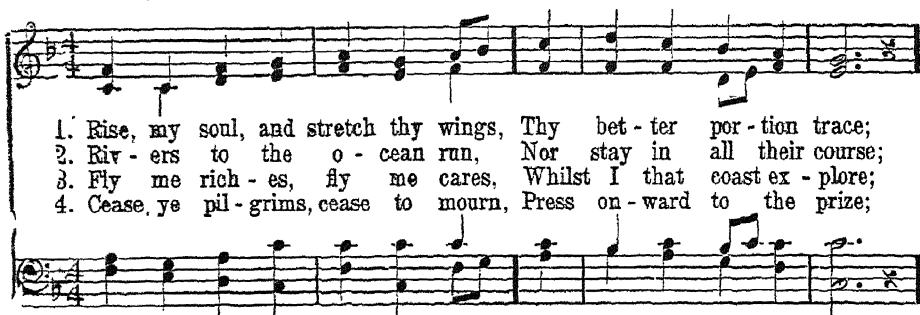
Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. A - MEN.

367 Rise, My Soul, and Stretch Thy Wings

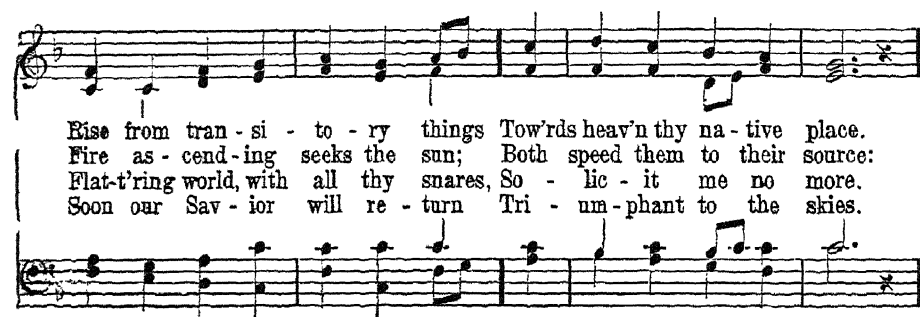
Robert Seagrave.

(AMSTERDAM.)

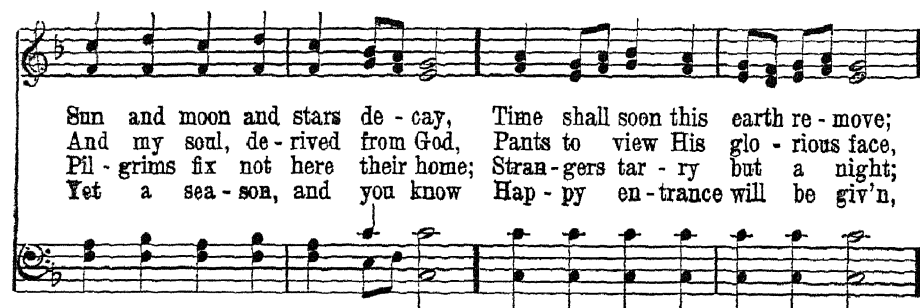
J. Nares.



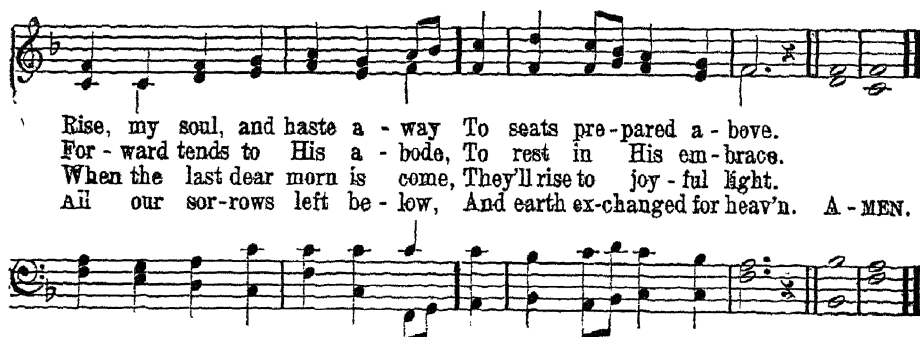
1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet - ter por - tion trace;
 2. Riv - ers to the o - cean run, Nor stay in all their course;
 3. Fly me rich - es, fly me cares, Whilst I that coast ex - plore;
 4. Cease, ye pil - grims, cease to mourn, Press on - ward to the prize;



Rise from tran - si - to - ry things Tow'rd heav'n thy na - tive place.
 Fire as - cend - ing seeks the sun; Both speed them to their source:
 Flat - t'ring world, with all thy snares, So - lic - it me no more.
 Soon our Sav - ior will re - turn Tri - um - phant to the skies.



Sun and moon and stars de - cay, Time shall soon this earth re - move;
 And my soul, de - rived from God, Pants to view His glo - rious face;
 Pil - grims fix not here their home; Stran - gers tar - ry but a night;
 Yet a sea - son, and you know Hap - py en - trance will be giv'n,



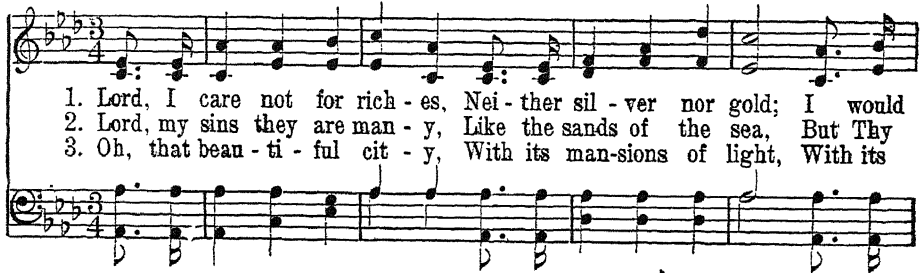
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre - pared a - bove.
 For - ward tends to His a - bode, To rest in His em - brace.
 When the last dear morn is come, They'll rise to joy - ful light.
 All our sor - rows left be - low, And earth ex - changed for heav'n. A - MEN.

368

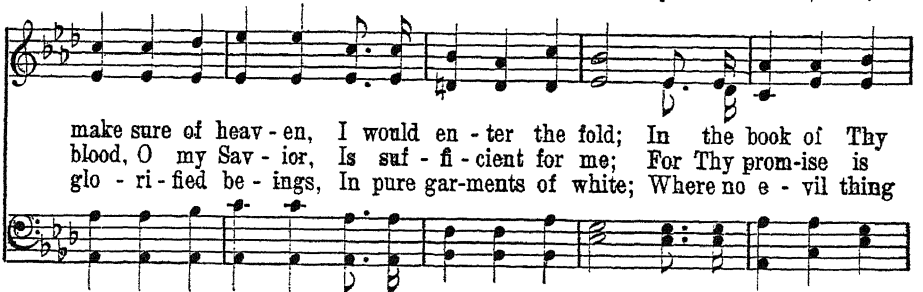
Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K.

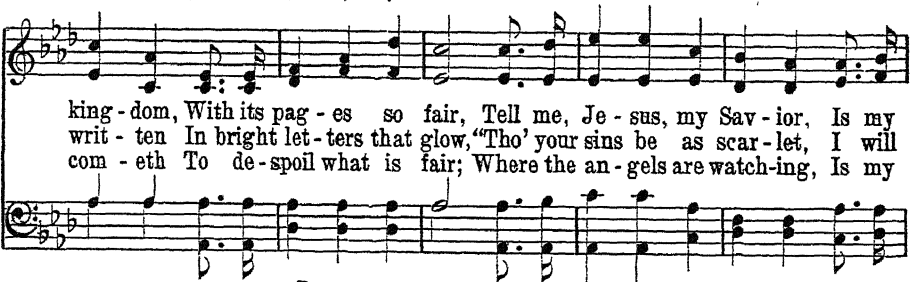
Frank M. Davis.



1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Nei - ther sil - ver nor gold; I would
 2. Lord, my sins they are man - y, Like the sands of the sea, But Thy
 3. Oh, that bean - ti - ful cit - y, With its man - sions of light, With its

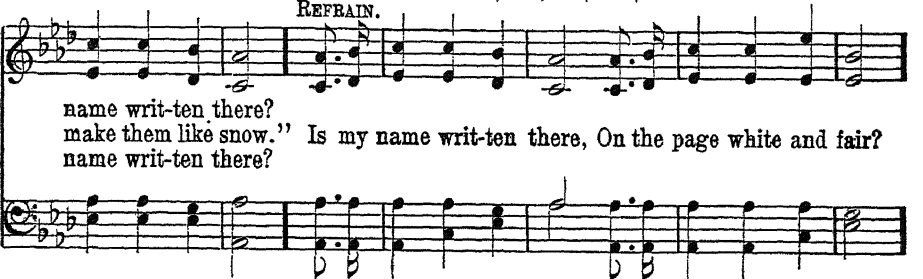


make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold; In the book of Thy
 blood, O my Sav - ior, Is suf - fi - cient for me; For Thy prom - ise is
 glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure gar - ments of white; Where no e - vil thing

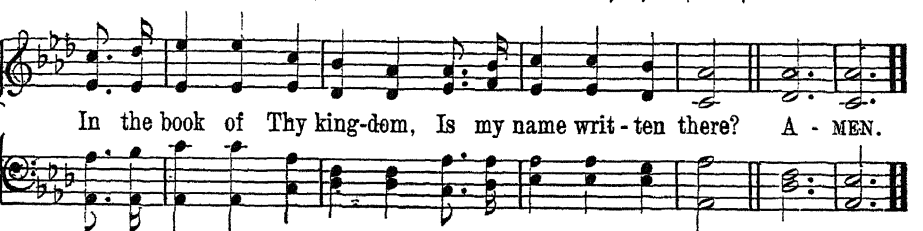


king - dom, With its pag - es so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Is my
 writ - ten In bright let - ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will
 com - eth To de - spoil what is fair; Where the an - gels are watch - ing, Is my

REFRAIN.



name writ - ten there?
 make them like snow." Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?
 name writ - ten there?



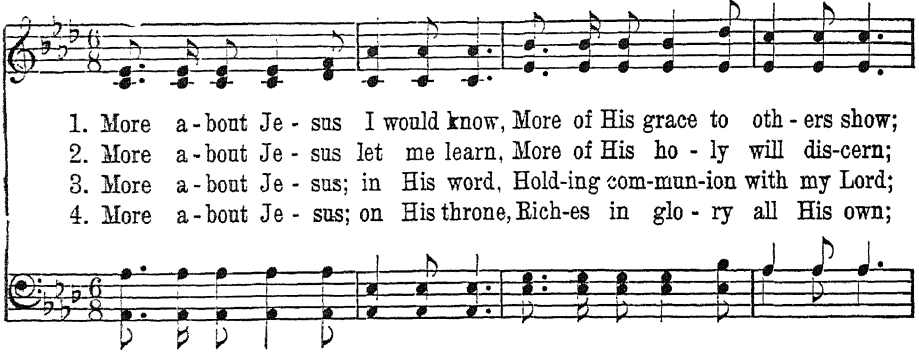
In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there? A - MEN.

369

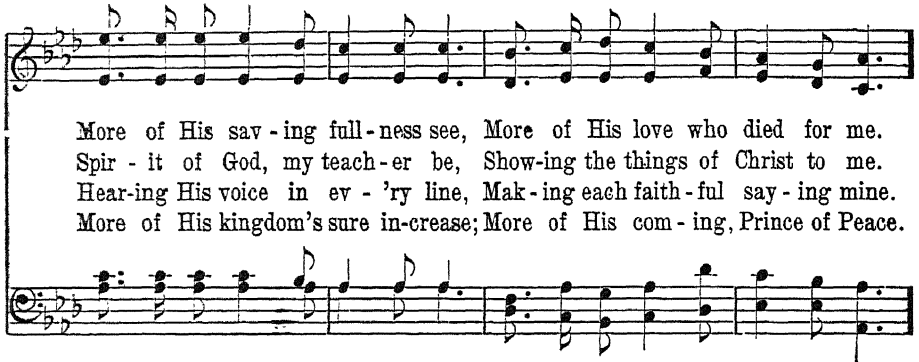
More About Jesus

E. E. Hewitt.

Jno. R. Sweney.



1. More a-bout Je - sus I would know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
 2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
 3. More a-bout Je - sus; in His word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
 4. More a-bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;



More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
 Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith - ful say - ing mine.
 More of His kingdom's sure in-crease; More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.

REFRAIN.



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;



More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me. A-MEN.

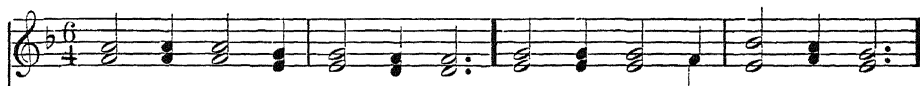
370

More Like Jesus Would I Be


(MORE LIKE JESUS. 7s. D.)

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1868.


W. H. Doane.





1. More like Je - sus would I be, Let my Sav - ior dwell in me;
 2. If He hears the ra - ven's cry, If His ev - er - watch - ful eye
 3. More like Je - sus when I pray, More like Je - sus day by day;





Fill my soul with peace and love, Make me gen - tle as a dove;
 Marks the spar - rows when they fall, Sure - ly He will hear my call.
 May I rest me by His side, Where the tran - quil wa - ters glide.

More like Je - sus, while I go, Pil - grim in this world be - low;
 He will teach me how to live, All my sin - ful thoughts for - give;
 Born of Him, thro' grace re - newed, By His love my will sub - dued,

Poor in spir - it would I be,— Let my Sav - ior dwell in me.
 Pure in heart I still would be,— Let my Sav - ior dwell in me.
 Rich in faith I still would be,— Let my Sav - ior dwell in me. A - MEN.



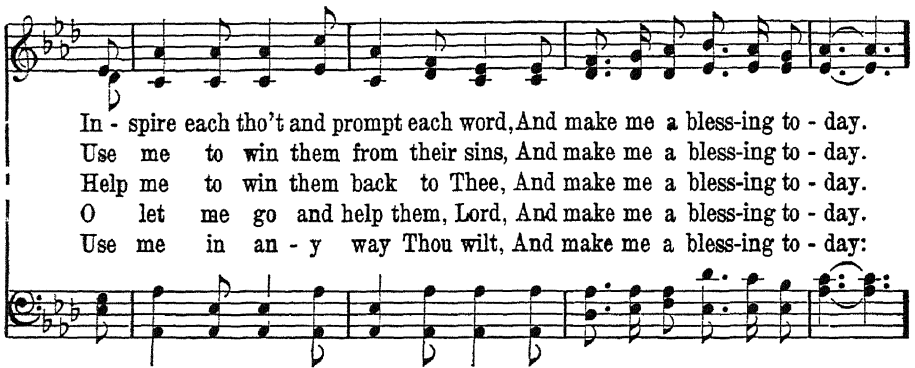
371 I Do Not Ask to Choose My Path

Rev. J. H. Zelle.

H. L. Gilmour.

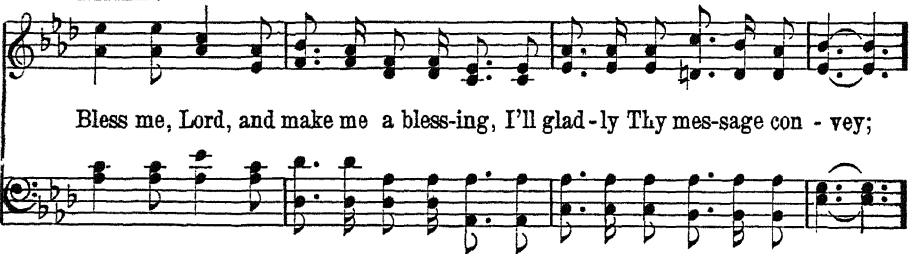


1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in Thy way;
 2. A-round me, Lord, are sin-ful men, Who scorn and dis-o-bey;
 3. To those who once Thy love have known, But now are far a-stray;
 4. Some saints of Thine are in dis-tress, And for de-liv'-rance pray;
 5. What-ev-er er-rand Thou hast, Lord, Send me, and I'll o-bey;

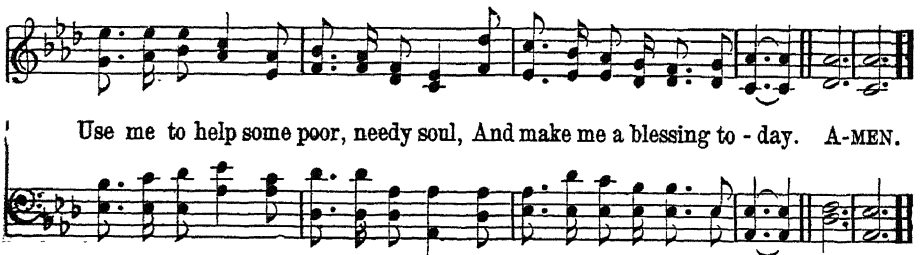


In-spire each tho't and prompt each word, And make me a bless-ing to-day.
 Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a bless-ing to-day.
 Help me to win them back to Thee, And make me a bless-ing to-day.
 O let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a bless-ing to-day.
 Use me in an-y way Thou wilt, And make me a bless-ing to-day:

REFRAIN.



Bless me, Lord, and make me a bless-ing, I'll glad-ly Thy mes-sage con-vey;

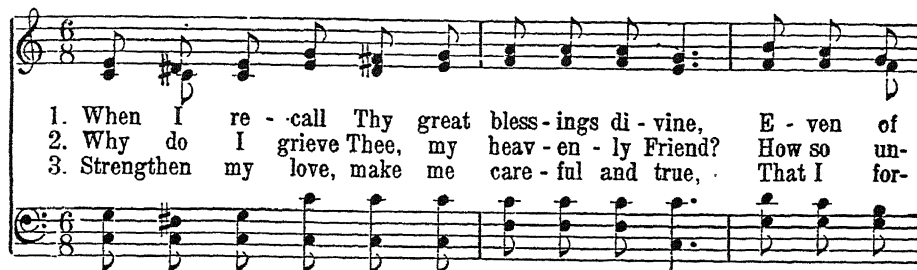


Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing to-day. A-MEN.


372 When I Recall Thy Great Blessings

Dr. George Lytton.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

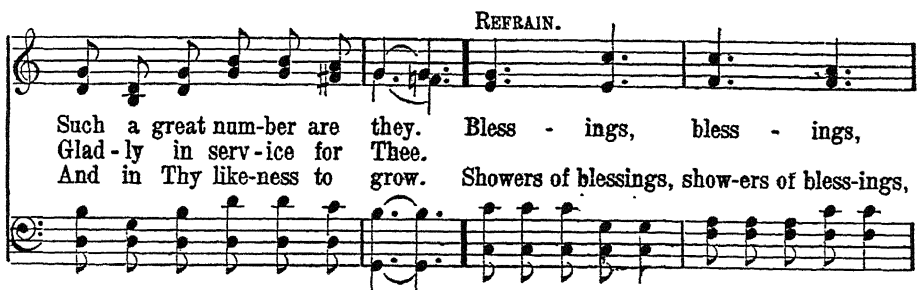


1. When I re - call Thy great bless - ings di - vine, E - ven of
 2. Why do I grieve Thee, my heav - en - ly Friend? How so un -
 3. Strengthen my love, make me care - ful and true, That I for -

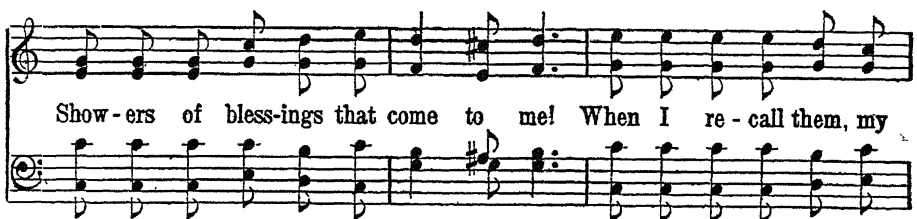


one lit - tle day, Oh, what sur - prise and a - maze - ment are mine,
 true can I be? Each pre - cious day of my life I should spend
 get Thee no more; Rule me, that dai - ly, my best I may do,

REFRAIN.



Such a great num - ber are they. Bless - ings, bless - ings,
 Glad - ly in serv - ice for Thee.
 And in Thy like - ness to grow. Showers of blessings, show - ers of bless - ings,



Show - ers of bless - ings that come to me! When I re - call them, my



pre - cious Re - deem - er, Oh, how my heart sings to Thee! A - MEN.

373 How Long, O Lord, How Long?

T. O. Chisholm.

Carrie Booker Person.



1. How long, O Lord, shall e - vil tri-umph? How long shall wrongs go un-re - dressed?
2. Hast Thou for - got - ten to be gra-cious? Wilt Thou be mer-ci - ful no more?
3. Thou art a God who lov - est jus - tice, Thy throne a throne of right-eous-ness
4. Be - hold! what aw - ful des - o - la - tions! O hear the moan-ings of de - spair.



How long shall greed and strife and tur-moil Sweep o'er the na-tions, un-re-pressed?
Hast Thou with-drawn Thy lov - ing kind-ness? Shall we in vain Thy help im-plore?
Thou hast no pleas-ure in the wick-ed, In those who cru - el - ly op-press.
And yet so man - y are Thy peo - ple, -Wilt Thou de - spise their piteous prayer?



REFRAIN.



O speed the day of earth's re-demp-tion, When wars for - ev - er-more shall cease,



When Christ shall rule o'er all the nations In love and righteousness and peace. A-MEN.



374

I'm On the Shining Pathway


John Hogarth Lozier.

SOLO or CHORUS.


Scotch Air.




1. I am on the shin-ing path-way, A - down life's short-'ning years,
 2. My soul has had its con-flicts With might-y hosts of sin;
 3. I am com-ing near the cit - y My Sav - ior's hands have piled,


And my heart hath known its sor - rows, Mine eyes have seen their tears;
 With dead - ly foes with-out me, And dead - lier foes with - in;
 And I know my Fa - ther's wait - ing To wel - come home His child;




But I saw - those shad - ows flee, And the shin - ing light I see,
 But I saw those le - gions flee, And my soul found vic - to - ry,
 For un-wor - thy though I be, He will find a place for me,

While I'm trust-ing in the mer - it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
 When I trust-ed in the mer - it Of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
 For He is the King of glo - ry The Man of Gal - i - lee. A - MEN.



375

Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am think - ing to - day of that beau - ti - ful land I shall
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me
 3. O what joy will it be when His face I be - hold, Liv - ing

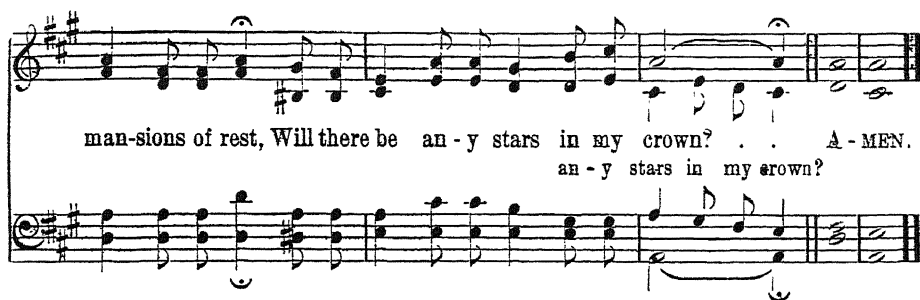
reach when the sun go - eth down; When thro' won - der - ful grace by my
 watch as a win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the
 gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweet - en my bliss in the

Sav - ior I stand, Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
 glo - ri - ous day, When His praise like the sea bil - low rolls.
 cit - ty of gold, Should there be an - y stars in my crown.

REFRAIN.

Will there be an - y stars, an - y stars in my crown When at eve - ning the

sun go - eth down? (go - eth down?) When I wake with the blest In the



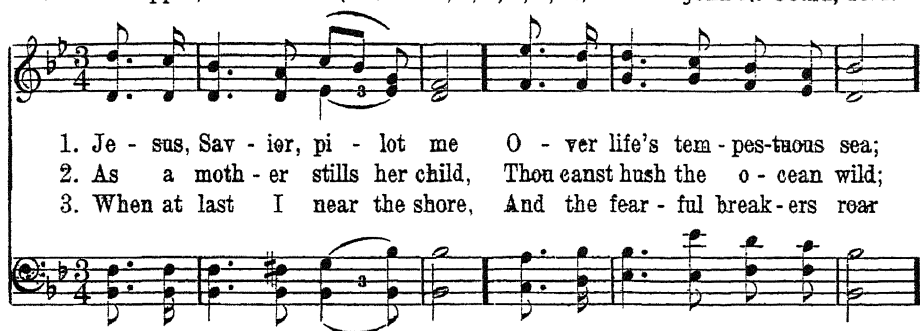
man-sions of rest, Will there be an - y stars in my crown? . . . A - MEN.
an - y stars in my crown?

376 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me

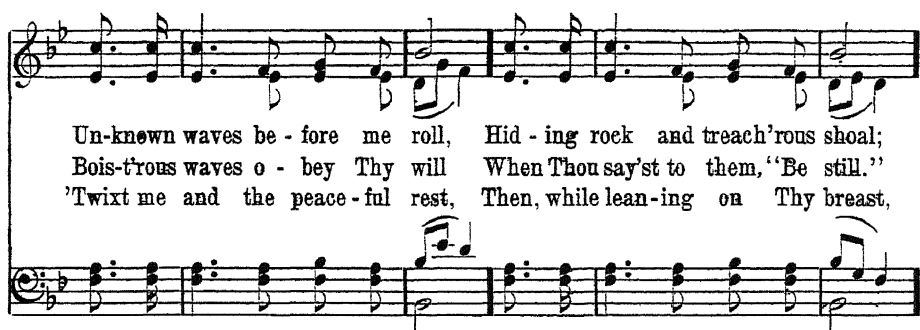
Edward Hopper, 1871.

(PILOT. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.)

John E. Gould, 1871.



1. Je - sus, Sav - ier, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes-tuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar



Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Bois-t'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still."
'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,



Chart and com- pass came from Thee: Je - sus, Sav - ier, pi - lot me.
Won-d'rous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ier, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee." A - MEN.

377

My Faith Looks Up to Thee

Ray Palmer, 1830.

(OLIVET. 6s, 4s.)

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart;
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream



Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis -



guilt a - way; O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way. Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
tress re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul. A - MEN.



378

Jesus! I Love Thy Charming Name

(DEAN. C. M.)

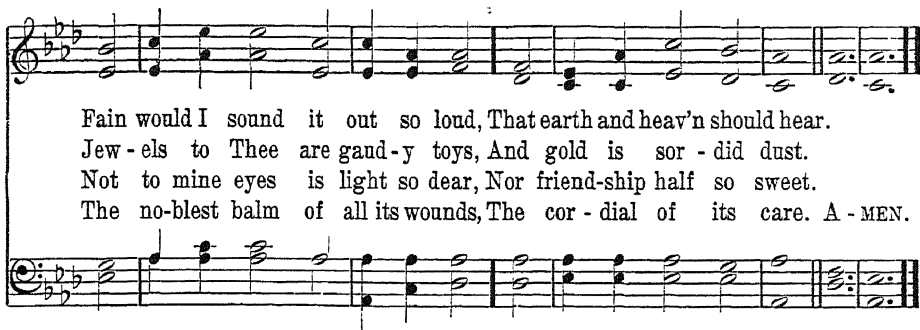
Charles Edw. Pollock.



1. Je - sus! I love Thy charm - ing name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine ear;
2. Yes! Thou art pre - cious to my soul, My trans - port and my trust;
3. All gay ca - pa - cious pow'rs can wish, In Thee doth rich - ly meet;
4. Thy grace still dwells up - on my heart, And sheds its fra - grance there;



THE CHRISTIAN—ASPIRATION



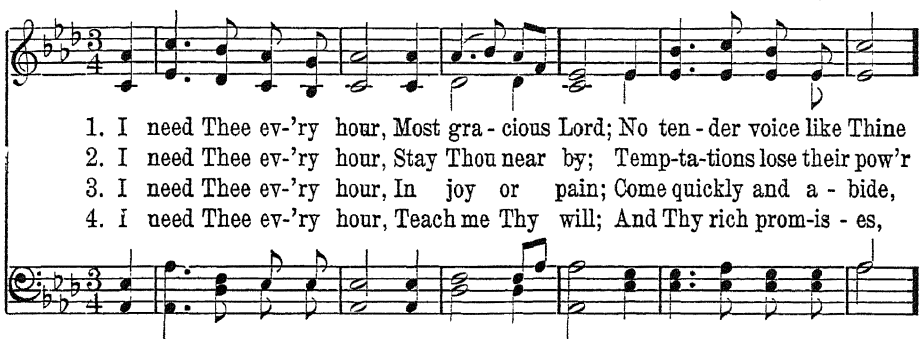
Fain would I sound it out so loud, That earth and heav'n should hear.
 Jew - els to Thee are gaud - y toys, And gold is sor - did dust.
 Not to mine eyes is light so dear, Nor friend - ship half so sweet.
 The no - blest balm of all its wounds, The cor - dial of its care. A - MEN.

379

I Need Thee Every Hour

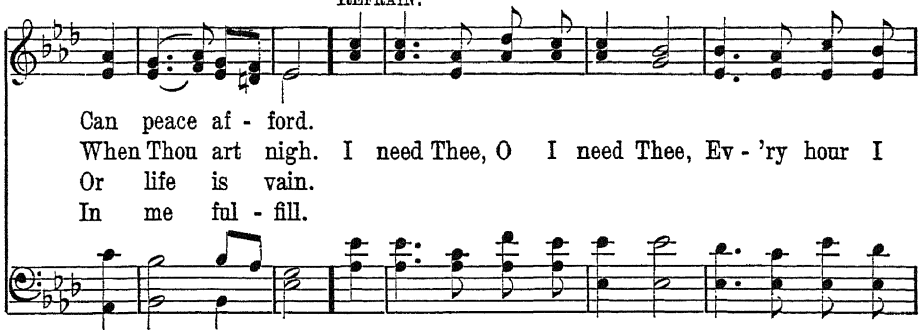
Annie S. Hawkes, 1872. (NEED. 6, 4, 6, 4. With Refrain.)

Robert Lowry, 1872.

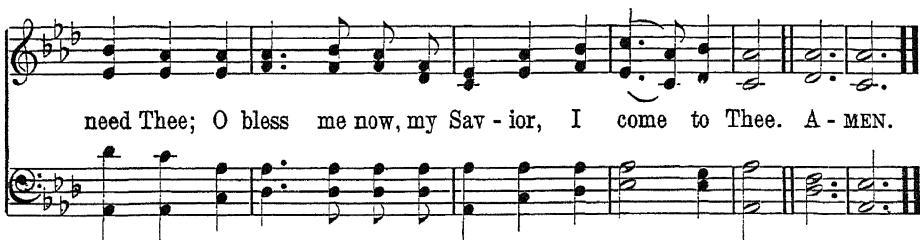


1. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like Thine
 2. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp - ta - tions lose their pow'r
 3. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a - bide,
 4. I need Thee ev'-ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich prom - is - es,

REFRAIN.



Can peace af - ford.
 When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee, Ev - 'ry hour I
 Or life is vain.
 In me ful - fill.



need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee. A - MEN.

380

The Old Fashioned Faith

Rev. N. A. McAulay.

B. D. Ackley.

1. I am somewhat old-fashioned, I know, When it comes to re - lig - ion and God;
 2. I be-lieve that the Bi - ble is true, Tho' the crit-ics have torn it a - part,
 3. I be-lieve our re - lig - ion must be Not a cloak for our mean-ness or shame,


Man - y think I am pain-ful - ly slow, Since I walk where my fa - thers have trod.
 All its warnings and mir - a - cles too, I do whol - ly ac-cept with my heart.
 But a pow - er from bond-age to free, All who trust in that heav-en - ly name.

I be-lieve in re-pent-ance from sin, And that Je - sus with-in us must dwell;
 I be-lieve that the Sab-bath was made To be sa - cred - ly kept for the Lord;
 I am tell-ing the peo - ple each day, That the sin - ner for - ev - er is lost,

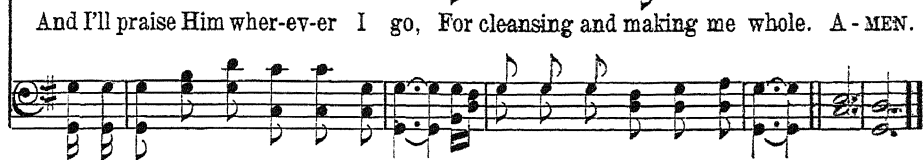
I be-lieve that if heav-en we win, We must flee from the ter - rors of hell.
 And when bro - ken for pleas - ure or trade, We shall miss the e - ter - nal re - ward.
 Who has failed to ac-cept the true way Which was o - pened at in - fi - nite cost.

REFRAIN.

I'm a lit - tle old-fash-ioned, I know; But God's peace has a home in my soul,



And I'll praise Him wher-ev-er I go, For cleansing and making me whole. A - MEN.




381 Nearer, My God, to Thee

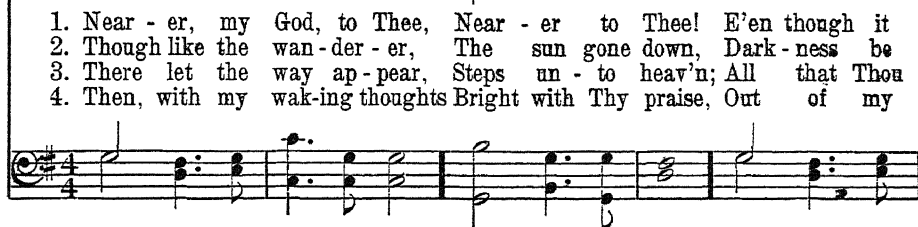

Sarah F. Adams, 1841.

(BETHANY. 6s, 4s.)

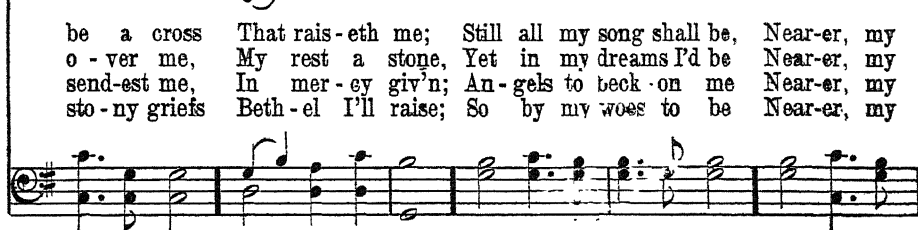
Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
4. Then, with my wak-ing thoughts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my

be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my
o - ver me, My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my
send-est me, In mer-ey giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my
sto-ny griefs Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my




God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee!
God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! A - MEN.



382

Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken

Henry F. Lyte, 1827.

(ZUNDEL. 8s, 7s. D.)

John Zundel, 1815-1882.



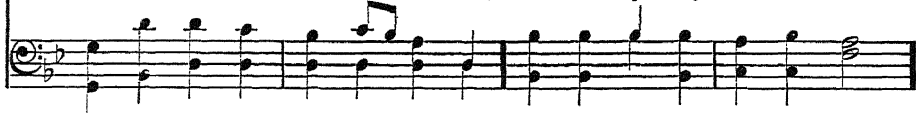
1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de - spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior, too;
3. Man may troub - le and de - ceive me: 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
4. Go, then, earth - ly fame and treas - ure! Come, dis - as - ter, scorn, and pain!



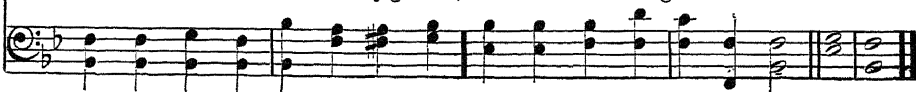
Nak - ed, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thon from hence my all shalt be.
 Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Tho' art not, like man, un - true;
 Life with tri - als hard may press me; Heav'n will bring me sweet - er rest.
 In Thy serv - ice pain is pleas - ure; With Thy fa - vor, loss is gain.



Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought and hoped and known;
 And, while Thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
 I have called Thee, "Ab - ba, Fa - ther;" I have stayed my heart on Thee:



Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
 O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy un - mixed with Thee.
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me. A - MEN.



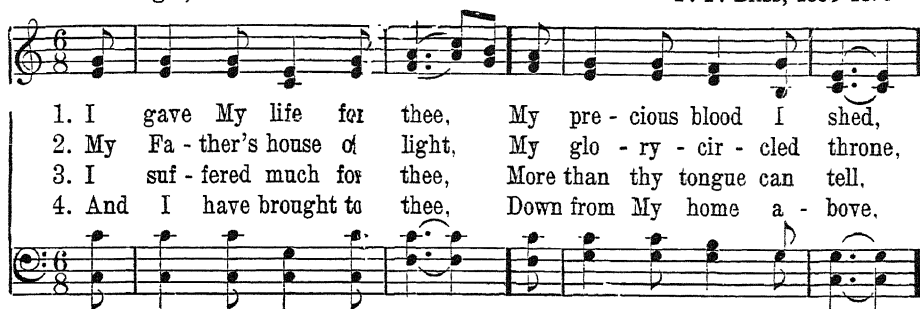
383

I Gave My Life For Thee

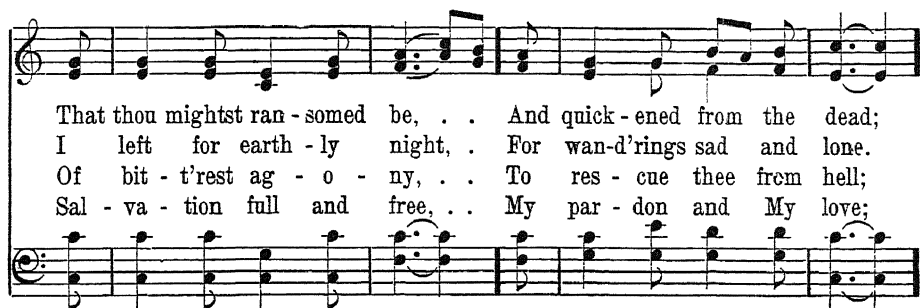
(WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME? 6s, 61.)

F. R. Havergal, 1836-1879.

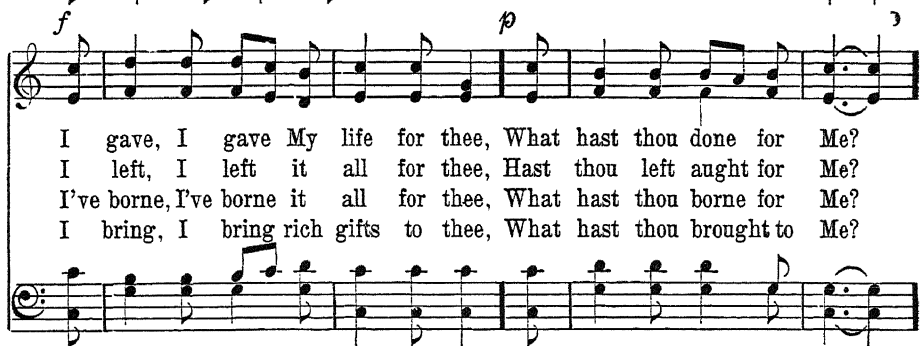
P. P. Bliss, 1838-1876



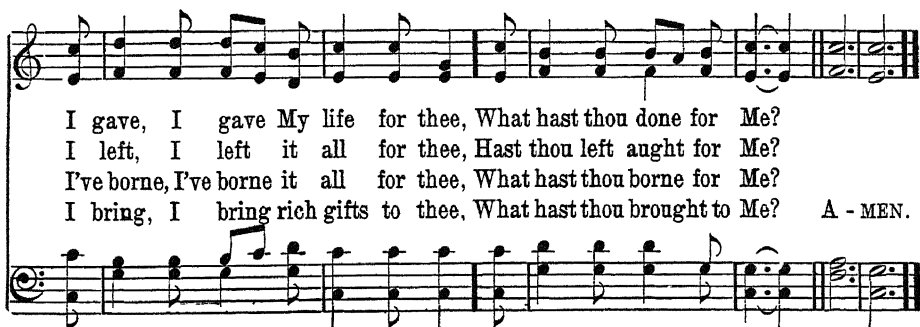
1. I gave My life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
 2. My Fa - ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne,
 3. I suf - fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
 4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a - bove.



That thou mightst ran - somed be, . . And quick - ened from the dead;
 I left for earth - ly night, . For wan-d'rings sad and lone.
 Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, . . To res - cue thee from hell;
 Sal - va - tion full and free, . . My par - don and My love;



f I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou done for Me?
p I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
3 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?



I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou done for Me?
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me? A - MEN.

384

Take My Life, and Let It Be

Frances R. Havergal.

(HENDON. 7s.)

Abraham H. C. Malan.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to
 2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for
 3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es from
 4. Take my will and make it Thine; It shall be no lon - ger
 5. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure -

Thee; Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse
 Thee; Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly,
 Thee; Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would
 mine; Take my heart, it is Thine own! It shall be Thy
 store; Take my - self, and I will be, Ev - er, on - ly,

of Thy love, At the im - pulse of Thy love.
 for my King, Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
 I with - hold, Not a mite would I with - hold.
 roy - al throne, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
 all for Thee, Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee. A - MEN.

385

Jesus, and Shall It Ever Be

J. Grigg, 1765.

(FEDERAL STREET. L. M.)

H. K. Oliver, 1832.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of Thee?
 2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let eve - ning blush to own a star:
 3. A - shamed of Je - sus, that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend!
 4. A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way,
 5. Till then, nor is my boast - ing vain, Till then I boast a Sav - ior slain;

THE CHRISTIAN-CONSECRATION

A-shamed of Thee, whom an-gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' endless days?
 He sheds the beams of light di-vine. O'er this be-night-ed soul of mine.
 No, when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save.
 And oh, may this my glo-ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me. A-MEN.

386 I Want to Serve Him Better

James Rowe.
 DUET. *Slow.*

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

1. I dear-ly love my Sav-ior now, But when I see His in-jured brow,
 2. I love Him now e-nough to go, At His com-mand, a-against the foe;
 3. En-tire-ly His I want to be, Till face to face my Friend I see;

His hands and feet and side, oh, how I want to serve Him bet-ter!
 E-nough to die for Him, but oh, I want to serve Him bet-ter!
 Oh, yes, for all e-ter-ni-ty, I want to serve Him bet-ter.

REFRAIN.

I want to serve Him bet-ter And bet-ter ev-'ry
 I want to serve Him bet-ter

day; I want to love Him, serve Him, praise Him Bet-ter all the way. A - MEN.

387

A Charge to Keep I Have

[First Tune]

Charles Wesley.

(LABAN. S. M.)

Lowell Mason.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live,
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

Who gave His Son my soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 O may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will.
 And O Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.
 By faith as - sured I will o - bey, For I shall nev - er die. A - MEN.

388

A Charge to Keep I Have

[Second Tune]

Charles Wesley.

(KENTUCKY. S. M.)

Old Melody.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy,
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live,
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

Who gave His Son my soul to save, And fit it for the sky,
 O may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will.
 And O Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre - pare A strict ac - count to give.
 By faith as - sured I will o - bey, For I shall nev - er die. A - MEN.

389

At the Cross

Isaac Watts.

R. E. Hudson.

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groaned up - on the tree?
 3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
 4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
 When Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died For man, the crea-ture's sin.
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way,—'Tis all that I can do.

REFRAIN.

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the

bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, rolled a - way, It was there by

faith I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day. A - MEN.

Standing On the Promises

R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter.

1. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges let His
 2. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of doubt and
 3. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I now can see Per-fect, pres-ent cleansing in the
 4. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter - nal-ly by
 5. Stand-ing on the prom-is-es I can - not fail, Lis-t'ning ev-'ry mo-ment to the

prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the high - est, I will shout and sing,
 fear as - sail; By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
 blood for me; Stand-ing in the lib - er - ty where Christ makes free,
 love's strong cord, O - ver-com - ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,
 Spir - it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav - or, as my all in all,

REFRAIN.

Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - - ing, Stand - - ing,
 Stand-ing on the promise, Stand-ing on the prom-ise,

Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God my Sav - ior; Stand - - ing,
 Stand-ing on the prom-ise,

Stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God. A - MEN.
 Stand-ing on the prom-ise,

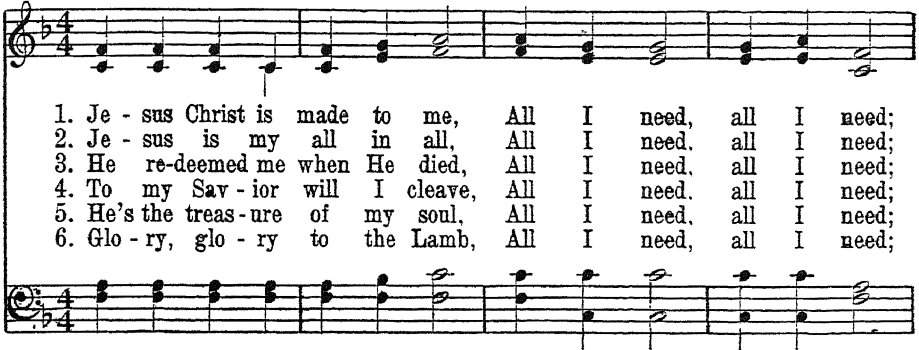
391

All I Need

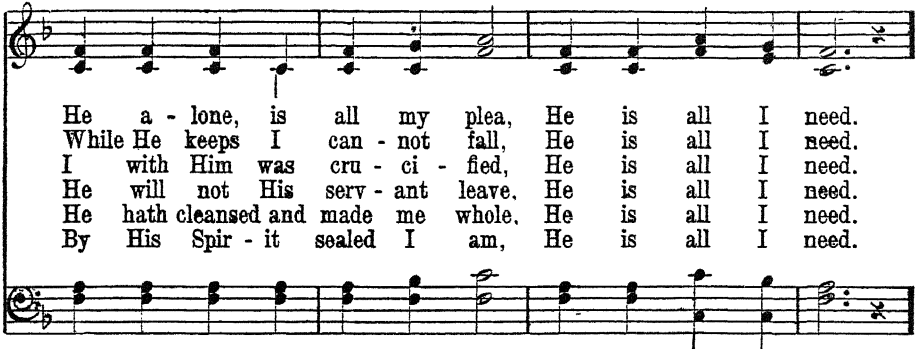
'Who of God is made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption.'—1 Cor. 1: 30.

C. P. J.

Chas. P. Jones.

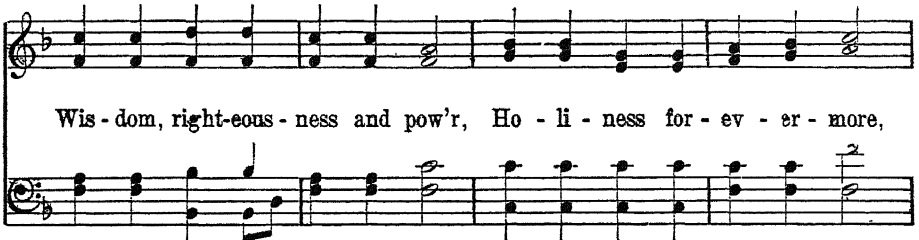


1. Je - sus Christ is made to me, All I need, all I need;
 2. Je - sus is my all in all, All I need, all I need;
 3. He re-deemed me when He died, All I need, all I need;
 4. To my Sav - ior will I cleave, All I need, all I need;
 5. He's the treas - ure of my soul, All I need, all I need;
 6. Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb, All I need, all I need;

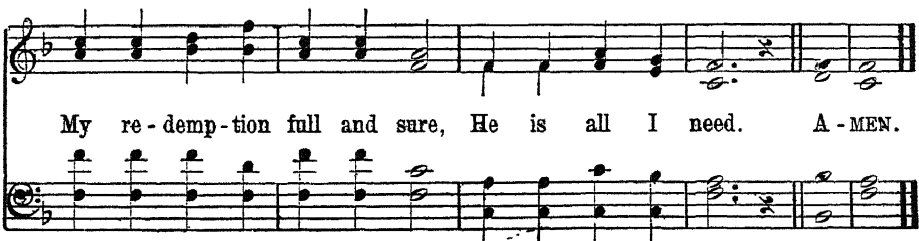


He a - lone, is all my plea, He is all I need.
 While He keeps I can - not fall, He is all I need.
 I with Him was cru - ci - fied, He is all I need.
 He will not His serv - ant leave, He is all I need.
 He hath cleansed and made me whole, He is all I need.
 By His Spir - it sealed I am, He is all I need.

REFRAIN.



Wis - dom, right-eous - ness and pow'r, Ho - li - ness for - ev - er - more,



My re - demp - tion full and sure, He is all I need. A - MEN.

Nothing Between

Words and Music by C. A. Tindley.

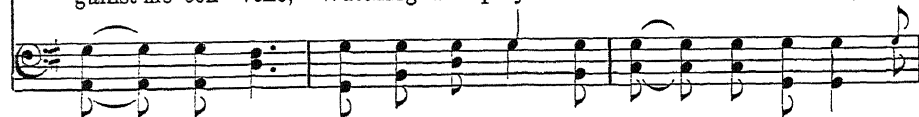
Arr. by F. A. Clark.



1. Noth-ing be-tween my soul and the Sav-ior, Naught of this world's de-
2. Noth-ing be-tween like world - ly pleas-ure; Hab - its of life, tho'
3. Noth-ing be-tween, like pride or sta-tion; Self . . . or friends shall
4. Noth-ing be-tween, e'en man - y hard tri - als, Tho' the whole world a-



lu - sive dream: I have re-nounced all sin - ful pleas-ure,
 harm-less they seem, Must not my heart from Him ev - er sev - er,—
 not in - ter - vene; Tho' it may cost me much trib - u - la - tion,
 gainst me con - vene; Watching with prayer and much self-de - ni - al, I'll



REFRAIN.



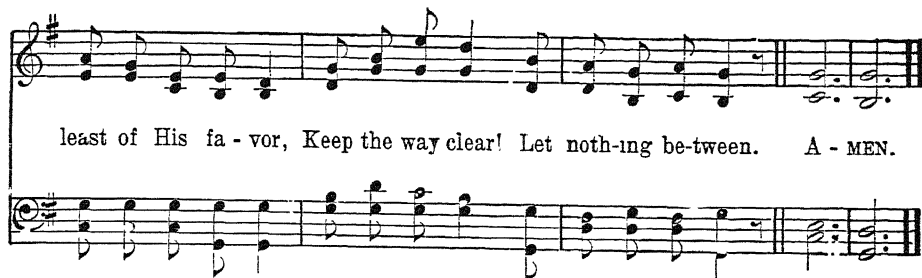
Je - sus is mine; there's noth-ing be-tween.
 He is my all, there's noth-ing be-tween. Noth-ing between my soul and the
 I am resolved, there's noth-ing be-tween.
 tri-umph at last, with noth-ing be-tween.



Sav-ior, So that His bless-ed face may be seen; Noth-ing pre-vent-ing the



THE CHRISTIAN—CONSECRATION



least of His fa - vor, Keep the way clear! Let noth-ing be-tween. A - MEN.

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Jesus, Thy Name I Love

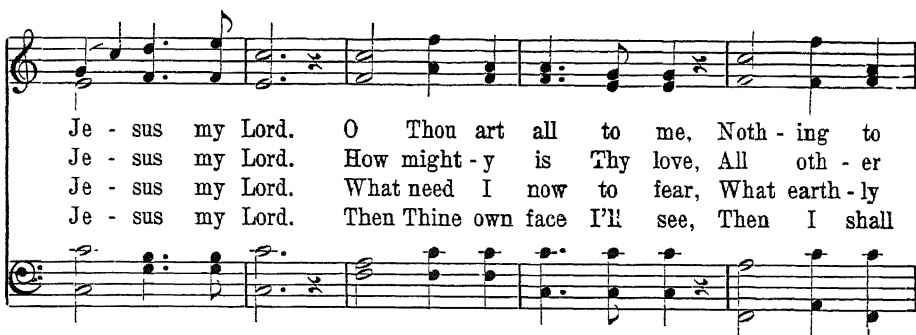
James G. Deck.

(JESUS, MY LORD.)

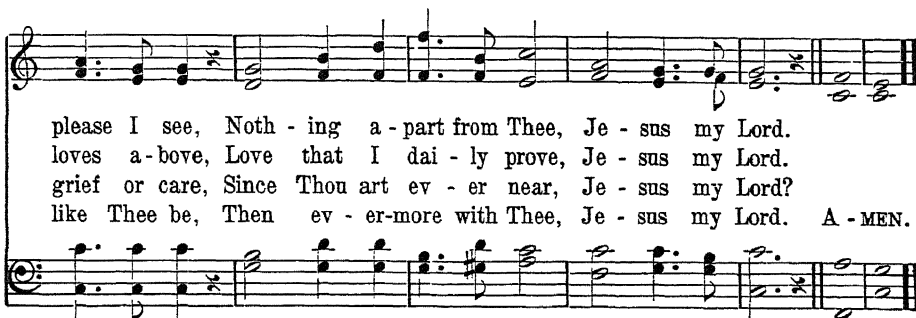
Joseph P. Holbrook.



1. Je - sus, Thy Name I love, All oth - er names a - bove,
 2. Thou bless - ed Son of God, Hast bought me with Thy blood,
 3. When un - to Thee I flee, Thou wilt my ref - uge be,
 4. Soon wilt Thou come a - gain, I shall be hap - py then,



Je - sus my Lord. O Thou art all to me, Noth - ing to
 Je - sus my Lord. How might - y is Thy love, All oth - er
 Je - sus my Lord. What need I now to fear, What earth - ly
 Je - sus my Lord. Then Thine own face I'll see, Then I shall

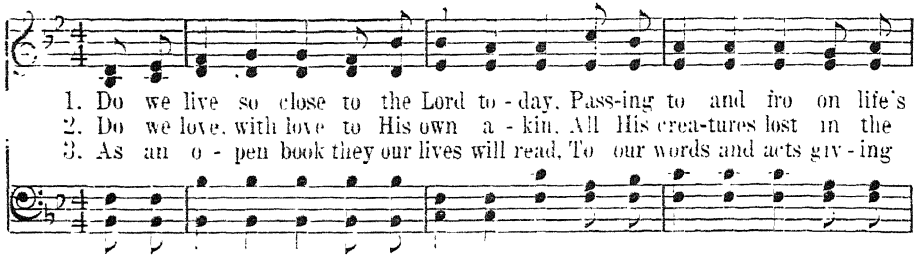


please I see, Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus my Lord.
 loves a - bove, Love that I dai - ly prove, Je - sus my Lord.
 grief or care, Since Thou art ev - er near, Je - sus my Lord?
 like Thee be, Then ev - er-more with Thee, Je - sus my Lord. A - MEN.

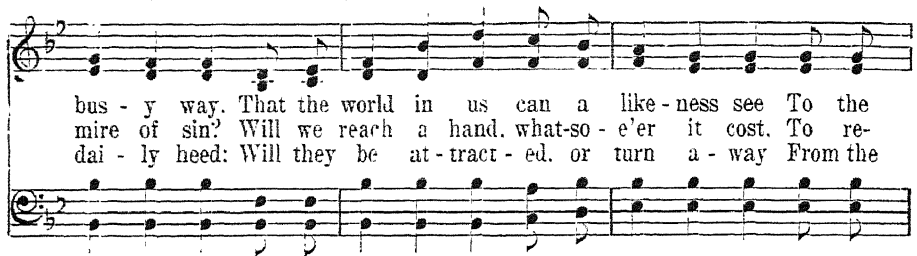
394 Can the World See Jesus in You?

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

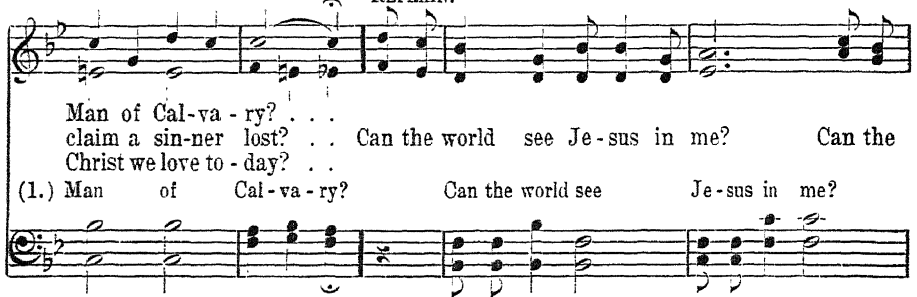


1. Do we live so close to the Lord to-day, Pass-ing to and fro on life's
2. Do we love, with love to His own a - kin, All His crea-tures lost in the
3. As an o - pen book they our lives will read, To our words and acts giv - ing

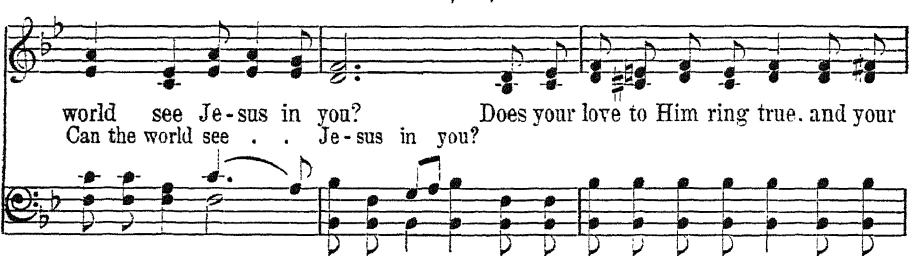


bus - y way. That the world in us can a like - ness see To the
mire of sin? Will we reach a hand, what-so - e'er it cost. To re-
dai - ly heed: Will they be at - tract - ed, or turn a - way From the

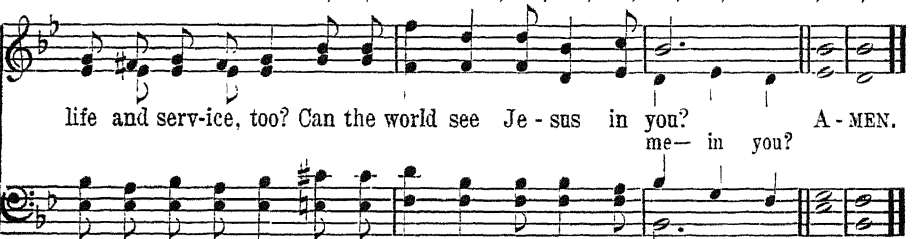
REFRAIN.



Man of Cal - va - ry? . . .
claim a sin - ner lost? . . . Can the world see Je - sus in me? Can the
Christ we love to - day? . . .
(1.) Man of Cal - va - ry? Can the world see Je - sus in me?



world see Je - sus in you? Does your love to Him ring true, and your
Can the world see . . . Je - sus in you?



life and serv - ice, too? Can the world see Je - sus in you? A - MEN.
me - in you?

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Higher Ground

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



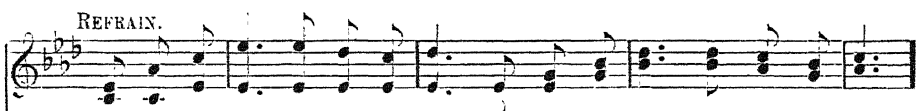
1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gain-ing ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled:
4. I want to scale the ut-most height. And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright:



Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim is high-er ground.
 For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
 But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground."



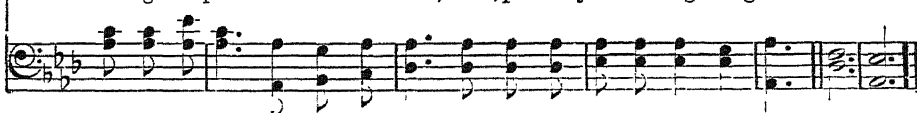
REFRAIN.



Lord, lift me up, and I shall stand By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land;




A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground. A-MEN.



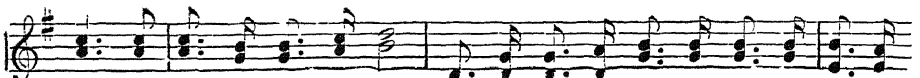
His Way With Thee

C. S. N.

Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

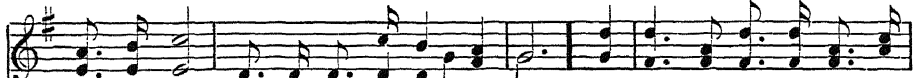


1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with
 2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol - low at His call? Would you know the
 3. Would you in His king-dom find a place of per-fect rest? Would you prove Him



Him with-in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur-den, car - ry
 peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you need
 true in prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor al-ways

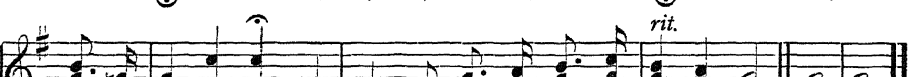
REFRAIN.



all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
 nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
 at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.



ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your



soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee. A - MEN.

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Standing By the Cross

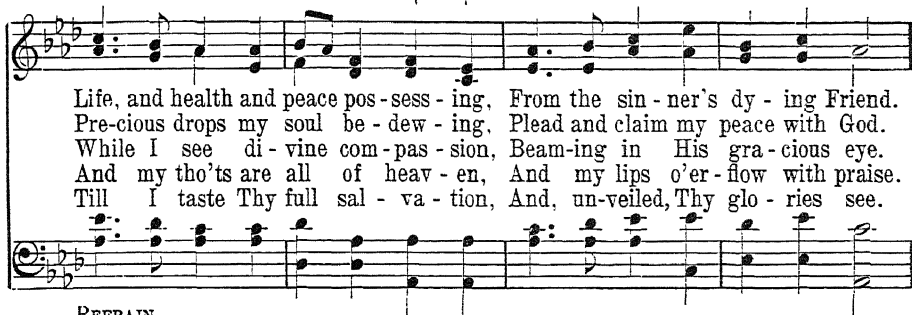
"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother."—JOHN 19: 25.

Allan Shirley.
REF. by A. J. S.

A. J. Showalter.



1. Sweet the mo-ments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend.
2. Here I'll rest, for-ev-er view-ing Mer-cy poured in streams of blood;
3. Tru-ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie.
4. Here I feel my sins for-giv-en, While up-on the Lamb I gaze.
5. Still in cease-less con-tem-pla-tion, Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,

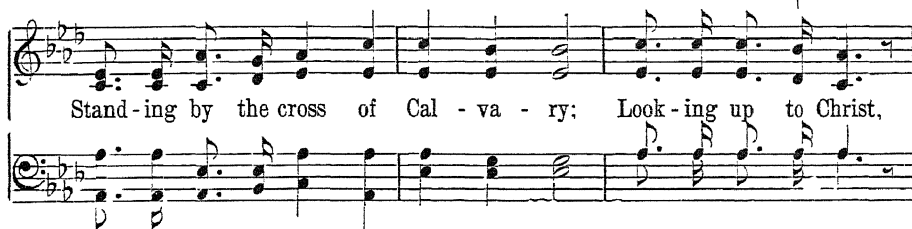


Life, and health and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.
Pre-cious drops my soul be-dew-ing, Plead and claim my peace with God.
While I see di-vine com-pas-sion, Beam-ing in His gra-cious eye.
And my tho'ts are all of heav-en, And my lips o'er-flow with praise.
Till I taste Thy full sal-va-tion, And, un-veiled, Thy glo-ries see.

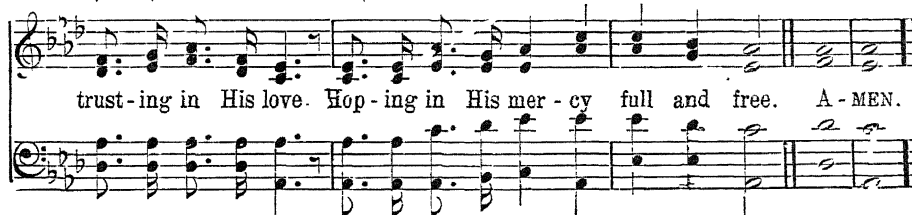
REFRAIN.



Stand-ing by the cross, stand-ing by the cross,



Stand-ing by the cross of Cal-va-ry; Look-ing up to Christ,

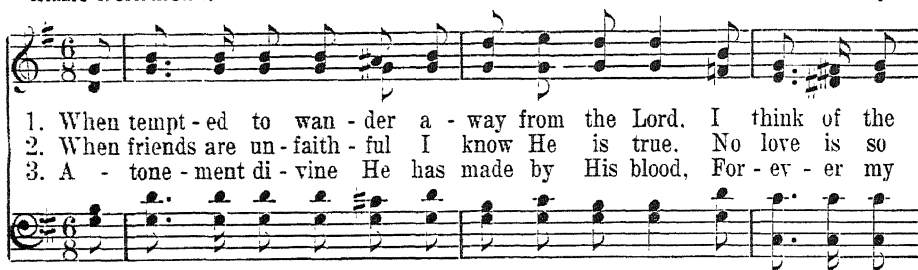


trust-ing in His love. Hop-ing in His mer-cy full and free. A-MEN.

398 The Heart That Was Broken For Me

Lizzie DeArmond.

B. D. Ackley.



1. When tempt-ed to wan-der a-way from the Lord, I think of the
2. When friends are un-faith-ful I know He is true. No love is so
3. A-tone-ment di-vine He has made by His blood, For-ev-er my

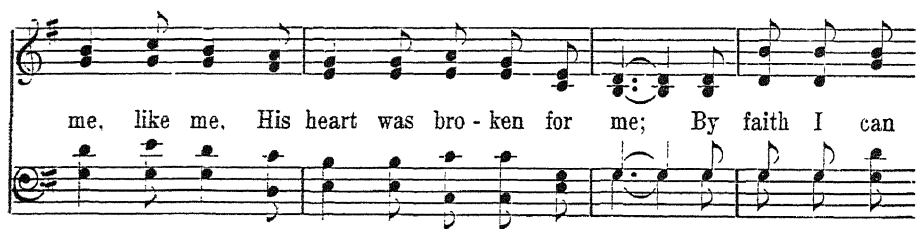


Cal-va-ry tree: Where Je-sus once suf-fered my soul to re-deem,
full and so free: My eyes fill with tears as I dwell on my sins.
sto-ry shall be Of Je-sus, this lov-ing Re-deem-er of mine,

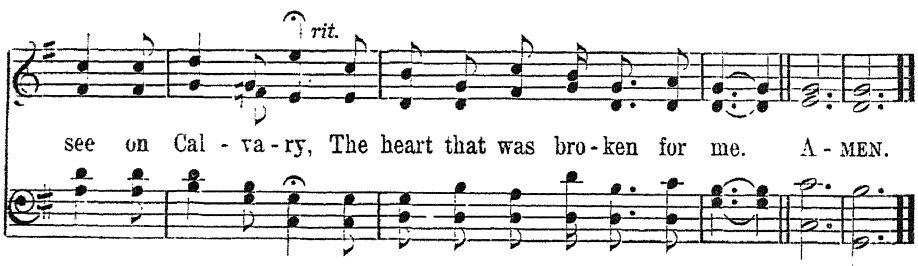
REFRAIN.



And the heart that was bro-ken for me. For me, a sin-ner like



me, like me. His heart was bro-ken for me; By faith I can



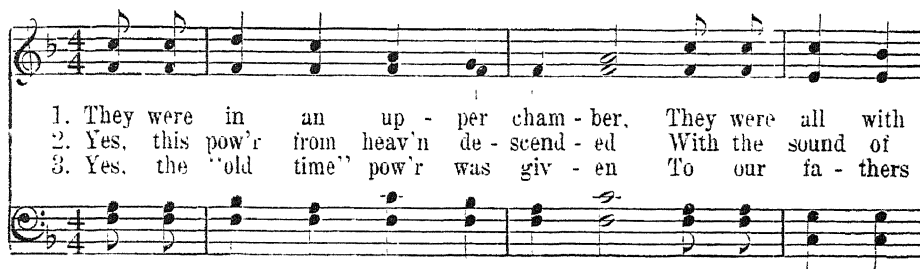
see on Cal-va-ry, The heart that was bro-ken for me. A-MEN.

399

Old Time Power

C. D. T.

Charlie D. Tillman.

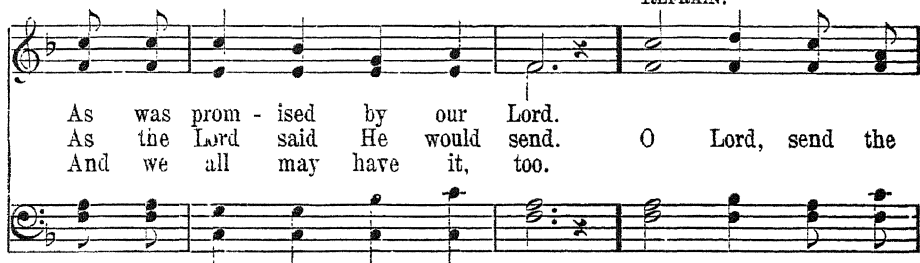


1. They were in an up - per cham - ber. They were all with
 2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n de - scend - ed With the sound of
 3. Yes, the "old time" pow'r was giv - en To our fa - thers

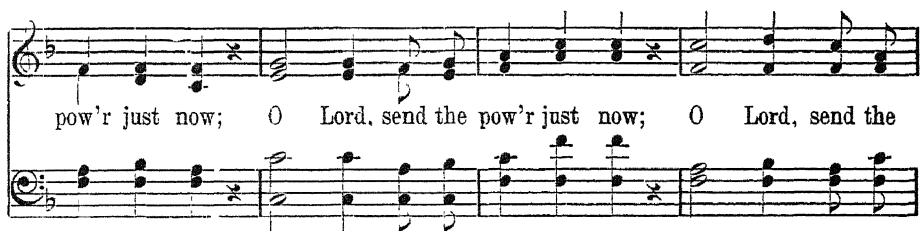


one ac - cord. When the Ho - ly Ghost de - scend - ed,
 rush - ing wind; Tongues of fire came down up - on them,
 who were true; This is prom - ised to be - liev - ers,

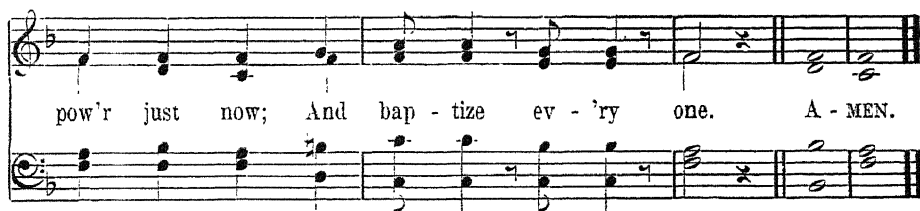
REFRAIN.



As was prom - ised by our Lord.
 As the Lord said He would send. O Lord, send the
 And we all may have it, too.



pow'r just now; O Lord, send the pow'r just now; O Lord, send the



pow'r just now; And bap - tize ev - 'ry one. A - MEN.

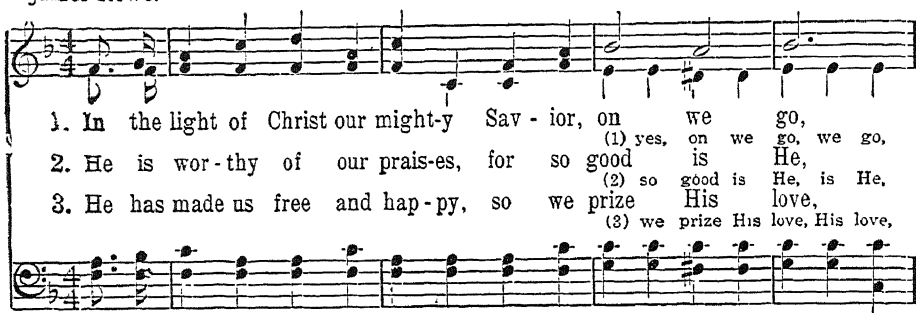
THE CHRISTIAN—CONSECRATION

400

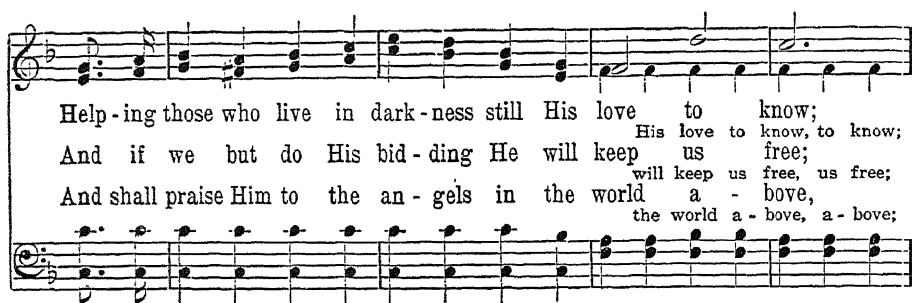
Following On

James Rowe.

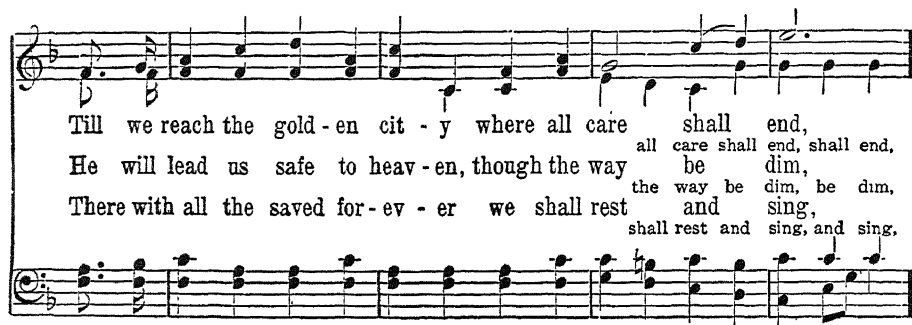
Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



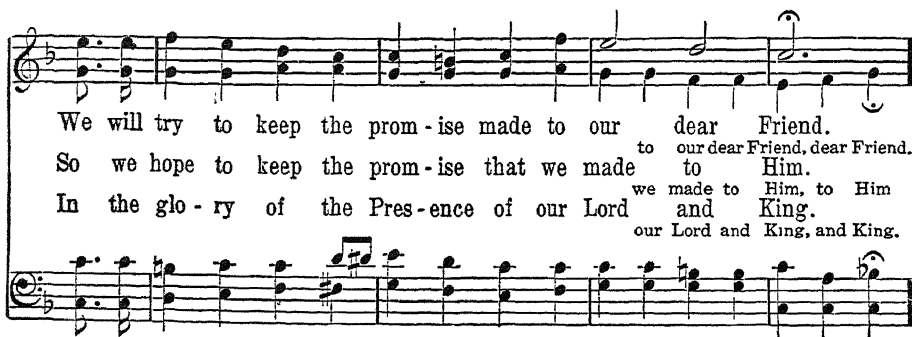
1. In the light of Christ our might-y Sav - ior, on we go,
 2. He is wor - thy of our prais-es, for so good is He, we go,
 3. He has made us free and hap - py, so we prize His love, He, is He,
 (3) we prize His love, His love,



Help-ing those who live in dark-ness still His love to know;
 And if we but do His bid - ding He will keep us free;
 And shall praise Him to the an - gels in the world a - bove,
 the world a - bove, a - bove;



Till we reach the gold - en cit - y where all care shall end,
 He will lead us safe to heav-en, though the way be dim,
 There with all the saved for - ev - er we shall rest and sing,
 shall rest and sing, and sing,



We will try to keep the prom - ise made to our dear Friend.
 So we hope to keep the prom - ise that we made to our dear Friend, dear Friend.
 In the glo - ry of the Pres - ence of our Lord and King.
 our Lord and King, and King.

THE CHRISTIAN—CONSECRATION

REFRAIN. *The Alto must predominate in power.*

Fol-low-ing still, Do-ing His will, Lean-ing up-on the bless-ed
Fol-low-ing still, Do-ing His will, We will

Lord; Look-ing a-bove, Prais-ing His love,
lean on the dear Lord; Look-ing a-bove, Prais-ing His love,

Try-ing to win the great re-ward. Press-ing a-long, Loy-al and
We will win heav-en's re-ward. Press-ing a-long,

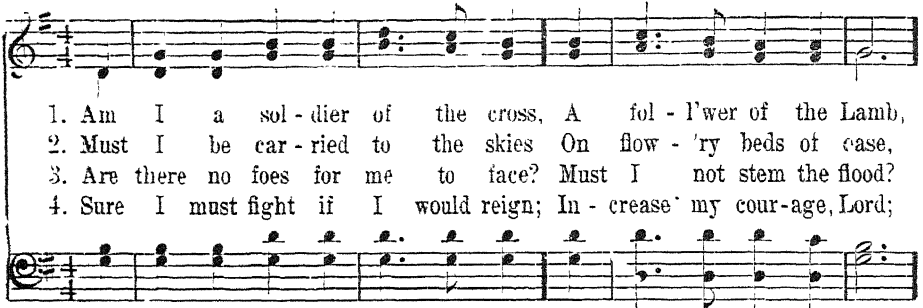
strong, Un-der the wings of heav-en's Dove; Lov-ing His
Loy-al and strong, With the blest heav-en-ly Dove;

serv-ice here, Keeping our record clear, Living in His love A - MEN
On we go, go, Liv-ing in His pre-cious love

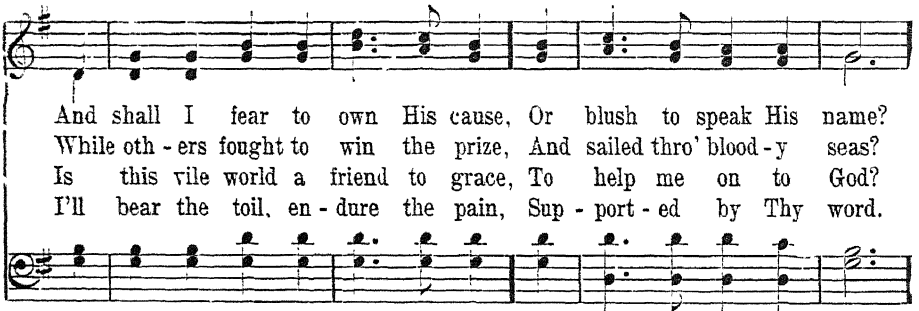
Wear a Crown

Isaac Watts.

English. Arr.

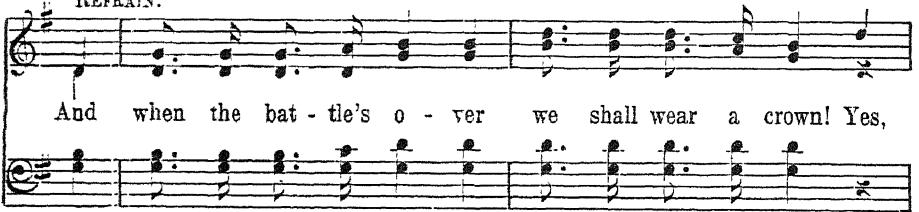


1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb,
 2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
 3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;

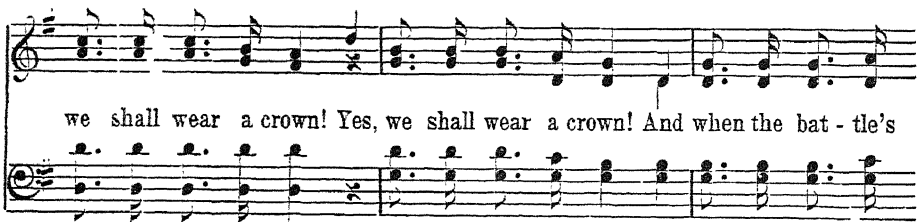


And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.

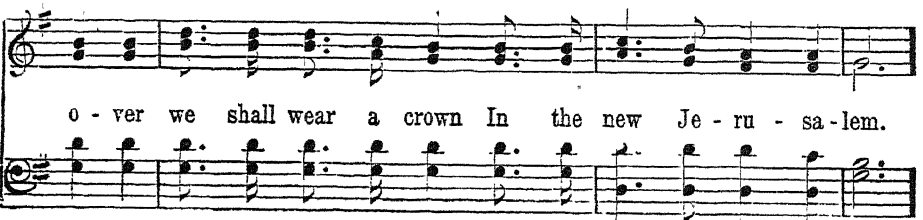
REFRAIN.



And when the bat-tle's o-ver we shall wear a crown! Yes,

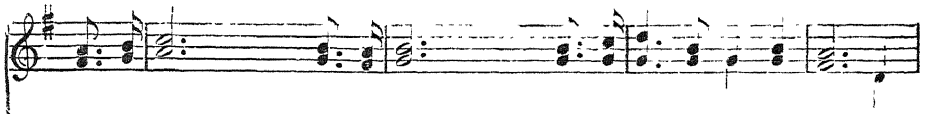


we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the bat-tle's

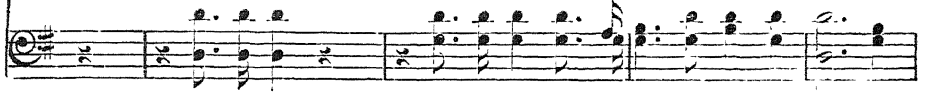


o-ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

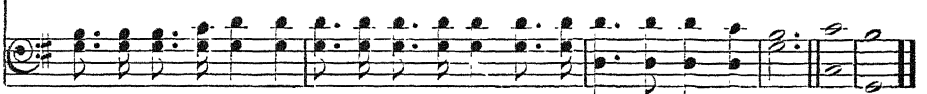
THE CHRISTIAN CONSECRATION



Wear a crown. wear a crown Wear a bright and shining crown. And
Wear a crown. wear a crown,



when the bat-tle's o-ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je - ru - sa - lem. A - MEN.



402 Take My Life, and Let It Be

Frances R. Havergal.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no lon - ger mine;



CHO.—Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be;



D. C.

Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in cease - less praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne. A - MEN.



Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be.

THE CHRISTIAN-CONSECRATION

403

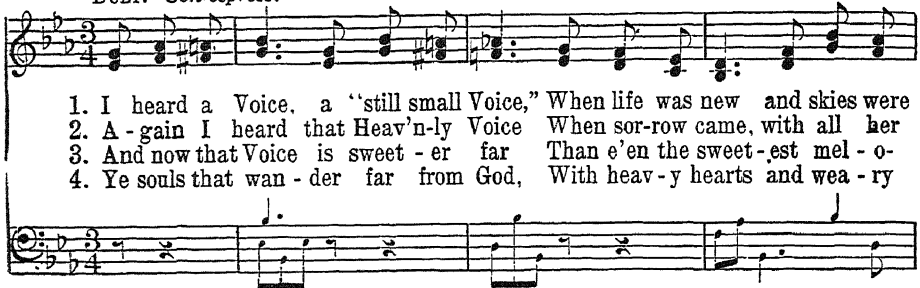
The Still Small Voice

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—HEB. 3: 15.

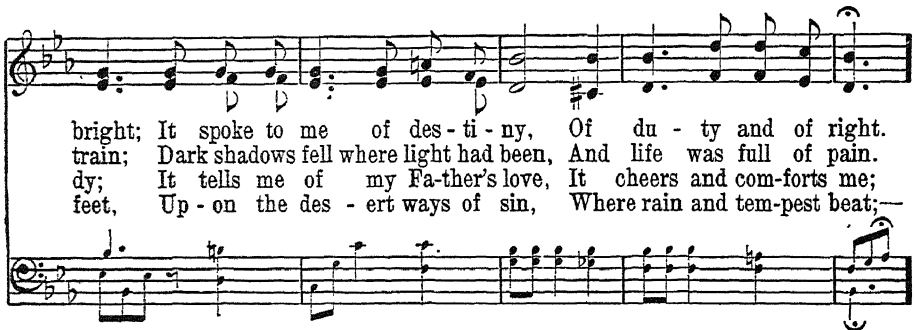
T. O. Chisholm.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

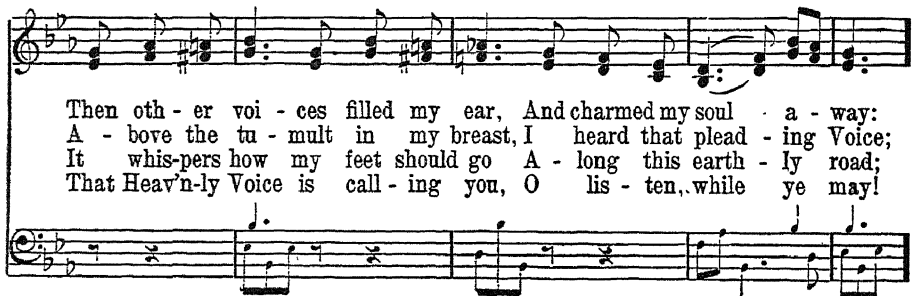
DUET. *Con. espress.*



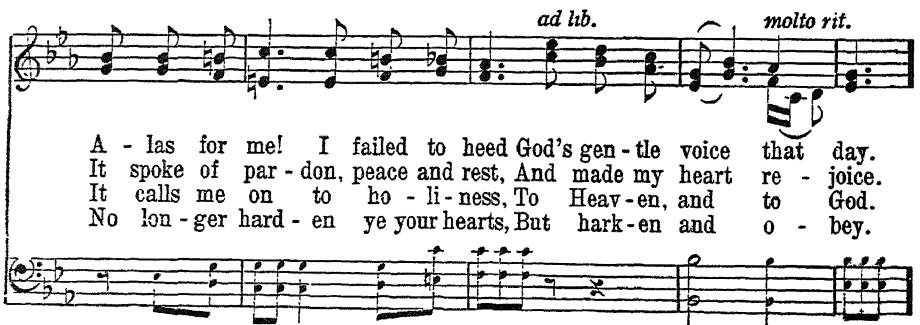
1. I heard a Voice, a "still small Voice," When life was new and skies were
 2. A - gain I heard that Heav'n-ly Voice When sor-row came, with all her
 3. And now that Voice is sweet - er far Than e'en the sweet - est mel - o -
 4. Ye souls that wan - der far from God, With heav-y hearts and wea - ry



bright; It spoke to me of des - ti - ny, Of du - ty and of right.
 train; Dark shadows fell where light had been, And life was full of pain.
 dy; It tells me of my Fa - ther's love, It cheers and com-forts me;
 feet, Up - on the des - ert ways of sin, Where rain and tem-pest beat;—



Then oth - er voi - ces filled my ear, And charmed my soul - a - way:
 A - bove the tu - mult in my breast, I heard that plead - ing Voice;
 It whis-pers how my feet should go A - long this earth - ly road;
 That Heav'n-ly Voice is call - ing you, O lis - ten, while ye may!



ad lib. *molto rit.*
 A - las for me! I failed to heed God's gen - tle voice that day.
 It spoke of par - don, peace and rest, And made my heart re - joice.
 It calls me on to ho - li - ness, To Heav - en, and to God.
 No lon - ger hard - en ye your hearts, But hark - en and o - bey.

THE CHRISTIAN-CONSECRATION

CHORUS or QUARTET.

That pa-tient Voice, that ten-der Voice, In
That pa-tient Voice, . . . that ten-der Voice, In

ev - 'ry bos-om pleads; It is the Fa-ther's
In ev - 'ry bos-om pleads; It is the Fa-ther's

voice of love, His voice of love, And blest is he that heeds. A - MEN.
And blest is he that heeds.

404 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

G. N. Allen, 1852.

(MAITLAND. C. M.)

George N. Allen, 1812-1877.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sor-r'wing here!
3. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;

No: there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
But now they taste un-min-gled love, And joy with-out a tear.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me. A - MEN.

Are You Growing?

C. B. M.

Clara B. Mays.



1. Since the Lord has made you whole, Gave the ran-som for your soul, Are you
2. Are you feed-ing on the milk Or the meat that's in God's word? Are you
3. When is heard the call to war, Do you mur-mur or com-plain? Are you
4. When sore trib-u-la-tions rise, Does your faith grow weak or strong? Are you
5. Are you liv-ing by the rule Of the Babe of Beth-le-hem? Are you
6. God is great-er than thine heart, If thine heart doth thee con-demn, Are you



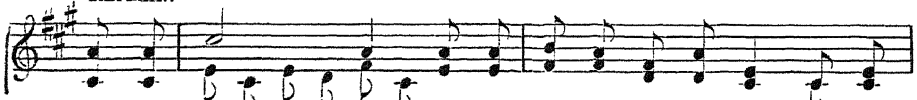
grow-ing in the spir-it of the Lord? Paid the debt to set you free, Died to
 grow-ing in the spir-it of the Lord? Are you still a "babe" in Christ, Or a
 grow-ing in the spir-it of the Lord? Or with read-y sword and shield, Do you
 grow-ing in the spir-it of the Lord? As a sol-dier do you stand, Knowing
 grow-ing in the spir-it of the Lord? As ye would men do to you, Do ye
 grow-ing in the spir-it of the Lord? If thine heart condemn thee not, Thou hast



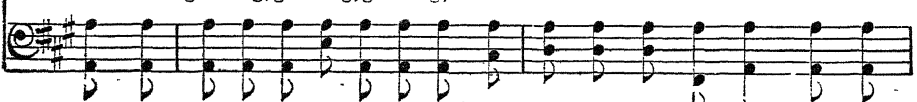
give you lib-er-ty; Are you grow-ing in the spir-it of the Lord?
 work-man, la-b'ring hard, Are you grow-ing in the spir-it of the Lord?
 charge in Je-sus' name? Are you grow-ing in the spir-it of the Lord?
 right must conquer wrong, Are you grow-ing in the spir-it of the Lord?
 e-ven so to them? Are you grow-ing in the spir-it of the Lord?
 peace tow'rds God and man, Are you grow-ing in the spir-it of the Lord?



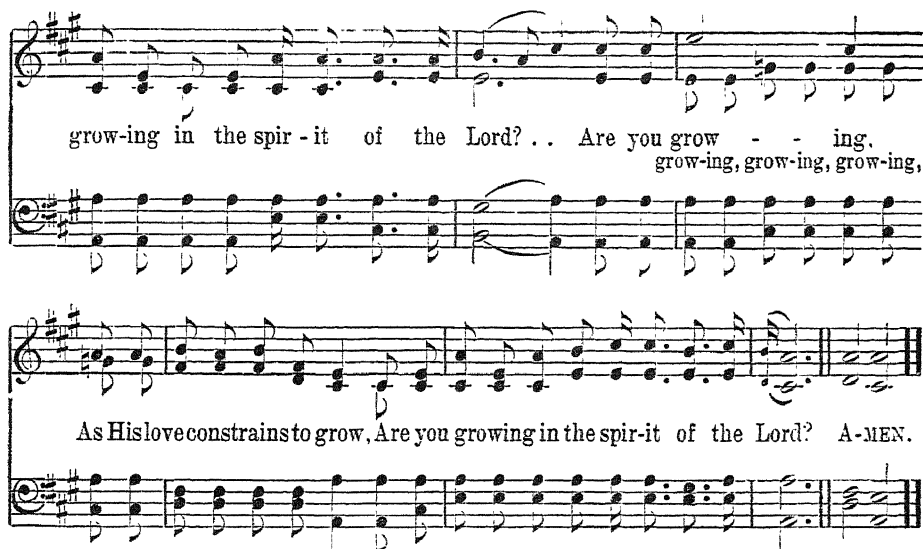
REFRAIN.



Are you grow-ing, grow-ing stron-ger as you go? Are you
 grow-ing, grow-ing, grow-ing,



THE CHRISTIAN—CONSECRATION



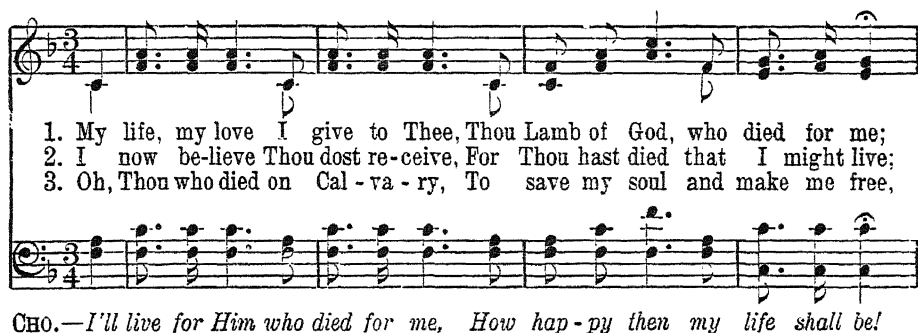
grow-ing in the spir - it of the Lord? . . Are you grow - - ing,
grow-ing, grow-ing, grow-ing,

As His love constrains to grow, Are you growing in the spir-it of the Lord? A-MEN.

406

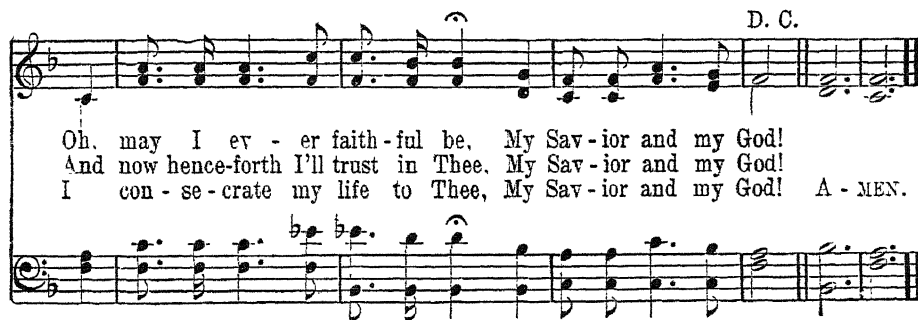
I'll Live For Him

C. R. Dunbar.



1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!



Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav-ior and my God! A - MEN.

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God!

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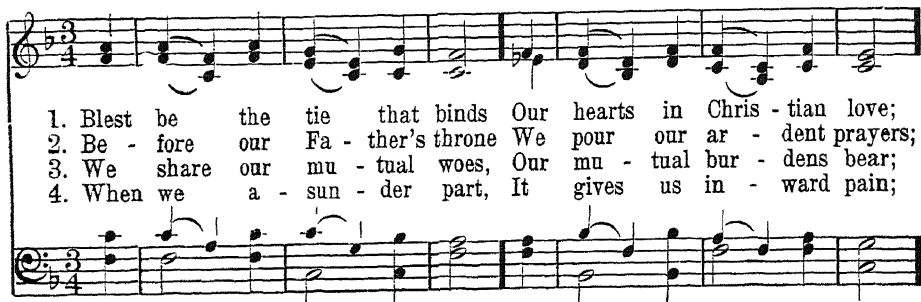
407

Blest Be the Tie That Binds

John Fawcett, 1782.

(DENNIS. S. M.)

H. G. Nageli, 1768-1836.



1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;



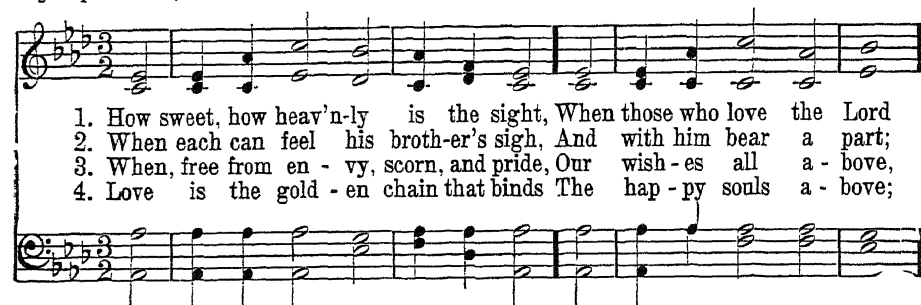
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain. A - MEN.

408 How Sweet, How Heavenly is the Sight

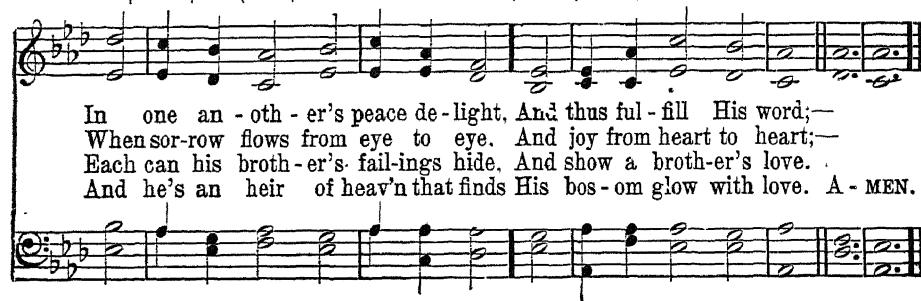
Joseph Swain, 1792.

(EVAN. C. M.)

Rev. W. H. Havergal, 1793-1870.



1. How sweet, how heav'n - ly is the sight, When those who love the Lord
 2. When each can feel his broth - er's sigh, And with him bear a part;
 3. When, free from en - vy, scorn, and pride, Our wish - es all a - bove,
 4. Love is the gold - en chain that binds The hap - py souls a - bove;



In one an - oth - er's peace de - light, And thus ful - fill His word;—
 When sor - row flows from eye to eye, And joy from heart to heart;—
 Each can his broth - er's fail - ings hide, And show a broth - er's love.
 And he's an heir of heav'n that finds His bos - om glow with love. A - MEN.

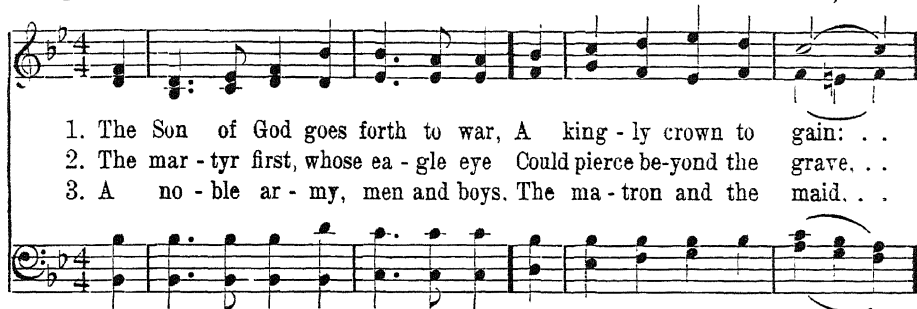
409 The Son of God Goes Forth to War

PROCESSIONAL

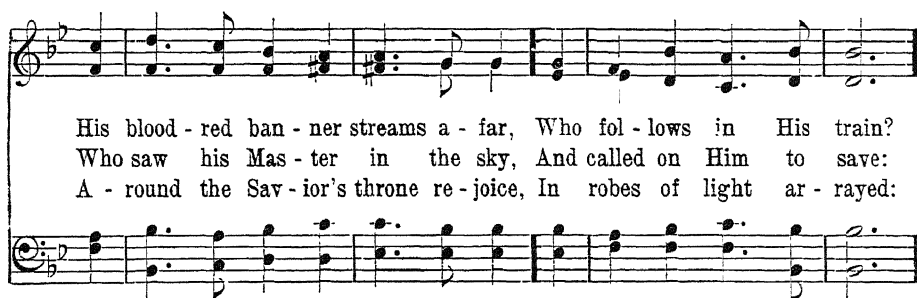
Reginald Heber, 1827.

(EMULATION. C. M. D.)

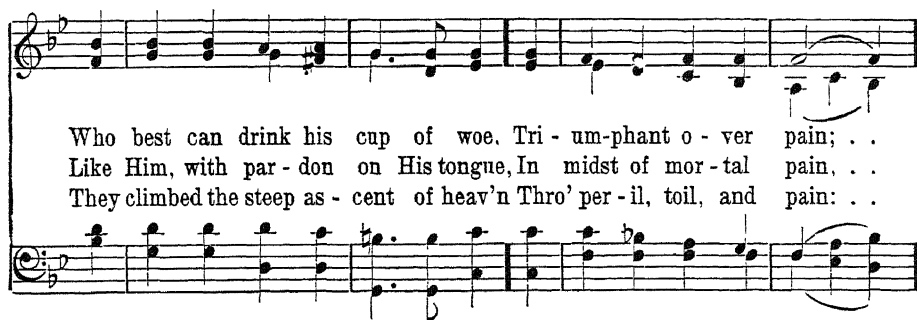
Dr H. S. Cutler, 1871.



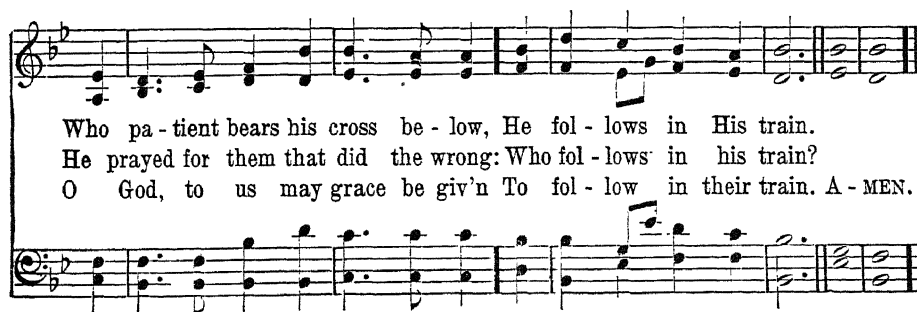
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain: . .
 2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave, . .
 3. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys. The ma - tron and the maid. . .



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far, Who fol - lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
 A - round the Sav - ior's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed:



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um - phant o - ver pain; . .
 Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain, . .
 They climbed the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain: . .



Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in his train?
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train. A - MEN.

Forward Be Our Watchword!

PROCESSIONAL

Henry Alford, 1865.

(St. ALBAN S. 6s, 5s. D.)

F. J. Haydn, 1732-1809.



1. Forward! be our watch-word, Steps and voi-ces joined: Seek the things be-fore us,
 1. Far o'er yon ho-ri-zon Rise the cit-y tow'rs, Where our God a-bid-eth;
 3. Glo-ries up-on glo-ries Hath our God pre-pared, By the souls that love Him,



Not a look be-hind: Burns the fi-ery pil-lar At our ar-my's head;
 That fair home is ours: Flash the streets with jas-per. Shine the gates with gold;
 One day to be shared: Eye hath not be-held them, Ear hath nev-er heard;



Who shall dream of shrink-ing, By our Cap-tain led? For-ward thro' the des-ert,
 Flows the glad-d'ning riv-er, Shedding joys un-told; Thith-er, on-ward thith-er,
 Nor of these hath ut-tered Tho't or speech a word: Forward, march-ing east-ward



Thro' the toil and fight: Jor-dan flows be-fore us, Zi-on beams with light!
 In the Spir-it's might: Pil-grims to your coun-try, For-ward in-to light!
 Where the heav'n is bright, Till the vail be lift-ed, Till our faith be sight!



411

Onward, Christian Soldiers

Sabine Baring-Gould.

(GERTRUDE. 6s, 5s. D.)

A. S. Sullivan, 1872.

1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers March - ing as to war, With the cross of
 2. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King - doms rise and wane, But the Church of
 3. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
 voi - ces In the tri - umph - song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or.

Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go.
 'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.
 Un - to Christ the King; This thro' count - less a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

REFRAIN.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, March - ing as to war,

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. A - MEN.

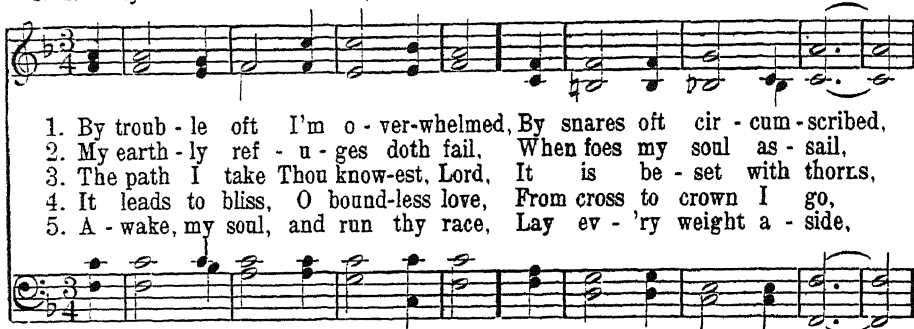
412

Comfort in Trouble

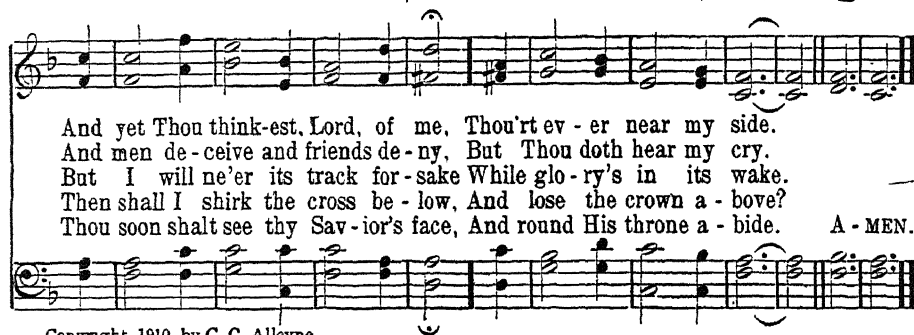
C. C. Alleyne.

(COMFORT. C. M.)

J. T. Nickens.



1. By troub - le oft I'm o - ver-whelmed, By snares oft cir - cum - scribed,
 2. My earth - ly ref - u - ges doth fail, When foes my soul as - sail,
 3. The path I take Thou know-est, Lord, It is be - set with thorns,
 4. It leads to bliss, O bound-less love, From cross to crown I go,
 5. A - wake, my soul, and run thy race, Lay ev - 'ry weight a - side,



And yet Thou think-est, Lord, of me, Thou'r't ev - er near my side.
 And men de - ceive and friends de - ny, But Thou doth hear my cry.
 But I will ne'er its track for - sake While glo - ry's in its wake.
 Then shall I shirk the cross be - low, And lose the crown a - bove?
 Thou soon shalt see thy Sav - ior's face, And round His throne a - bide. A - MEN.

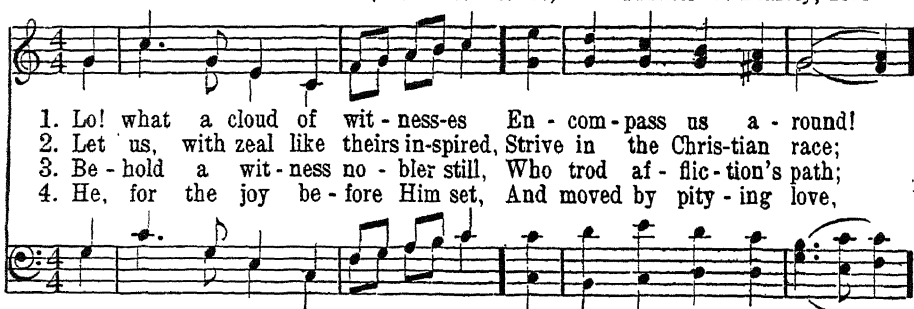
Copyright, 1910, by C. C. Alleyne.

413

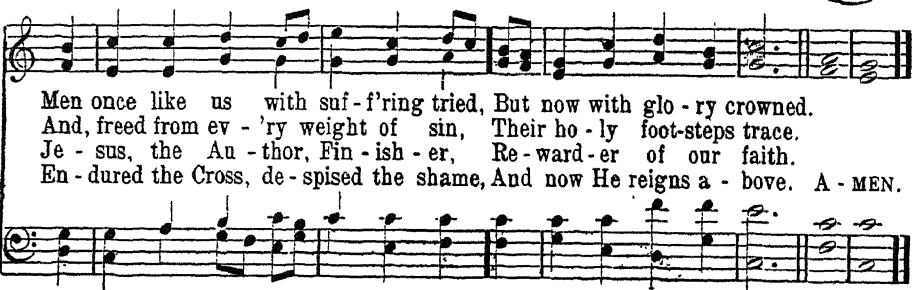
Lo! What a Cloud of Witnesses

(WINONA. C. M.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. Lo! what a cloud of wit - ness-es En - com - pass us a - round!
 2. Let us, with zeal like theirs in - spired, Strive in the Chris - tian race;
 3. Be - hold a wit - ness no - bler still, Who trod af - flic - tion's path;
 4. He, for the joy be - fore Him set, And moved by pity - ing love,



Men once like us with suf - f'ring tried, But now with glo - ry crowned.
 And, freed from ev - 'ry weight of sin, Their ho - ly foot-steps trace.
 Je - sus, the Au - thor, Fin - ish - er, Re - ward - er of our faith.
 En - dured the Cross, de - spised the shame, And now He reigns a - bove. A - MEN.

414

The Path

Kathleen R. Wheeler.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

Introduction.

The introduction consists of two staves of music. The first staff is in G major, 4/4 time, and the second staff is in C major, 4/4 time. The music is a simple, flowing melody.

SOLO.

The solo section consists of two staves of music. The first staff is in G major, 4/4 time, and the second staff is in C major, 4/4 time. The music is a simple, flowing melody.

1. High up up - on the moun - tain-top, In the clear and brac - ing air,
 2. Then far be - low, half lost to sight I saw a wind - ing trail;
 3. I saw where swell - ing streams of doubt Had crossed the path I trod;

With sun - shine stream - ing o - ver me, And heav - en's gate a - jar,
 Be - set with fears and per - ils dread Which made my cour - age quail,
 I saw where bram - bles of dis - trust Had hid my soul from God;

I turned and ques - tioned, won - der - ing From that great height of bliss,
 How had I failed, a - long that road My up - ward way to miss;
 But at the end, the moun - tain - top, The sun - shine, and the bliss;

Where is the path, Where is the path, That led to this?
 When such a path, When such a path, That led to this?
 Thank God! I cried, For that hard way Which led to this! A - MEN.

415

Jesus Knows

"I know their sorrow."—Ex. 3: 7.
 "He knoweth the way that I take."—Job. 23: 10.

T. O. Chisholm.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

1. Je - sus knows when heav - y bur - dens On my faint - ing spir - it press,
 2. Je - sus knows when cour - age fal - ters, Faith is weak and hopes grow dim,
 3. Je - sus knows how much I love Him, How I try to do His will,
 4. Je - sus knows the thorn - y path - way That my feet must oft - en take,
 5. Je - sus knows! O sweet - est com - fort! What - so - ev - er may be - fail,

Knows when "man - i - fold temp - ta - tions" Fill my lie with bit - ter - ness.
 When, with "tears and sup - pli - ca - tion," I pour out my soul to Him.
 Looks with pit - y on my fail - ures, And "a - bi - eth faith - ful" still.
 Knows the an - guish and the sor - row When it seems my heart will break.
 There is One who un - der - stands me, Je - sus knows! He knows it all!

REFRAIN.

Je - sus knows! Je - sus knows! Je - sus knows! Je - sus knows! All my

con - flicts, all my woes; How it cheers me to re -
 my woes;

THE CHRISTIAN—TRIAL AND CONFLICT

mem - ber in ev - 'ry tri - al, Je - sus knows. A - MEN.
He knows.

416 How Oft, Alas, This Wretched Heart

Anne Steele, 1760.

(CORINTH. C. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1892

1. How oft, a - las, this wretch - ed heart Has
2. Yet sov - 'reign Mer - cy calls, "Re - turn!" Dear
3. And canst Thou, wilt Thou, yet for - give, And
4. Thy par - d'ning love, so free, so sweet, Blest

wan - dered from the Lord! How oft my rov - ing
Lord, and may I come? My vile in - grat - i-
bid my crimes re - move? And shall a par - doned
Sav - ior, I a - dore; O keep me at Thy

thoughts de - part, For - get - ful of His word!
tude I mourn; O take the wan - d'rer home.
reb - el live To speak Thy won - drous love?
sa - cred feet, And let me rove no more. A - MEN

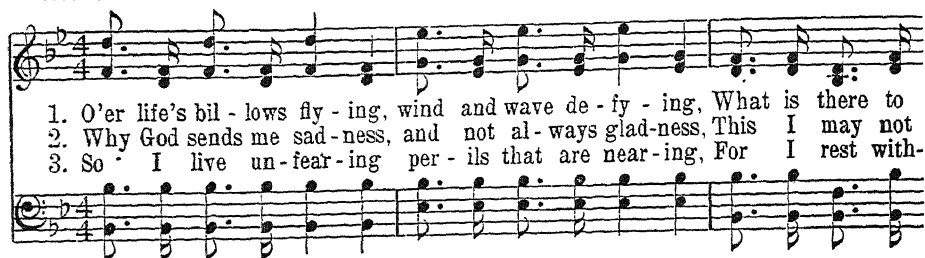
THE CHRISTIAN—TRIAL AND CONFLICT

417

Roll, Billows, Roll

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

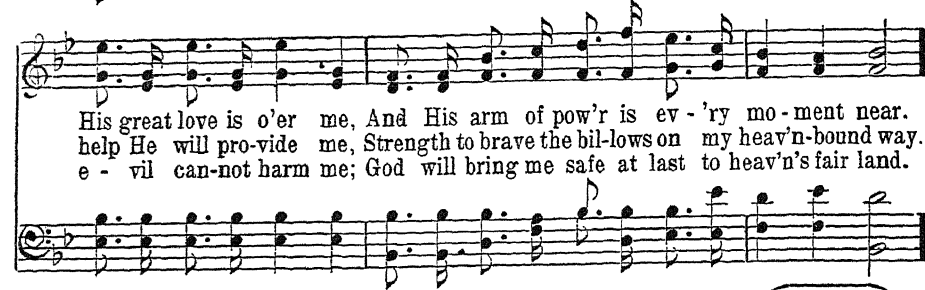
Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. O'er life's bil - lows fly - ing, wind and wave de - fy - ing, What is there to
 2. Why God sends me sad - ness, and not al - ways glad - ness, This I may not
 3. So I live un - fear - ing per - ils that are near - ing, For I rest with-



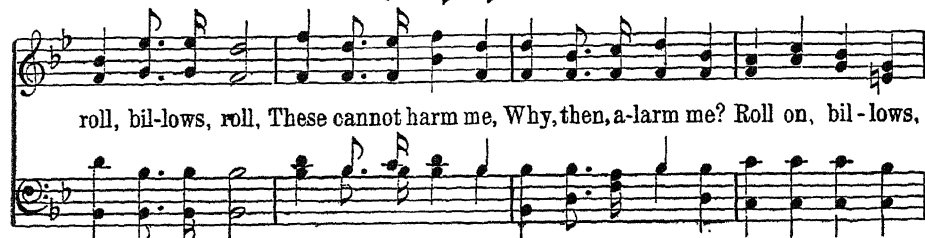
harm me? What have I to fear? God's hand goes be - fore me,
 clear - ly un - der - stand to - day; But what - e'er be - tide me,
 in the hol - low of God's hand; Why should aught a - larm me?



His great love is o'er me, And His arm of pow'r is ev - 'ry mo - ment near.
 help He will pro - vide me, Strength to brave the bil - lows on my heav'n - bound way.
 e - vil can - not harm me; God will bring me safe at last to heav'n's fair land.



REFRAIN.
 Roll, bil - lows, roll, roll, bil - lows, roll, Roll, bil - lows, roll,



roll, bil - lows, roll, These cannot harm me, Why, then, a - larm me? Roll on, bil - lows,

THE CHRISTIAN—TRIAL AND CONFLICT

roll, Roll, bil-lows, roll, roll, bil-lows, roll, Roll, bil-lows, roll,

Roll, bil-lows, roll, roll, bil-lows, roll, God will de-fend me,

Help He will lend me, Roll, roll, bil-lows, roll. A - MEN.

418

Soldiers of Christ, Arise

Charles Wesley, 1745.

(LABAN. S. M.)

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And gird your ar - mor on,
 2. Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in His might - y pow'r,
 3. Stand, then, in His great might, With all His strength en - dued,
 4. From strength to strength go on; Wres - tle and fight and pray;

Strong in the strength which God sup - plies Thro' His e - ter - nal Son.
 The man who in the Sav - ior trusts, Is more than con - quer - or.
 And take, to arm you for the fight, The pan - o - ply of God.
 Tread all the pow'rs of dark - ness down, And win the well-fought day. A - MEN.

419

I'll Overcome Some Day

C. A. T.

"Ye shall overcome if ye faint not"

C. Albert Tindley.

1. This world is one great bat-tle-field. With for-ces all ar-rayed;
 2. Both seen and un-seen pow-ers join To drive my soul a-stray.
 3. A thou-sand snares are set for me. And moun-tains in my way:
 4. I fail so oft - en when I try My Sav-ior to o-bey:
 5. My mind is not to do the wrong. But walk the nar-row way:
 6. Tho' many a time no signs ap-pear. Of an-swer when I pray,

If in my heart I do not yield, I'll o-ver-come some day.
 But with His Word a sword of mine, I'll o-ver-come some day.
 If Je-sus will my lead-er be. I'll o-ver-come some day.
 It pains my heart and then I cry, Lord, make me strong some day.
 I'm pray-ing as I jour-ney on. To o-ver-come some day.
 My Je-sus says I need not fear. He'll make it plain some day.

REFRAIN.

I'll o-ver-come some day, (some day.) I'll o-ver-come some day;
 I'll o-ver-come some day, (some day.) I'll o-ver-come some day;
 I'll o-ver-come some day, (some day.) I'll o-ver-come some day;
 Lord, make me strong some day, (some day.) Lord, make me strong some day;
 To o-ver-come some day, (some day.) To o-ver-come some day;
 I'll be like Him some day, (some day.) I'll be like Him some day;

If in my heart I do not yield, I'll o-ver-come some day.
 But with His Word a sword of mine, I'll o-ver-come some day.
 If Je-sus will my lead-er be, I'll o-ver-come some day.
 It pains my heart and then I cry, Lord, make me strong some day.
 I'm pray-ing as I jour-ney on. To o-ver-come some day.
 My Je-sus says I need not fear. I'll be like Him some day. A - MEN.

The Cross is Not Greater

Ballington Booth.

May be song as a Solo and Chorus.

1. The cross that He gave may be heav-y. But it ne'er out-weighs His grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharp-er Than com-pose His crown for me;
3. The light of His love shineth bright-er. As it falls on paths of woe;
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing. As I'm walk-ing in His sight;



The storm that I feared may surround me. But it ne'er ex-cludes His face.
 The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Geth-sem-a-ne.
 The toil of my work grow-eth light-er. As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the blood I am bring-ing. It a-lone can keep me right.



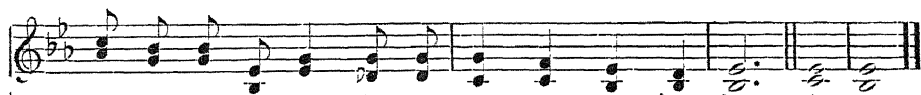
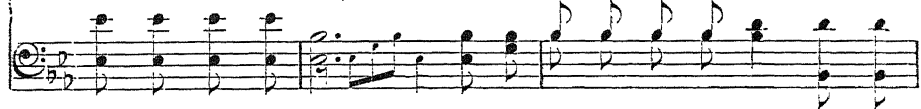
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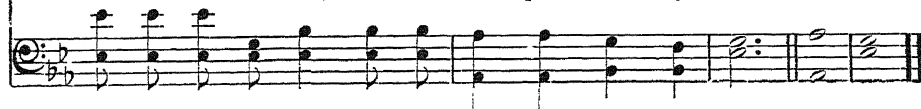
The cross is not great-er than His grace. The storm can-not



hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with



Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe. A-MEN.



421

Greater is He That is in You

C. Austin Miles.

J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Look up when all the way is dark, And see the stars a - bove; Your ev - 'ry
 2. Press on, al-though you can - not see Whereon your foot may fall; For One who
 3. Lay hold up - on the prom - is - es, And to the end en - dure; For He who

REFRAIN.

step is guid - ed by A might - y Sav - ior's love.
 passed this way be - fore Most sure - ly knows it all. "Great - er is He that is
 made them, well can keep Your trust - ing soul se - cure.

in you than he that is in the world," By whom the forc - es of e - vil shall

SOP. AND ALTO.

from their pow'r be hurled; This is your con - so - la - tion, This is your great sal -

va - tion, "Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world" A - MEN.

422

Quit You Like Men

Hannah Thurston.

Ira B. Wilson.

1. Brave men are need - ed for Christ to - day, Out where the
 2. Seek - ing not ease nor ap - plause of men. En - ter the
 3. What though you suf - fer, do not com - plain; Cheer your faint
 4. Stead - fast, un - yield - ing, the bat - tle press, You to God's

bat - tle is long; Forth at the sum - mons, the call o - bey.
 fight a - gainst wrong; Suf - f'ring de - feat, but to rise a - gain.
 heart with a song; Let not your cour - age grow slack and wane.
 ar - my be - long; Clad in His ar - mor of right - eous - ness,

REFRAIN.

Quit you like men, be strong!
 Quit you like men, be strong! Quit you like men, be strong..
 Quit you like men, be strong!
 Vic - t'ry's as - sured, be strong!

Hard is the fight and long; . . . On - ward and fail not,
 and long;

For - ward and quail not, Quit you like men, be strong! A - MEN.

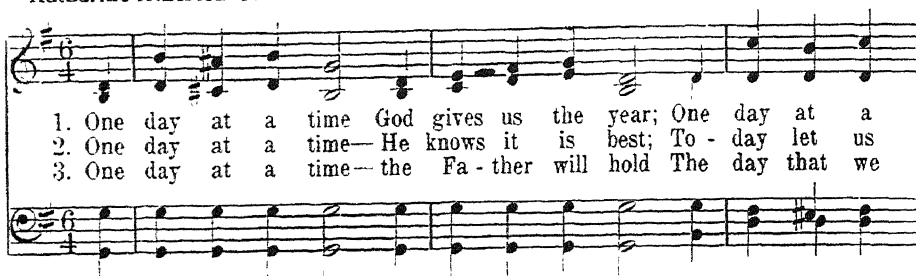
THE CHRISTIAN—TRIAL AND CONFLICT

423

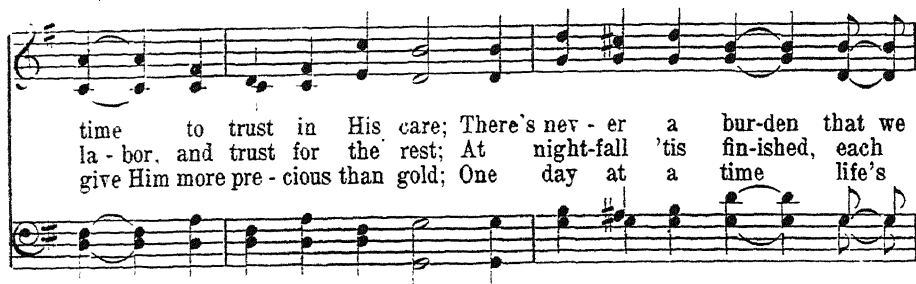
One Day At a Time

Katharine Atherton Grimes.

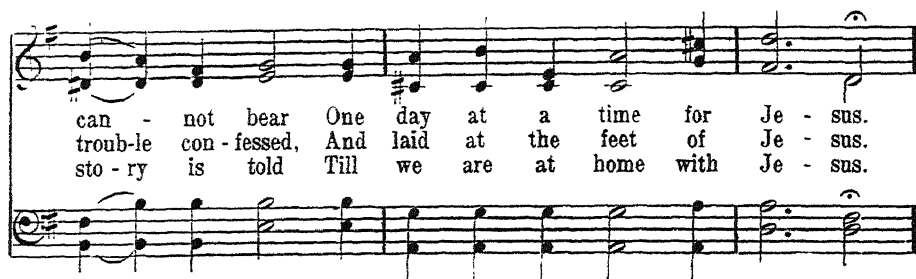
Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. One day at a time God gives us the year; One day at a
 2. One day at a time—He knows it is best; To-day let us
 3. One day at a time—the Fa-ther will hold The day that we

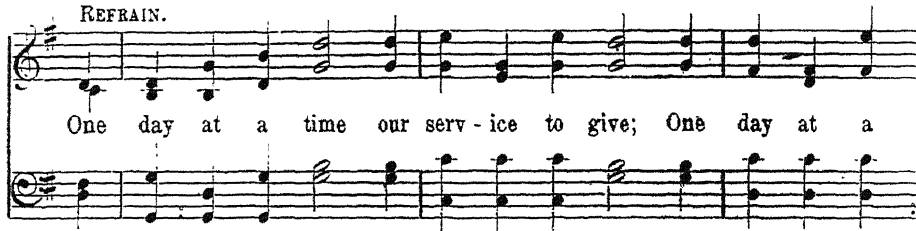


time to trust in His care; There's nev-er a bur-den that we
 la-bor, and trust for the rest; At night-fall 'tis fin-ished, each
 give Him more pre-cious than gold; One day at a time life's

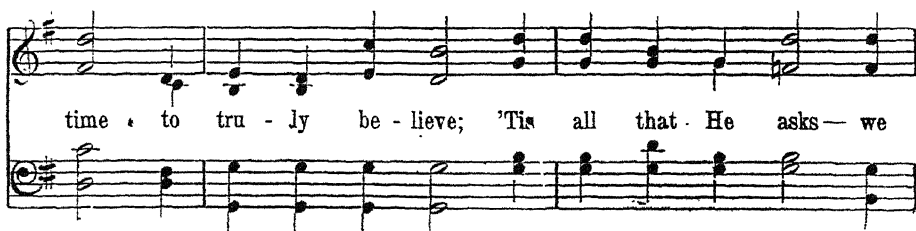


can-not bear One day at a time for Je-sus.
 troub-le con-fessed, And laid at the feet of Je-sus.
 sto-ry is told Till we are at home with Je-sus.

REFRAIN.

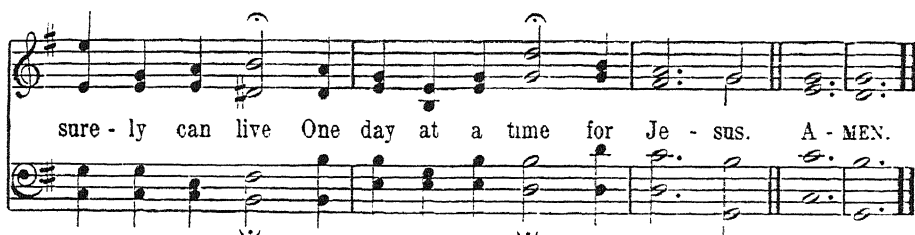


One day at a time our serv-ice to give; One day at a



time to tru-ly be-lieve; 'Tis all that He asks—we

THE CHRISTIAN—TRIAL AND CONFLICT



sure - ly can live One day at a time for Je - sus. A - MEN.

424

In the Hour of Trial

J. Montgomery.

(PENITENCE. 6s, 5s. D.)

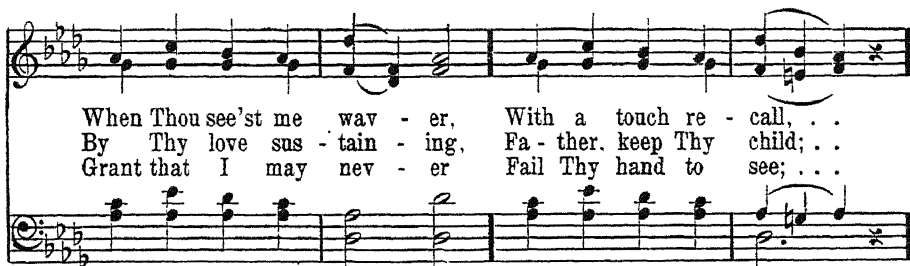
Spencer Lane.



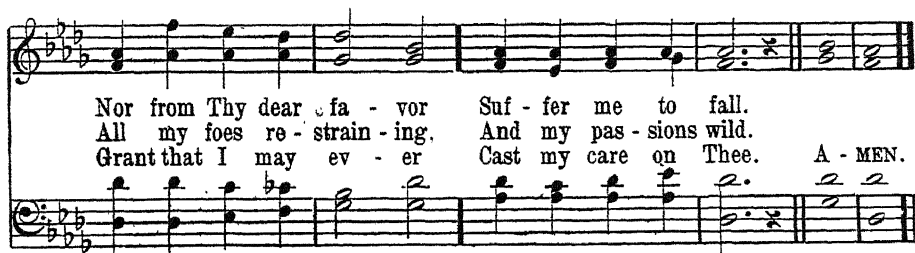
1. In the hour of tri - al, Fa - ther, strength-en me,
2. With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm,
3. Should Thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, care and woe;



Lest by base de - ni - al, I might stray from Thee.
Or its sor - did treas - ures Spread to work me harm;
Or should pain at - tend me On my path be - low:



When Thou see'st me wav - er, With a touch re - call, . . .
By Thy love re - strain - ing, Fa - ther, keep Thy child; . . .
Grant that I may nev - er Fail Thy hand to see; . . .



Nor from Thy dear fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
All my foes re - strain - ing, And my pas - sions wild.
Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee. A - MEN.

425

Christ is All You Need

C. H. G.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. Are you heav - y-heart - ed, are you sore dis-tressed?
2. Have you bro - ken vows and prom-is - es un-kept? Christ is all you need,
3. Have you been neg-lect - ed for the cause you love?
4. Let the world de-spise and scorn you as it may, Christ is all you need.



He's a Friend in-deed,

Are you o-ver-bur-den-ed and with care dis-tressed?
Once de-sert-ed and a-lone thy Sav - ior wept!

He's a Friend indeed; You will shout His praises in the judg-ment day;

You shall be re-ward-ed in the home a - bove;



REFRAIN.



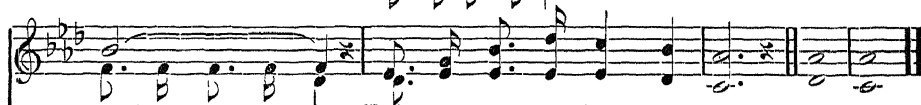
Christ is all the Friend you need. Christ is all you need, He is a Friend in-deed;

Christ is all you need, He is a Friend in-deed;



He's a Friend. He is a Friend in-deed; Christ is all you need, He is a Friend in-deed; Christ is all you need, He

Christ is all you need, For He is a Friend in-deed; Christ is all you need, He



need. Christ is all the Friend you need. A - MEN.

is a Friend in - deed,



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426

Recompense

Kathleen R. Wheeler.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

INTRO.

SOLO. *Con espress.*

1. I lost the thing I craved so much, The grand and glit-t'ring prize;
 2. We sel-dom pass a long, cru-el day, All dark with some de-spair,
 3. The road may be half-dark, per-haps, Which leads us home, at last,

But in its place came one small boon Which in my heart still lies;
 But what one hour in all the rest Were not so hard to bear.
 But at the end, the meet-ing-place, And all the heart-breaks past:

And I can now look up and say, Thank God for that, Thank God for that!
 Do we lift up our souls and say, Thank God for that, Thank God for that!
 So let us dry our tears, and say, Thank God for that, Thank God for that!

The less-er joy, The less-er joy, Thank God for that!
 The one bright hour, The one bright hour, Thank God for that!
 The heart-breaks past, And home at last, Thank God for that! A-MEN

427

Life's Railway to Heaven

M. E. Abbey.

Charlie D. Tillman.

SOLO OR DUET. *Tempo ad lib.*

1. Life is like a moun-tain rail-road, With an en - gi - neer that's brave;
 2. You will roll up grades of tri - al; You will cross the bridge of strife;
 3. You will oft - en find ob-struc-tions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
 4. As you roll a - cross the tres - tle, Spanning Jor-dan's swell-ing tide,

We must make the run suc-cess-ful, From the cra - dle to the grave;
 See that Christ is your con-duct-or On this light-ning train of life;
 On a fill, or curve, or tres - tle, They will al - most ditch your train;
 You be-hold the Un-ion De - pot In - to which your train will glide;

Watch the curves, the fills, the tun-nels; Nev-er fal - ter, nev - er quail;
 Al - ways mind - ful of ob - struc - tion, Do your du - ty, nev - er fail;
 Put your trust a - lone in Je - sus; Nev - er fal - ter, nev - er fail;
 There you'll meet the Su - p'rin - tend - ent, God the Fa - ther, God the Son,

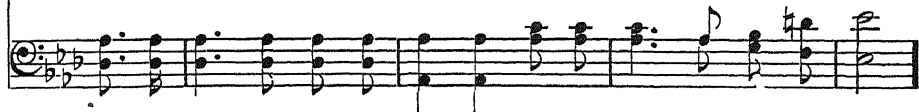
rit.
 Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
 Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail.
 Keep your hand up - on the throt-tle, And your eye up - on the rail,
 With the heart - y, joy - ous plau - dit, "Wea - ry pil - grim, wel - come home."

THE CHRISTIAN—TRIAL AND CONFLICT

REFRAIN.



Bless - ed Sav - ior, Thou wilt guide us, Till we reach the bliss - ful shore.



Where the an - gels wait to join us In Thy praise for - ev - er - more A - MEN.



428 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard

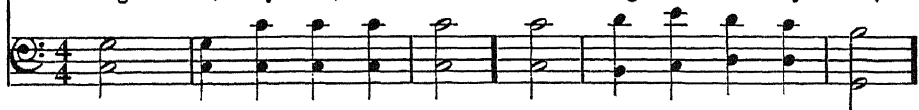
(LABAN. S. M.)

George Heath, 1781.

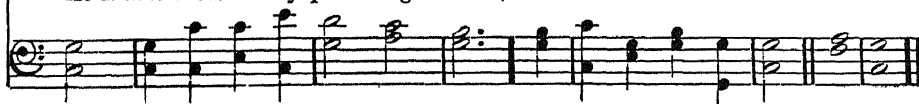
Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



1. My soul, be on Thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a - rise;
2. O watch and fight and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;



The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
 Thy ar - duous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain thy crown.
 He'll take thee, at thy part - ing breath, To His di - vine a - bode. A - MEN.



429

Blessed Assurance

Fanny J. Crosby.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
 2. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vi - sions of rap - ture now
 3. Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight, An - gels de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of
 hap - py and blest, Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His

REFRAIN.

Spir - it, washed in His blood.
 mer - cy, whis - pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
 good - ness, lost in His love.

song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my

sio - ry, this is my song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long. A - MEN.

430 He Leadeth Me! O Blessed Thought!

(HE LEADETH ME. L. M. D.)

J. H. Gilmore, 1861.

W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868.



1. He lead - eth me! O bless - ed thought! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deep-est gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord! I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur nor re-pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the vic-t'ry's won,



What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troub-led sea,— Still 'tis His hand that lead - eth me.
Con - tent what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.



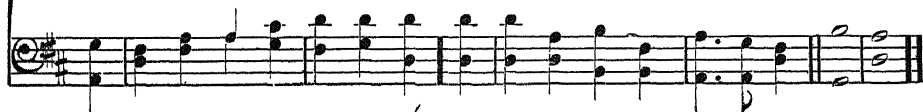
REFRAIN.



He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me;



His faith-ful fol-l'wer I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A - MEN.



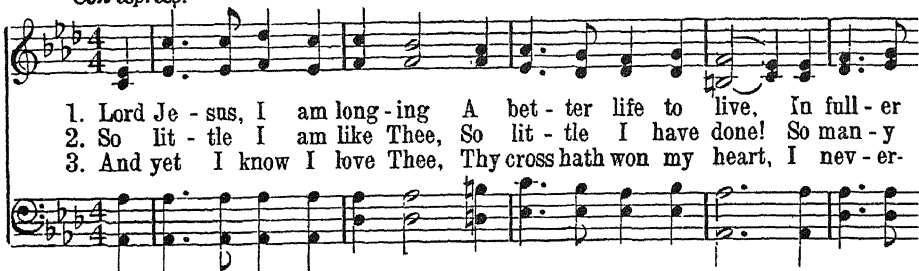
THE CHRISTIAN—SUBMISSION

431

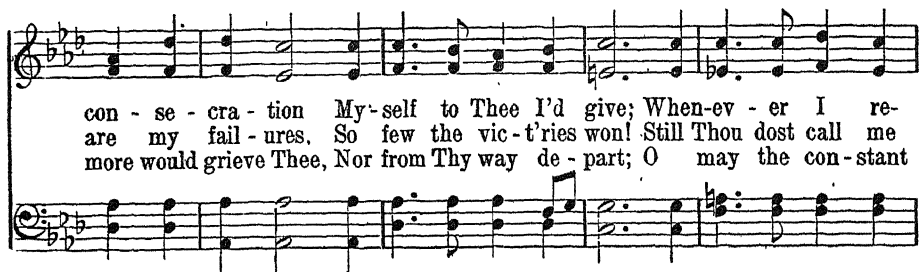
I'm Willing to Be Thine

T. O. Chisholm.
Con espress.

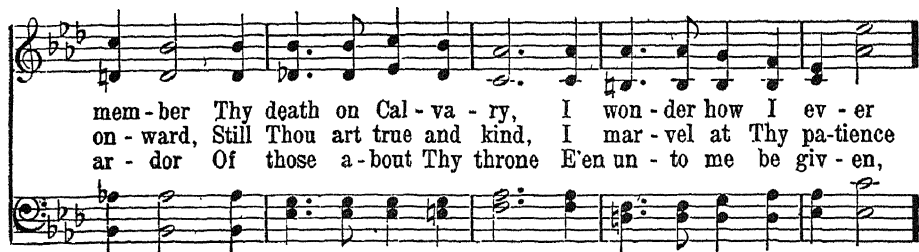
Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. Lord Je - sus, I am long - ing A bet - ter life to live, In full - er
2. So lit - tle I am like Thee, So lit - tle I have done! So man - y
3. And yet I know I love Thee, Thy cross hath won my heart, I nev - er

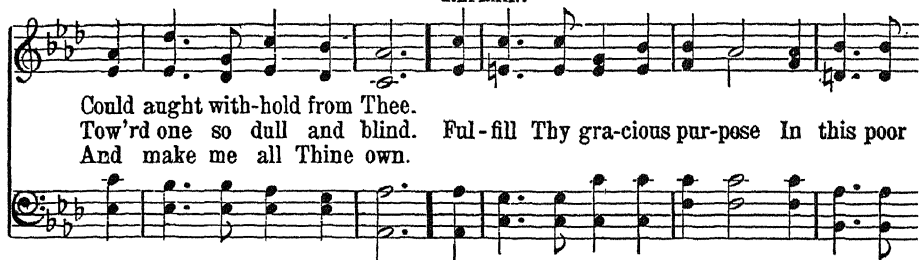


con - se - cra - tion My - self to Thee I'd give; When - ev - er I re -
are my fail - ures, So few the vic - t'ries won! Still Thou dost call me
more would grieve Thee, Nor from Thy way de - part; O may the con - stant



mem - ber Thy death on Cal - va - ry, I won - der how I ev - er
on - ward, Still Thou art true and kind, I mar - vel at Thy pa - tience
ar - dor Of those a - bout Thy throne E'en un - to me be giv - en,

REFRAIN.



Could aught with - hold from Thee.
Tow'rd one so dull and blind. Ful - fill Thy gra - cious pur - pose In this poor
And make me all Thine own.



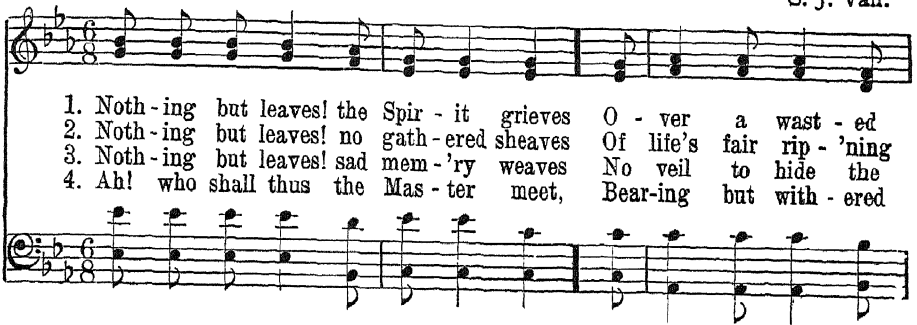
life of mine! For, if I know my heart, Lord, I'm will - ing to be Thine. A - MEN.

432 Nothing But Leaves! the Spirit Grieves

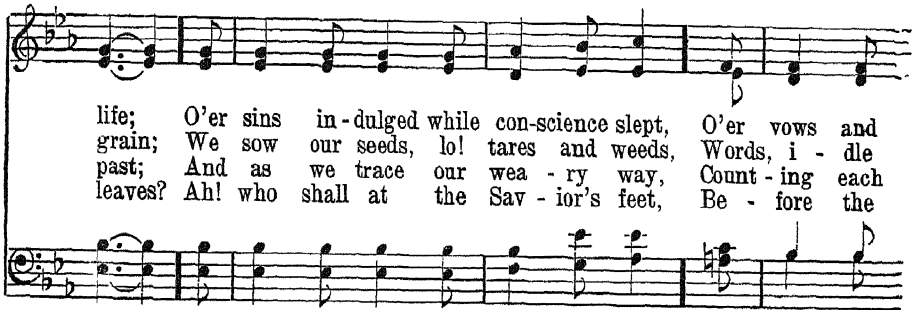
(NOTHING BUT LEAVES. P. M.)

Mrs. Lucy E. Akerman.

S. J. Vail.



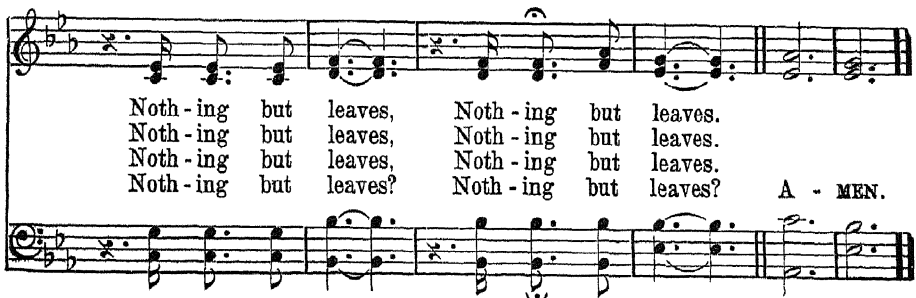
1. Noth-ing but leaves! the Spir-it grieves O-ver a wast-ed
 2. Noth-ing but leaves! no gath-ered sheaves Of life's fair rip-'ning
 3. Noth-ing but leaves! sad mem-'ry weaves No veil to hide the
 4. Ah! who shall thus the Mas-ter meet, Bear-ing but with-ered



life; O'er sins in-dulged while con-science slept, O'er vows and
 grain; We sow our seeds, lo! tares and weeds, Words, i-dle
 past; And as we trace our wea-ry way, Count-ing each
 leaves? Ah! who shall at the Sav-ior's feet, Be-fore the



prom-is-es un-kept, And reaps from years of strife,
 words, for ear-nest deeds, We reap with toil and pain—
 lost and mis-spent day, Sad-ly we find at last—
 aw-ful judg-ment-seat, Lay down, for gold-en sheaves,



Noth-ing but leaves, Noth-ing but leaves.
 Noth-ing but leaves, Noth-ing but leaves.
 Noth-ing but leaves, Noth-ing but leaves.
 Noth-ing but leaves? Noth-ing but leaves? A - MEN.

433

My Jesus, As Thou Wilt!

B. Schmolke, 1716.
Tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1854.

(JEWETT. 6s. D.)

C. M. von Weber, 1786-1826.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! O may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy
2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing

hand of love I would my all re - sign; Thro' sor - row or thro' joy, Con-duct me
star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap - pear; Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sor-rowed
fu - ture scene I glad - ly trust with Thee; Straight to my home a-bove, I trav-el

rit.
as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!
oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!
calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done! A - MEN.

434

Thy Will Be Done

Charlotte Elliott.

"Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."—MATT. 6: 10.

James McGranahan.

1. My God and Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home, on
2. What though in lone - ly grief I sigh For friends be - loved, no
3. Let but my faint-ing heart be blest With Thy sweet Spir - it
4. Re - new my will from day to day; Blend it with Thine, and
5. Then when on earth I breathe no more The prayer oft mixed with

THE CHRISTIAN—SUBMISSION

life's rough way, Oh, teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done!"
 lon - ger nigh, Sub-mis-sive still would I re - ply, "Thy will be done!"
 for its guest, My God, to Thee I leave the rest, "Thy will be done!"
 take a - way All now that makes it hard to say, "Thy will be done!"
 tears be - fore, I'll sing up - on a hap-pier shore, "Thy will be done!" A-MEN.

435 Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me

E. D. Mund.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
 2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shad-ows cast;
 3. Let shad-ows come, let shad-ows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

One thought re - mains su - preme - ly sweet, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!
 Their gloom re - minds my heart at last, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!
 I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou think - est, Lord, of me!

REFRAIN.

Thou think - est, Lord, of me, (of me.) Thou think - est, Lord, of me, (of me.)

What need I fear since Thou art near, And think - est, Lord, of me. A - MEN.

436

Savior, Lead Me, Lest I Stray

F. M. D.

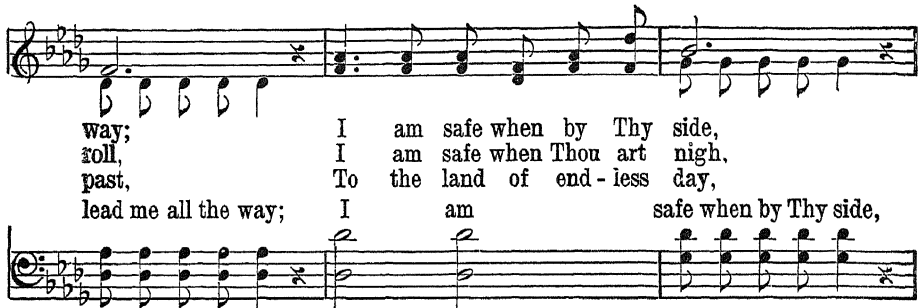
"For thy name's sake lead me, guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

Frank M. Davis.

With expression.



1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the
 2. Thou the ref - uge of my soul When life's storm - y bil - lows
 3. Sav - ior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is
 1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly

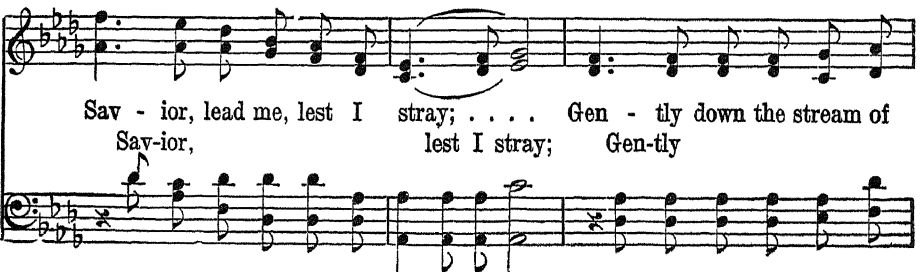


way; I am safe when by Thy side,
 roll, I am safe when Thou art nigh,
 past, To the land of end - less day,
 lead me all the way; I am safe when by Thy side,



REFRAIN.

I would in Thy love a - bide.
 All my hopes on Thee re - ly. Lead me, Lead me,
 Where all tears are wiped a - way.
 I would in Thy love a-bide.



Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray; Gen - tly down the stream of
 Sav-ior, lest I stray; Gen-tly

THE CHRISTIAN—SUBMISSION

rit. e dim.

time, Lead me, Sav - ior, all the way. A-MEN.
stream of time, all the way.

437 He That Goeth Forth With Weeping

T. Hastings, 1784-1872.

(STOCKWELL. 8s, 7s.)

D. E. Jones, 1847.

1. He that go - eth forth with weep - ing, Bear - ing
2. Soft de - scend the dews of heav - en, Bright the
3. Sow the seed, be nev - er wea - ry; Let no
4. Lo. the scene of ver - dure bright - 'ning! See the

pre - cious seed in love, Nev - er tir - ing, nev - er
rays ce - les - tial shine; Pre - cious fruits will thus be
fears thy soul an - noy; Be the pros - pect ne'er so
ris - ing grain ap - pear; Look a - gain! the fields are

sleep - ing, Find - eth mer - cy from a - bove.
giv - en, Thro' an in - fluence all di - vine.
dear - y, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy.
whit - 'ning, For the har - vest time is near. A - MEN.

438

Thy Way, O Lord

Nina B. Jackson.

E. C. Deas.

pp Slow.

1. Thy way, O Lord, not mine, Thy will be done, not mine;
 2. Thy way, O Lord, not mine, Let glo - ry all be Thine;
 3. Hide me from self, O Lord, May I at - tend Thy word;
 4. Sub - mis - sive - ly I bow; With strength and grace en - dow

Since Thou for me didst bleed, And now doth in - ter - cede,
 Keep me, lest I may stray, Near Thee from day to day;
 Send pride be - yond re - call, Let each as - sail - er fall,
 This wea - ry, sin - ful heart; Shield from each cru - el dart;

p rit.
 Each day I sim - ply plead, Thy will be done.
 Teach me to watch and pray, Thy will be done.
 Be Thou my all in all, Thy will be done.
 May I from Thee ne'er part, Thy will be done.

pp REFRAIN.
 Thy will, Thy will be done, Thy will, Thy will be done;
 Thy will, Thy will be done, Thy will, Thy will be done;

rit.
 In - cline my heart each day to say, "Thy will be done." A - MEN.

439

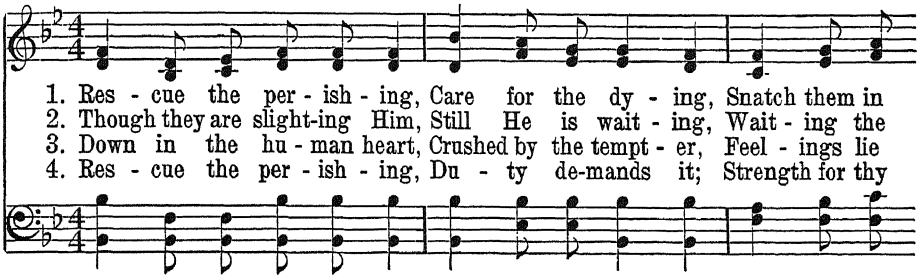
Rescue the Perishing

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled,"—LUKE 14: 23.

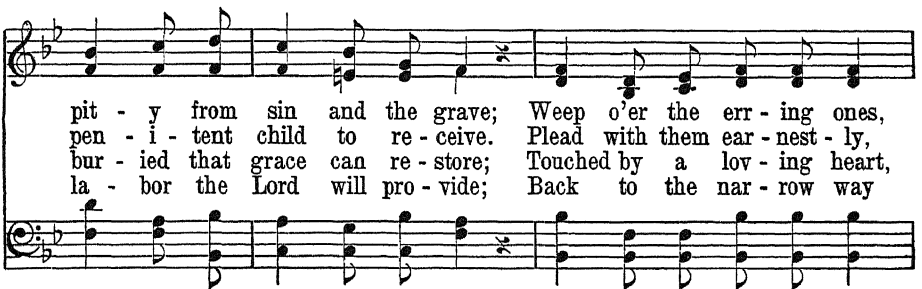
Fanny J. Crosby.

(P. M.)

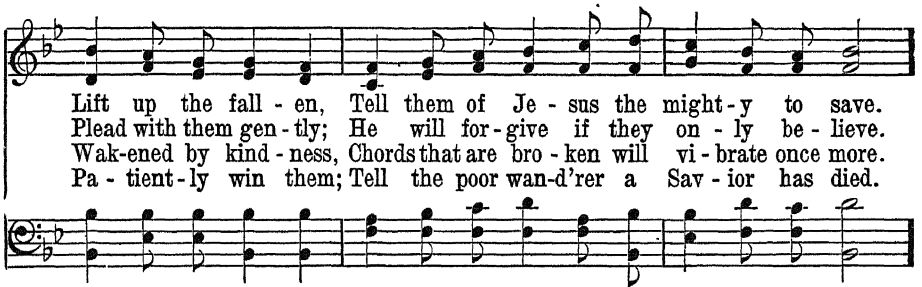
W. H. Doane. By per.



1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in
 2. Though they are slight - ing Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the
 3. Down in the hu - man heart, Crushed by the tempt - er, Feel - ings lie
 4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de - mands it; Strength for thy

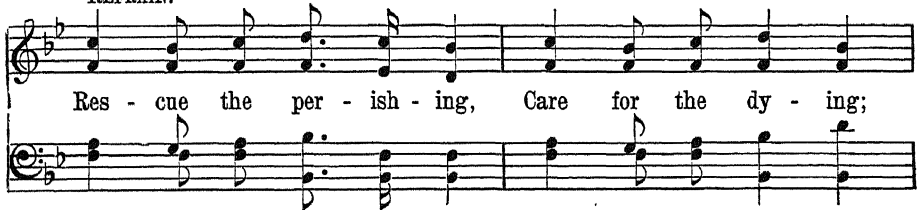


pit - y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing ones,
 pen - i - tent child to re - ceive. Plead with them ear - nest - ly,
 bur - ied that grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart,
 la - bor the Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way



Lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
 Plead with them gen - tly; He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve.
 Wak - ened by kind - ness, Chords that are bro - ken will vi - brate once more.
 Pa - tient - ly win them; Tell the poor wan - d'rer a Sav - ior has died.

REFRAIN.



Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing;



Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save. A - MEN.

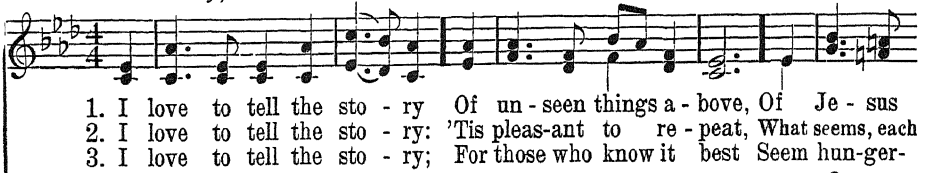
440

I Love to Tell the Story

(I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7s, 6s. D.)

Katherine Hankey, 1865.

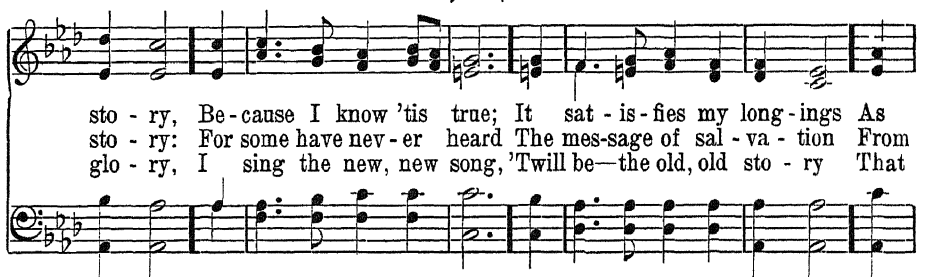
W. G. Fischer.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry: 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat, What seems, each
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger -

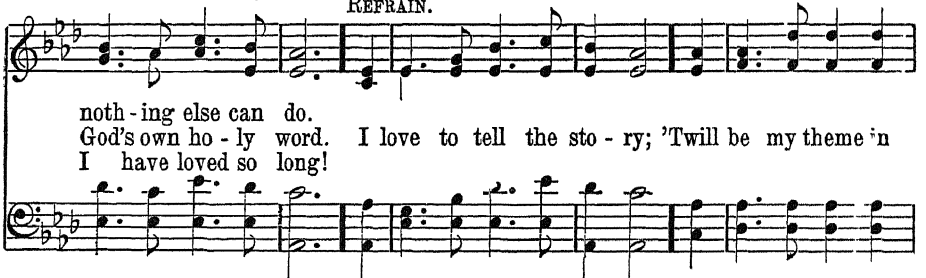


and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the
time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the
ing and thirst - ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of

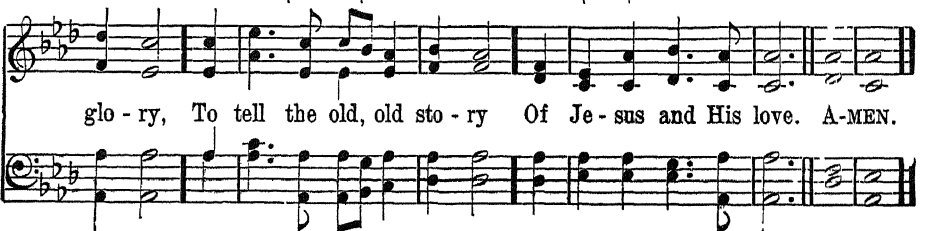


sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings As
sto - ry: For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From
glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be — the old, old sto - ry That

REFRAIN.



noth - ing else can do.
God's own ho - ly word. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Twill be my theme 'n
I have loved so long!



glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love. A - MEN.

441

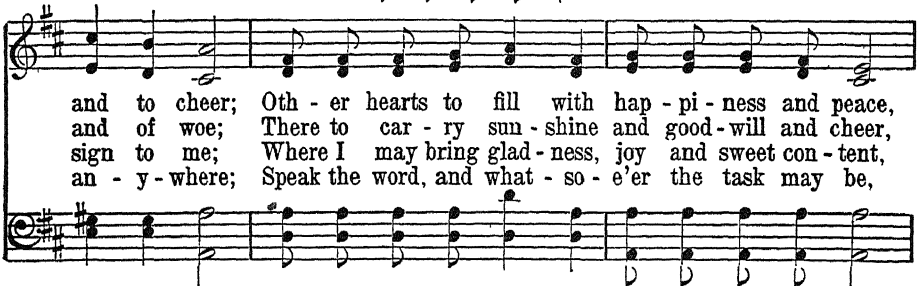
Here Am I

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



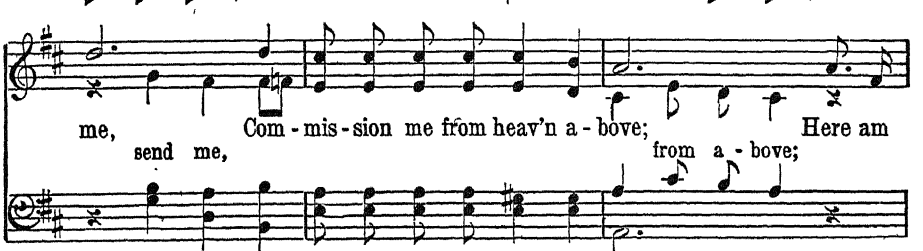
1. Here am I, O Mas - ter! read - y to be used, Oth - er lives to bright - en
 2. Send me, O my Mas - ter, forth in - to the world, In - to homes of sor - row
 3. Sum - mon me on er - rands of Thy love and grace, Work for Thee, O Lord! as -
 4. Here am I, my Mas - ter, wait - ing for the word, Call - ing me to serve Thee



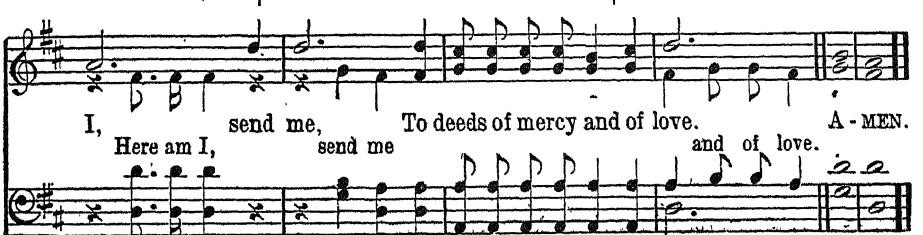
and to cheer; Oth - er hearts to fill with hap - pi - ness and peace,
 and of woe; There to car - ry sun - shine and good - will and cheer,
 sign to me; Where I may bring glad - ness, joy and sweet con - tent,
 an - y - where; Speak the word, and what - so - e'er the task may be,



REFRAIN.
 And to scat - ter joy and sun - shine here.
 Do - ing deeds of mer - cy as I go. Here am I, send
 And a help to oth - ers I may be.
 I will glad - ly do Thy bid - ding there. Here am I,



me, send me, Com - mis - sion me from heav'n a - bove; Here am
 from a - bove;



I, Here am I, send me, To deeds of mercy and of love. A - MEN.
 Here am I, send me and of love.

442 One More Day's Work For Jesus

(ONE MORE DAY'S WORK. P. M.)

Anna Warner, 1874.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me!
 2. One more day's work for Je - sus! How glo - rious is my King!
 3. One more day's work for Je - sus! How sweet the work has been,
 4. O bless - ed work for Je - sus! O rest at Je - sus' feet!

But heav'n is near - er, And Christ is dear - er Than yes - ter - day to
 'Tis joy, not du - ty, To speak His beau - ty; My soul mounts on the
 To tell the sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, Where Christ's flock en - ter
 There toil seems pleas - ure, My wants are treas - ure, And pain for Him is

me; His love and light Fill all my soul to - night.
 wing At the mere thought, How Christ my love has bought.
 in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine!
 sweet; Lord, if I may, I'll serve an - oth - er day!

REFRAIN.

One more day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus,

One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me. A - MEN.

443

Bringing in the Sheaves

Knowles Shaw.

George A. Minor.

1. { Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noon-tide
 { Wait-ing for the har-vest and the time of reap-ing, (*Omit*)
 2. { Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther clouds nor
 { By and by, the har-vest and the la-bor end-ed, (*Omit*)
 3. { Go then, ev-er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-tained our
 { When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come, (*Omit*)

and the dew - v eves; }
 } We shall come re - joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 win-ter's chill-ing breeze; }
 } We shall come re - joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
 spir - it oft - en grieves; }
 } We shall come re - joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

REFRAIN.

Bring-ing in the sheaves, Bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come re-

joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves; bring-ing in the sheaves. A - MEN.

444

Let the Master Use You

Laurene Highfield

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1 Like a ves - sel fash - ioned by the Mas - ter's hand. Tho' your place be
 2 Come, your all sur - ren - der to the God of grace, In your need - y
 3 Yield to Him the tal - ents of your life so fair, Fol - low as He



low - ly. be ye clean and ho - ly; That a - mong His cho - sen
 hour . . . He can give you pow - er; Made a wor - thy ves - sel,
 leads you to the one who needs you; If you would be wor - thy

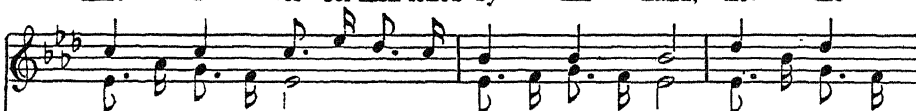


you in truth may stand, Let the Mas - ter use you in His work to - day.
 fill your wait - ing place, Let the Mas - ter use you in His work to - day.
 in His love to share, Let the Mas - ter use you in His work to - day.



REFRAIN.

Like a ves - sel fash - ioned by His hand, Let the



Fash - ioned by His hand, fash - ioned by His hand, Let Him find a
 Like a ves - sel that is fash - ioned by His hand, Let Him



Fash - ioned by His hand. fash - ioned by His hand, Let Him find a

THE CHRISTIAN—SERVICE

Mas - ter find a use for you; Pure, and sweet and ho - ly

use, find a use for you; Pure and sweet and ho - ly
find a use, yes, find a use for you; Ho - - - ly

use, find a use for you, And pure and ho - - - ly

keep your heart for Him, Je - sus wants you to be true. A - MEN.

445 Lord, Speak to Me, That I May Speak

(CANONBURY. L. M.)

Frances R. Havergal, 1872.

Robert Schumann, 1833.

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone;
2. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The pre - cious things Thou dost im - part;
3. O fill me with Thy full - ness, Lord, Un - til my ver - y heart o'er - flow;
4. O use me, Lord, use e - ven me, Just as Thou wilt, and when and where;

As Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy err - ing chil - dren lost and lone.
And wing my words, that they may reach The hid - den depths of many a heart.
In kin - dling tho't and glow - ing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.
Un - til Thy bless - ed face I see, Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glo - ry share. A - MEN.

Work On, Pray On

S. W. B.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

1. Do not be dis - cour - aged though the world goes wrong,
 2. Tho' the days be drear - y, look in faith a - bove;
 3. Cast your care on Je - sus, trust Him all the while,

Work and pray in faith and sing a hap - py song; Je - sus will re-
 He is watch - ing o - ver you in ten - der love; Ev - 'ry faith - ful
 Bright - er grows the way with ev - 'ry pass - ing mile; Look in faith a -

ad lib. *rit.*
 ward you thro' the a - ges long; Work on, pray on, He com - mands.
 ef - fort Je - sus will ap - prove; Work on, pray on, He com - mands.
 bove and view the Sav - ior's smile; Work on, pray on, He com - mands.

REFRAIN.

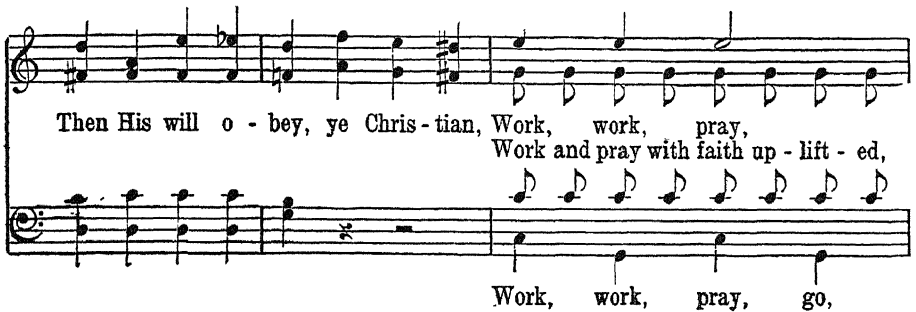
Work, work, pray, nev - er be sad;
 Work, and pray from day to day and nev - er be sad;
 Work, work, pray, and nev - er be sad or gloom - y;

Work, work, pray, al - ways be glad;
 Work, and pray while yet you may and al - ways be glad;
 Work, work, pray, and al - ways be glad and cheer - ful;

THE CHRISTIAN--SERVICE



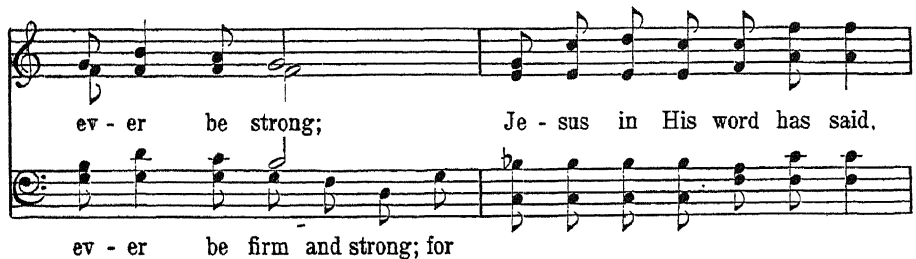
Je - sus has com-mand-ed you In His serv-ice to be true,



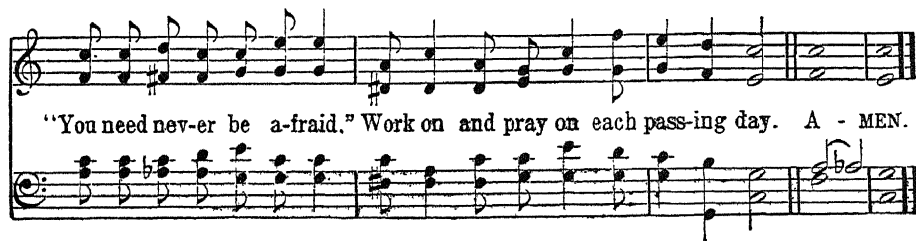
Then His will o - bey, ye Chris-tian, Work, work, pray,
Work and pray with faith up - lift - ed,
Work, work, pray, go,



sing - ing your song; Work, work, pray,
sing - ing your song; Work and pray with love out - pour - ing,
sing - ing your hap - py song; oh, Work, work, pray, and



ev - er be strong; Je - sus in His word has said,
ev - er be firm and strong; for



"You need nev-er be a-fraid." Work on and pray on each pass-ing day. A - MEN.

447 Give of Your Best to the Master

H. B. G.

Mrs. Charles Barnard.



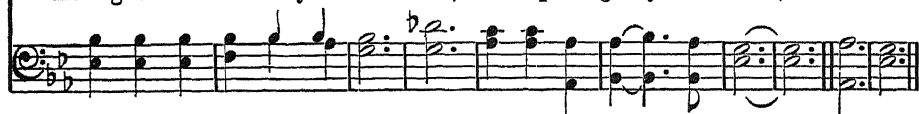
1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Naught else is wor - thy His love;



REF.—Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;



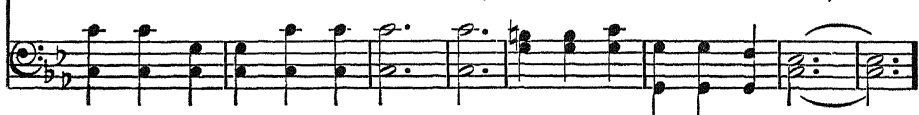
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.
 Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con - se - crate ev - 'ry part.
 He gave Him - self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove;



Clad in sal - va - tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth. A - MEN.



Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Daunt - less was He, young and brave; . .
 Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave; . . .
 Laid down His life with - out mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save; . . .



Give Him your loy - al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have. . . .
 Grate - ful - ly seek - ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have. . . .
 Give Him your heart's ad - o - ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have. . . .

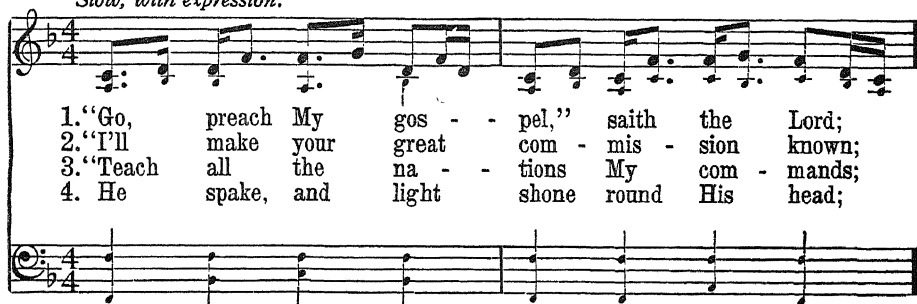


448 "Go Preach My Gospel," Saith the Lord

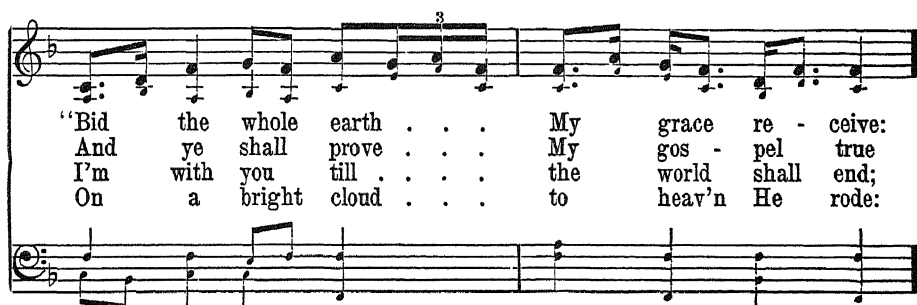
(DOCK ANDERSON. L. M.)

Arr. by Mrs. Willa A. Townsend.

Slow, with expression.



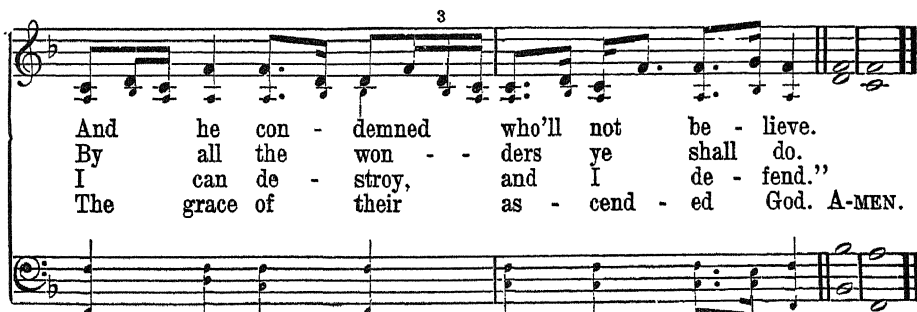
1. "Go, preach My gos - - pel," saith the Lord;
 2. "I'll make your great com - mis - sion known;
 3. "Teach all the na - - tions My com - mands;
 4. He spake, and light shone round His head;



'Bid the whole earth . . . My grace re - ceive:
 And ye shall prove . . . My gos - pel true
 I'm with you till . . . the world shall end;
 On a bright cloud . . . to heav'n He rode:



He shall be saved that trusts My word;
 By all the works that I have done,
 All pow'r is trust - - ed in My hands:
 They to the far - - thest na - - tions spread



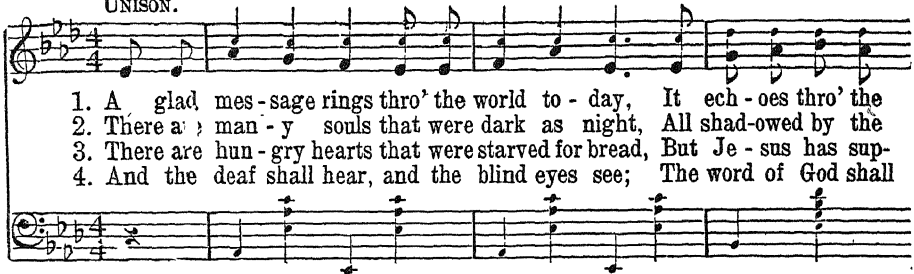
And he con - demned who'll not be - lieve.
 By all the won - - ders ye shall do.
 I can de - stroy, and I de - fend."
 The grace of their as - cend - ed God. A-MEN.

449

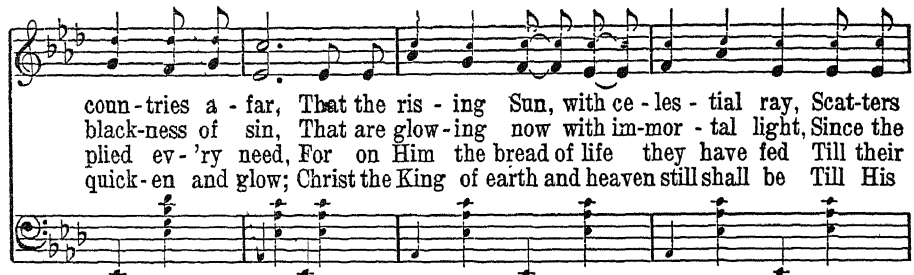
The Work Must Go On

Laurene Highfield.
UNISON.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

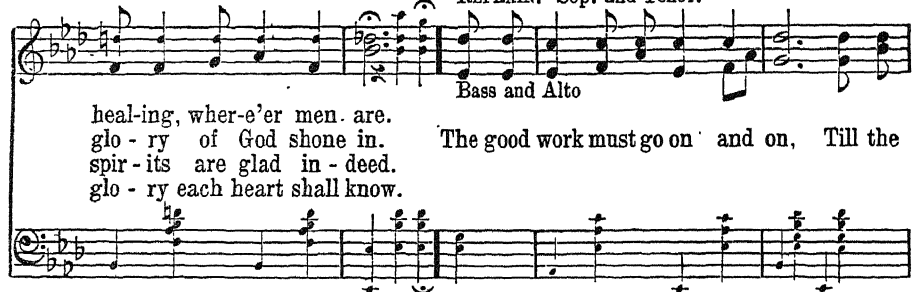


1. A glad mes-sage rings thro' the world to-day, It ech-oes thro' the
2. There a-man-y souls that were dark as night, All shad-owed by the
3. There are hun-gry hearts that were starved for bread, But Je-sus has sup-
4. And the deaf shall hear, and the blind eyes see; The word of God shall

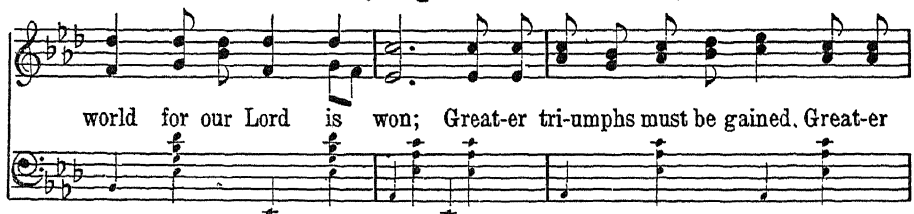


coun-tries a-far, That the ris-ing Sun, with ce-les-tial ray, Scat-ters
black-ness of sin, That are glow-ing now with im-mor-tal light, Since the
plied ev-ry need, For on Him the bread of life they have fed Till their
quick-en and glow; Christ the King of earth and heaven still shall be Till His

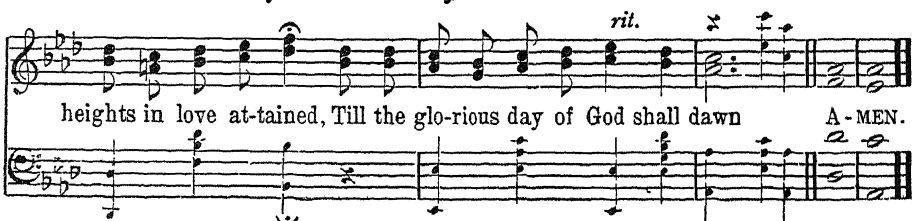
*REFRAIN: Sop. and Tenor.



heal-ing, wher-e'er men. are. glo-ry of God shone in. The good work must go on and on, Till the
spir-its are glad in-deed. glo-ry each heart shall know.



world for our Lord is won; Great-er triumphs must be gained. Great-er



heights in love at-tained, Till the glo-rious day of God shall dawn A-MEN.

*Melody in lower voice.

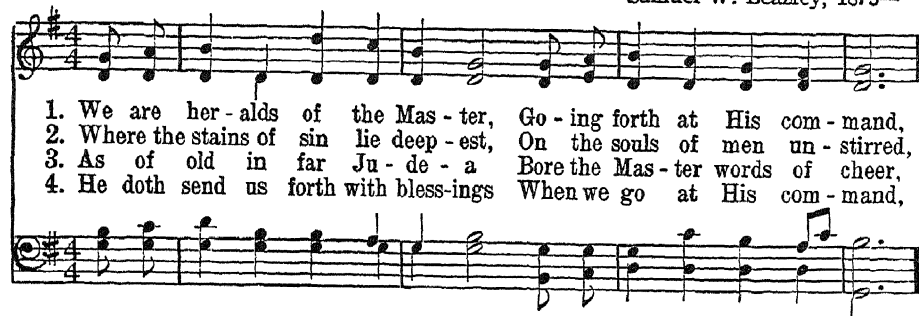
Copyright, 1911, by J. M. Harris, Words and Music.

450

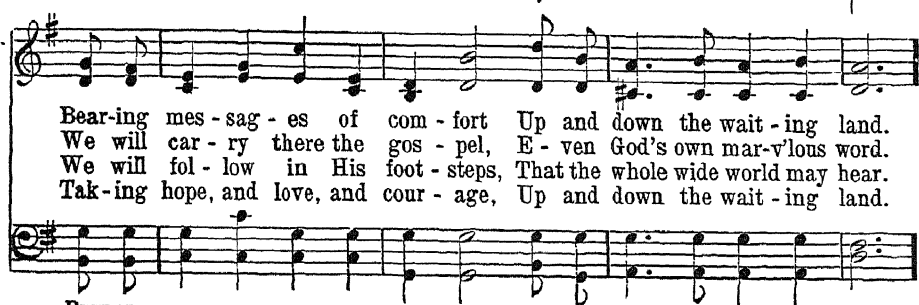
Going Up and Down the Land

Katharine Atherton Grimes.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. We are her - alds of the Mas - ter, Go - ing forth at His com - mand,
 2. Where the stains of sin lie deep - est, On the souls of men un - stirred,
 3. As of old in far Ju - de - a Bore the Mas - ter words of cheer,
 4. He doth send us forth with bless - ings When we go at His com - mand,



Bear - ing mes - sag - es of com - fort Up and down the wait - ing land.
 We will car - ry there the gos - pel, E - ven God's own mar - v' - lous word.
 We will fol - low in His foot - steps, That the whole wide world may hear.
 Tak - ing hope, and love, and cour - age, Up and down the wait - ing land.

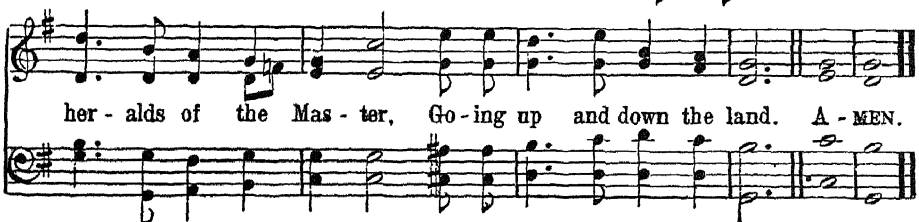
REFRAIN.



Go - ing up and down the land, Go - ing
 Go - ing up and down the land for Je - sus, Go - ing



up and down the land, We are
 up and down the land for Je - sus,



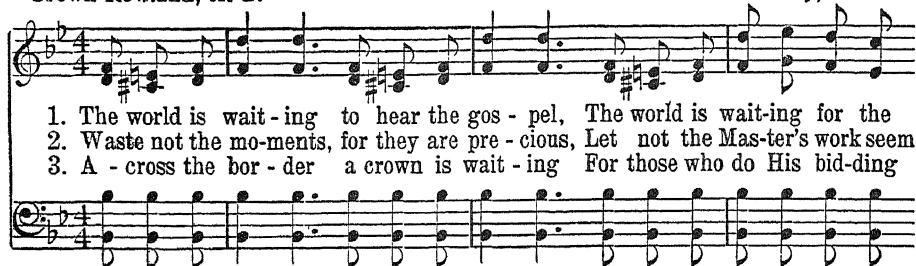
her - alds of the Mas - ter, Go - ing up and down the land. A - MEN.

451

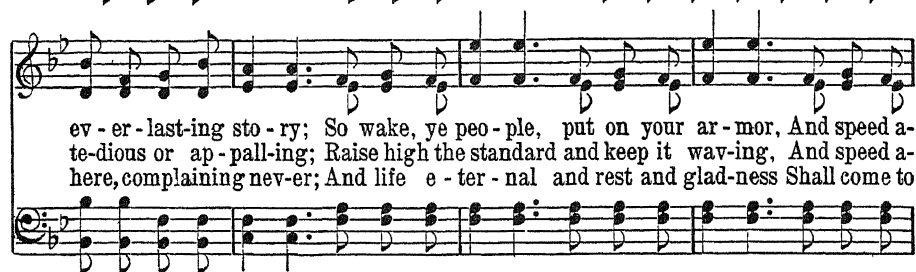
Orders From the King

Brown Rowland, A. B.

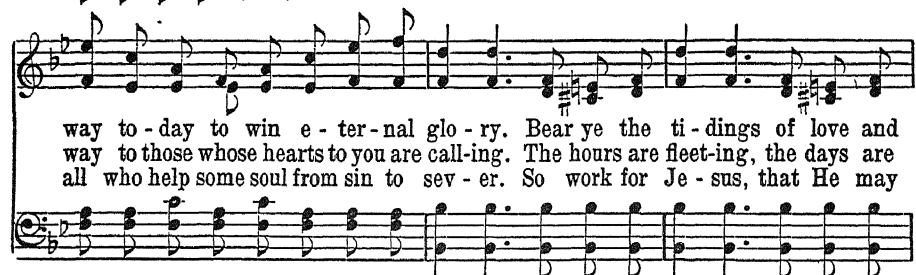
Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



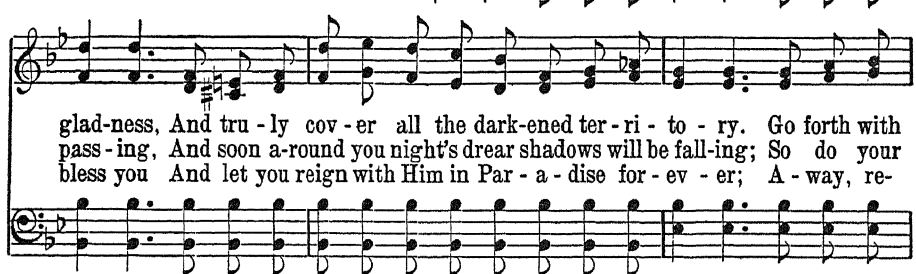
1. The world is wait-ing to hear the gos-pel, The world is wait-ing for the
 2. Waste not the mo-ments, for they are pre-cious, Let not the Mas-ter's work seem
 3. A-cross the bor-der a crown is wait-ing For those who do His bid-ding



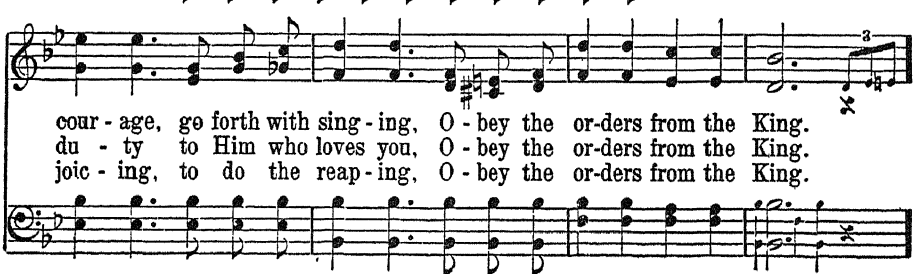
ev-er-last-ing sto-ry; So wake, ye peo-ple, put on your ar-mor, And speed a-
 te-dious or ap-pall-ing; Raise high the standard and keep it wav-ing, And speed a-
 here, complain-ing nev-er; And life e-ter-nal and rest and glad-ness Shall come to



way to-day to win e-ter-nal glo-ry. Bear ye the ti-dings of love and
 way to those whose hearts to you are call-ing. The hours are fleet-ing, the days are
 all who help some soul from sin to sev-er. So work for Je-sus, that He may



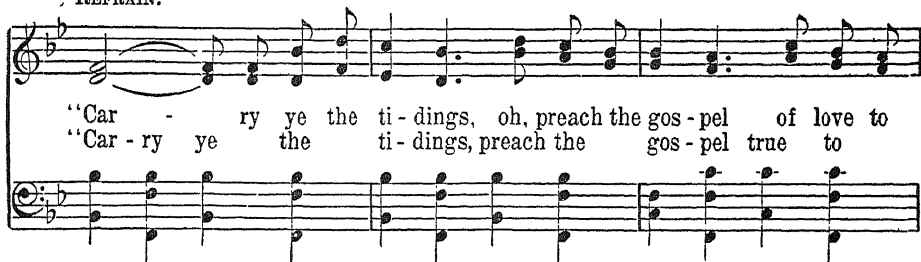
glad-ness, And tru-ly cov-er all the dark-ened ter-ri-to-ry. Go forth with
 pass-ing, And soon a-round you night's drear shadows will be fall-ing; So do your
 bless you And let you reign with Him in Par-a-dise for-ev-er; A-way, re-



cour-age, go forth with sing-ing, O-bey the or-ders from the King.
 du-ty to Him who loves you, O-bey the or-ders from the King.
 joic-ing, to do the reap-ing, O-bey the or-ders from the King.

THE CHRISTIAN-SERVICE

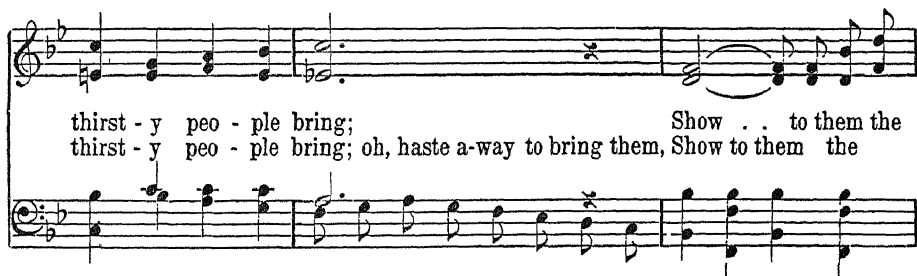
REFRAIN.



“Car - ry ye the ti - dings, oh, preach the gos - pel of love to
 “Car - ry ye the ti - dings, preach the gos - pel true to



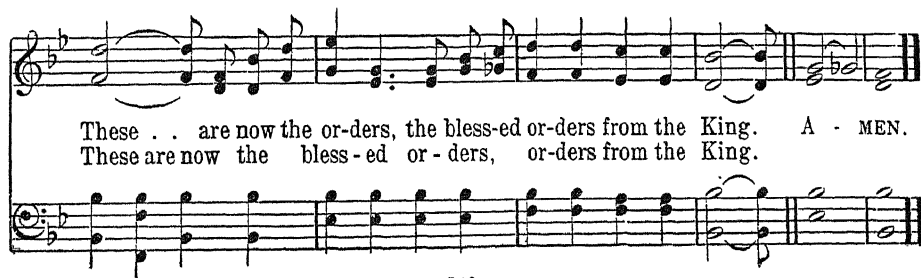
ev - 'ry na - tion; To . . . the liv - ing wa - ters the wea - ry,
 ev - 'ry na - tion; To the liv - ing wa - ters all the



thirst - y peo - ple bring; Show . . . to them the
 thirst - y peo - ple bring; oh, haste a-way to bring them, Show to them the



path - way that leads to heav - en, And tell them of sal - va - tion:”
 path that leads to heav - en, Tell them of sal - va - tion:”



These . . are now the or - ders, the bless - ed or - ders from the King. A - MEN.
 These are now the bless - ed or - ders, or - ders from the King.

Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

[First Tune]

(PISGAH. C. M.)

Isaac Watts.

Selected by J. E. H.



1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross? A fol-l'wer of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
5. Thy saints in all this glo-rious war Shall con-quer, though they die:
6. When that il-lus-trious day shall rise, And all Thy ar-mies shine



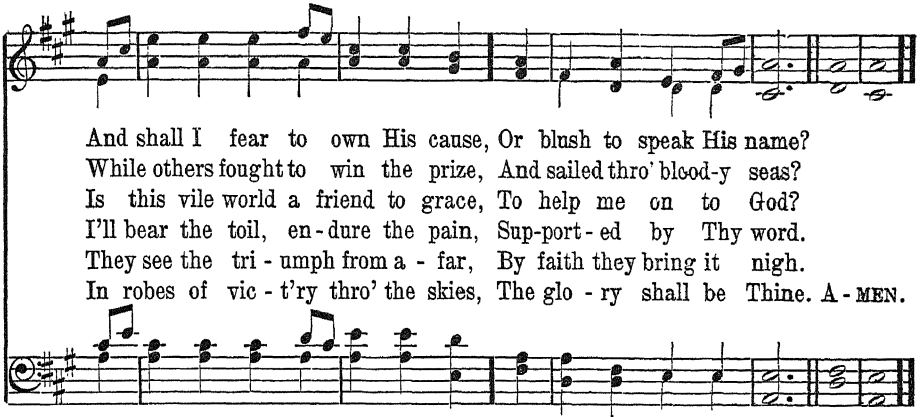
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word;
 They see the tri-umph from a-far, By faith they bring it nigh.
 In robes of vic-t'ry thro' the skies, The glo-ry shall be Thine.



Or blush to speak His name, . . . Or blush to speak His name, . .
 And sailed thro' blood-y seas, And sailed thro' blood-y seas, . . .
 To help me on to God, To help me on to God, . . .
 Sup-port-ed by Thy word, . . . Sup-port-ed by Thy word, . . .
 By faith they bring it nigh, By faith they bring it nigh, . . .
 The glo-ry shall be Thine, . . . The glo-ry shall be Thine, . .



THE CHRISTIAN—SERVICE



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While others fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.
They see the tri-umph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh.
In robes of vic-t'ry thro' the skies, The glo-ry shall be Thine. A - MEN.

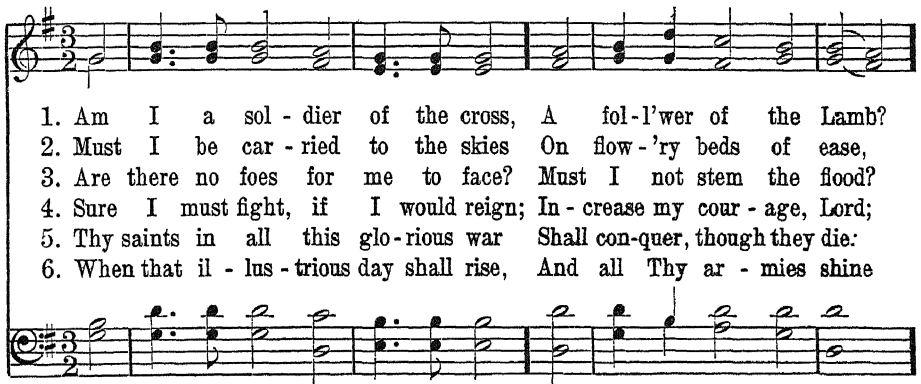
453 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

[Second Tune]

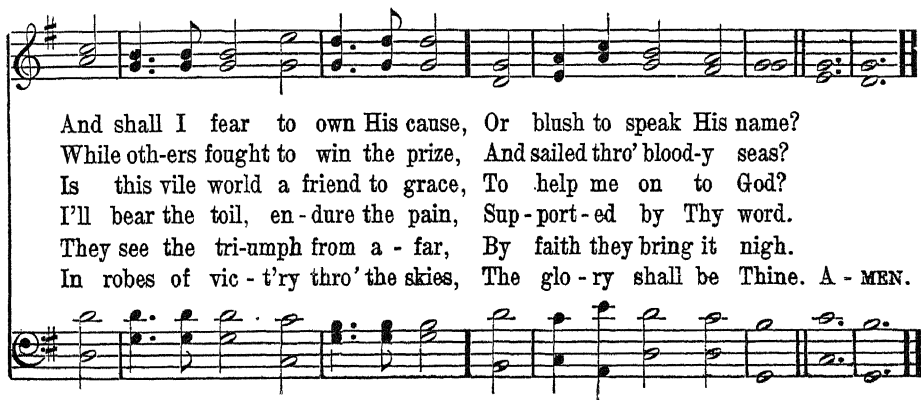
(ARLINGTON. C. M.)

Isaac Watts.

Dr. T. A. Arne, 1710-1778.



1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A fol-l'wer of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour-age, Lord;
5. Thy saints in all this glo-rious war Shall con-quer, though they die:
6. When that il-lus-trious day shall rise, And all Thy ar-mies shine



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word.
They see the tri-umph from a - far, By faith they bring it nigh.
In robes of vic-t'ry thro' the skies, The glo-ry shall be Thine. A - MEN.

454 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life

(GERMANY. L. M.)

Frank Mason North, 1903.

William Gardiner's Sacred Melodies, 1815.

1. Where cross the crowded ways of life, Where sound the ways of race and clan,
 2. In haunts of wretch-ed-ness and need, On shad-owed thresholds dark with fears,
 3. The cup of wa - ter giv'n for Thee Still holds the fresh-ness of Thy grace;
 4. O Mas-ter, from the moun-tain side. Make haste to heal those hearts of pain;
 5. Till sons of men shall learn Thy love, And fol - low where Thy feet have trod,

A - bove the noise of self-ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
 From paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vi - sion of Thy tears.
 Yet long these mul - ti - tudes to see The sweet compassion of Thy face.
 A - mong these rest-less throngs a-bide, O tread the cit - y's streets a-gain,
 Till glo - rious from Thy heav'n a-bove, Shall come the cit - y of our God. A - MEN.

455 Go, Labor On; Spend, and Be Spent

Horatius Bonar.

(MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.)

H. E. Zeuner

1. Go, la - bor on; spend, and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa - ther's will;
 2. Go, la - bor on; 'tis not for naught; Thine earthly loss is heav'n - ly gain;
 3. Go, la - bor on; your hands are weak; Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;
 4. Toil on, faint not; keep watch and pray! Be wise the err - ing soul to win;
 5. Toil on, and in thy soul re - joice; For toil comes rest, for ex - ile home;

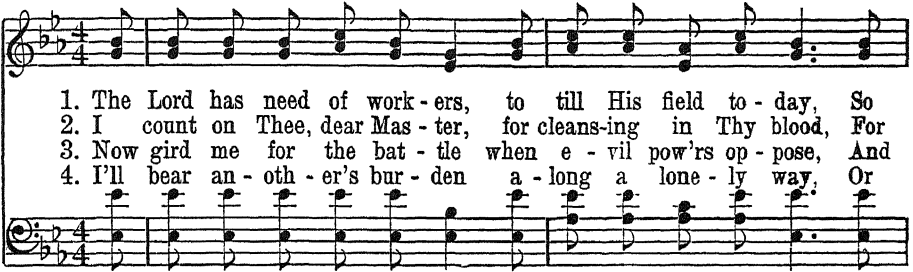
It is the way the Mas-ter went; Should not the servant tread it stiun?
 Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not; The Mas-ter prais-es-what are men?
 Yet fal - ter not; the prize you seek Is near a king-dom and a crown!
 Go forth in - to, the world's highway; Com-pel the wan-d'rer to come in.
 Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice, The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!" A - MEN.

456

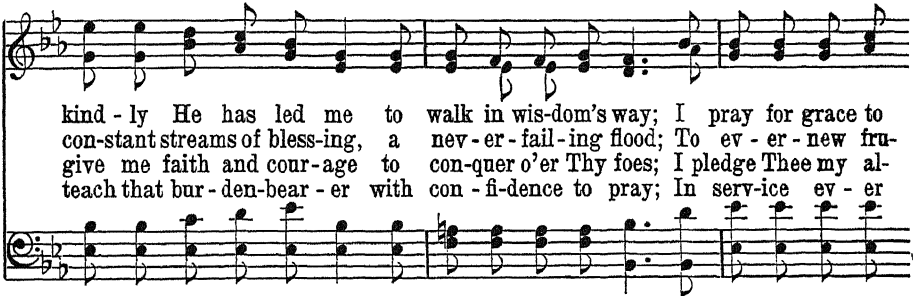
Count On Me

E. E. Hewitt.

J. Lincoln Hall.



1. The Lord has need of work-ers, to till His field to-day, So
 2. I count on Thee, dear Mas-ter, for cleans-ing in Thy blood, For
 3. Now gird me for the bat-tle when e-vil pow'rs op-pose, And
 4. I'll bear an-oth-er's bur-den a-long a lone-ly way, Or



kind-ly He has led me to walk in wis-dom's way; I pray for grace to
 con-stant streams of bless-ing, a nev-er-fail-ing flood; To ev-er-new fru-
 give me faith and cour-age to con-quer o'er Thy foes; I pledge Thee my al-
 teach that bur-den-bear-er with con-fi-dence to pray; In serv-ice ev-er



help me with all my heart to say, O bless-ed Sav-ior, count on me.
 i-tion, I see Thy mer-cies bud, O bless-ed Sav-ior, count on me.
 le-giance, my soul no oth-er knows, O bless-ed Sav-ior, count on me.
 loy-al, at home or far a-way, O bless-ed Sav-ior, count on me.

REFRAIN.



Count on me, count on me, For lov-ing-heart-ed serv-ice glad and free;

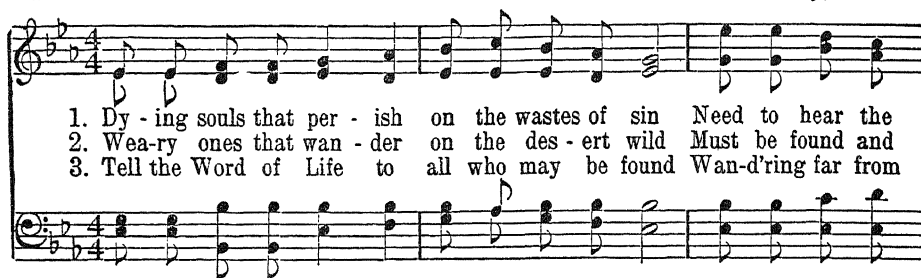


Yes, count on me, count on me, O bless-ed Sav-ior, count on me. A-MEN.

The Gospel News

S. W. B.

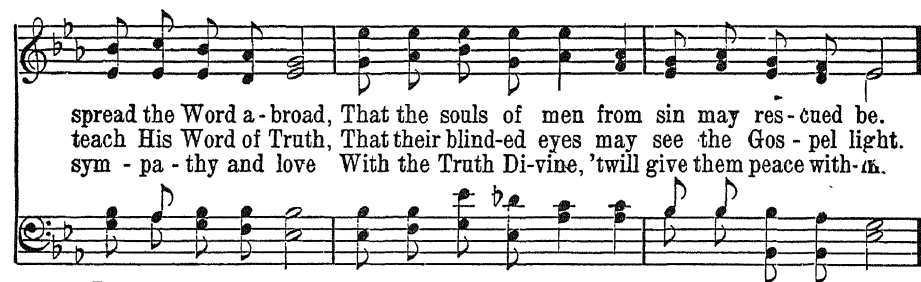
Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. Dy - ing souls that per - ish on the wastes of sin Need to hear the
 2. Wea-ry ones that wan - der on the des - ert wild Must be found and
 3. Tell the Word of Life to all who may be found Wan-d'ring far from



gos - pel of re-demp-tion free; We must do our part to
 led back to the path of right; Tell them of the Sav - ior,
 God in sor - row, strife and sin; Touch the hearts that sigh for

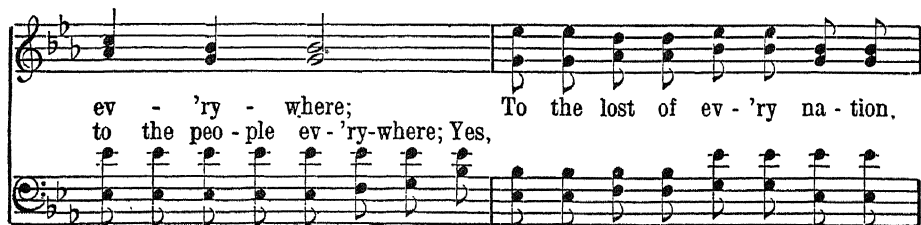


spread the Word a - broad, That the souls of men from sin may res - cued be.
 teach His Word of Truth, That their blind-ed eyes may see the Gos - pel light.
 sym - pa - thy and love With the Truth Di-vine, 'twill give them peace with-in.

REFRAIN.



Preach it, teach it, His Truth de - clare; Preach it, teach it
 Preach it, teach it, His wondrous Truth in faith declare; Oh, preach it, teach it

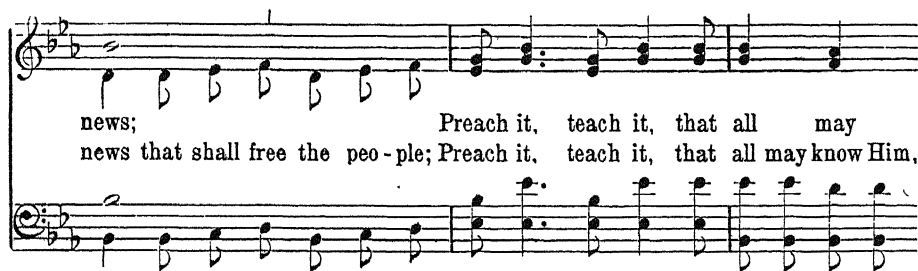


ev - 'ry - where; To the lost of ev - 'ry na - tion,
 to the peo - ple ev - 'ry-where; Yes,

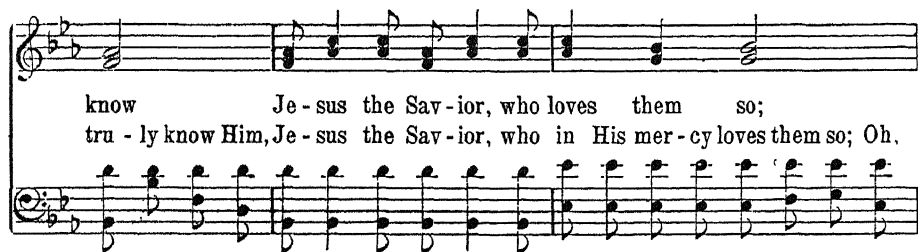
THE CHRISTIAN—SERVICE



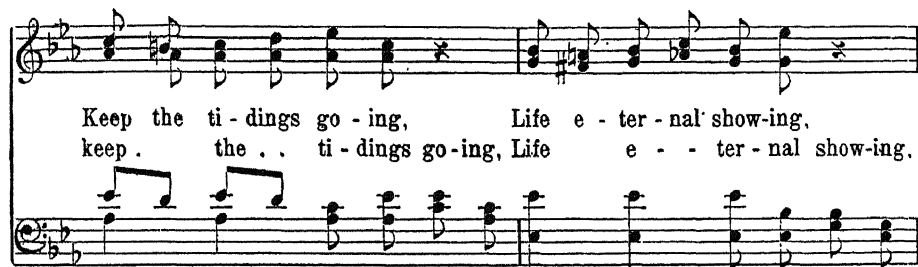
To the bounds of all cre - a - tion, Tell out the Gos - pel



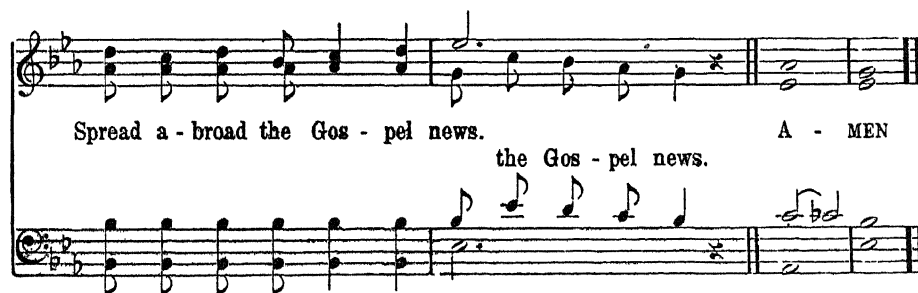
news; Preach it, teach it, that all may
news that shall free the peo - ple; Preach it, teach it, that all may know Him,



know Je - sus the Sav - ior, who loves them so;
tru - ly know Him, Je - sus the Sav - ior, who in His mer - cy loves them so; Oh,



Keep the ti - dings go - ing, Life e - ter - nal show - ing,
keep . the . . ti - dings go - ing, Life e - - ter - nal show - ing,



Spread a - broad the Gos - pel news. A - MEN
the Gos - pel news.

458

Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling

[First Tune]

(AUTUMN. 8, 7, 8, 7. D.)

Daniel March, 1868. Altered.

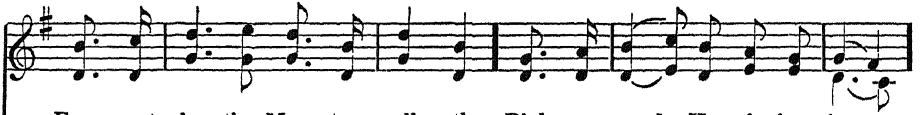
Francois H. Barthelemon, 1785.



1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And far mis - sion lands ex - plore,
3. Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do,"



Fields are white, and har - vests wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
You can find the need - y near - er, You can help them at your door;
While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you.



Ear - nest - ly the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free;
If you can - not give your thou - sands, You can serve with will - ing might;
Take the task He gives you glad - ly; Let His work your pleas - ure be;



Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me?"
And what - e'er you do for Je - sus Will be pre - cious in His sight.
An - swer quick - ly when He call - eth, "Here am I, O Lord, send me." A - MEN.



459

Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling

[Second Tune]

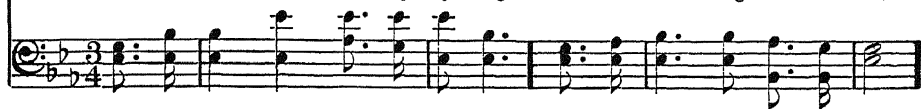
(THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.)

Daniel March, 1868. Altered.

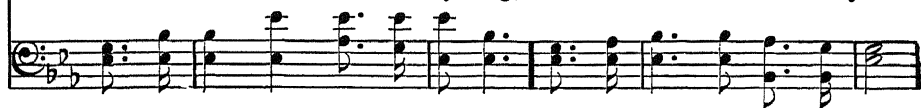
Irish Air.



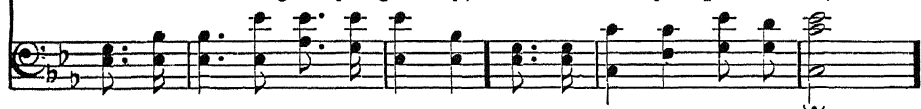
1. Hark! the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
2. If you can - not cross the o - cean, And far mis - sion lands ex - plore,
3. Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do,"



Fields are white, and har-vests wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a-way?"
 You can find the need - y near - er, You can help them at your door;
 While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you.



Ear - nest - ly the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free;
 If you can - not give your thou - sands, You can serve with will - ing might;
 Take the task He gives you glad - ly; Let His work your pleas - ure be;



Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, O Lord, send me?"
 And what - e'er you do for Je - sus Will be pre - cious in His sight.
 An - swer quick - ly when He call - eth. "Here am I, O Lord, send me." A - MEN.



460

Be in Earnest

Laurene Highfield.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. Ev - er be in ear - nest with a hope that will not be de - nied,
 2. Ev - er be in ear - nest with a faith that will not shrink nor fail,
 3. Ev - er be in ear - nest with a joy as bound - less as the sea,



Not a prom - ise is un - true That the Lord has giv - en you;
 Al - ways work and trust and pray, As you keep the nar - row way;
 'Tis a gift the Sav - ior sends Un - to those who are His friends;



Be in ear - nest in the spread - ing of the gos - pel far and wide,
 La - bor for the Mas - ter, cer - tain that in Him you will pre - vail,
 He will fill you with His Spir - it, if you serve Him faith - ful - ly,



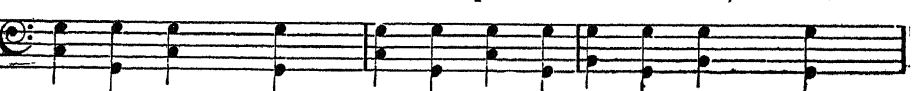
REFRAIN.



Ea - ger for some task to do. Then be in ear - nest as you
 Toll - ing in His strength al - way.
 And your life on His de - pends. Then be in ear - nest as you



tell . . . The news of par - don far and wide, . . . And dai - ly
 go and tell The news of par - don far and wide, Since




THE CHRISTIAN—SERVICE



prove . . . by deeds of love . . . A faith that
you can dai - ly prove By deeds of faith and love A




will not be de - nied; . . . Then be in
trust in God that will not be de - nied; Then be in



ear - nest, know - ing well . . . That e - vil nev - er can be
ear - nest, know - ing ver - y well That harm or e - vil



tide . . . The loy - al heart, . . . whose cho - sen
nev - er can be - tide The loy - al, lov - ing heart that



part . . . Is serv - ice at the Mas - ter's side.
knows the bet - ter part Is serv - ice at the Mas - ter's side. A - MEN.

461

What Shall the Harvest Be

Miss Emily S. Oakley.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Sowing the seed by the day-light fair, Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,
 2. Sowing the seed by the way-side high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
 3. Sowing the seed of a ling'ring pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
 4. Sowing the seed with an ach-ing heart, Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,

Sow-ing the seed by the fad-ing light, Sow-ing the seed in the sol-emn night;
 Sow-ing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sow-ing the seed in the fer-tile soil;
 Sow-ing the seed of a tarnished name, Sow-ing the seed of e-ter-nal shame;
 Sow-ing in hope till the reap-ers come Glad-ly to gath-er the har-vest home:

Oh, what shall the har-vest be? . . . Oh, what shall the har-vest be? . . .
 Oh, what shall the har-vest be? . . . Oh, what shall the har-vest be? . . .
 Oh, what shall the har-vest be? . . . Oh, what shall the har-vest be? . . .
 Oh, what shall the har-vest be? . . . Oh, what shall the har-vest be? . . .

REFRAIN.

Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light,
 Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in the darkness or
 Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,

THE CHRISTIAN-SERVICE



light, Sown in our weak - - - ness or
sown in the light, Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our night,

sown in our night, Gath - ered in time.. or e-
Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our night, Gath - ered in time or e-

ter - ni - ty, Sure, . . . ah, sure, will the har - vest be. A-MEN.
ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest, har-vest be.

462

Jesus Calls Us

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander.

(GALILEE. 8, 7, 8, 7.)

William H. Jude.



1. Je-sus calls us; o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. Je-sus calls us, from the wor-ship Of the vain world's gold-en store,
3. In our joys and in our sor-rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je-sus calls us; by Thy mer-cies, Sav-ior, may we hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol-low Me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all. A - MEN.

463

Have You Saved One To-day?

James Rowe.

James H. Ruebush.

1. Have you la-bored for the glo - ry Of the bless-ed One a - bove?
 2. Did you com-fort one in sor - row With a sen-tence from the heart?
 3. On the mart and in the high - way Where the light of love was dim,

Have you told "The old, old sto - ry" Of the great Re-deem-er's love?
 That some life might com-fort bor - row Did you tru - ly do your part?
 In some lone - ly, drear - y by - way, Did you sing a song for Him?

REFRAIN.

Have you saved one to - day? Have you saved one soul to - day?
 lost soul to - day? to - day?

From sin's de-struc-tive way Have you saved one soul to - day. A - MEN.
 aw - ful - way

Copyright, 1914, by Samuel W. Beazley.

464

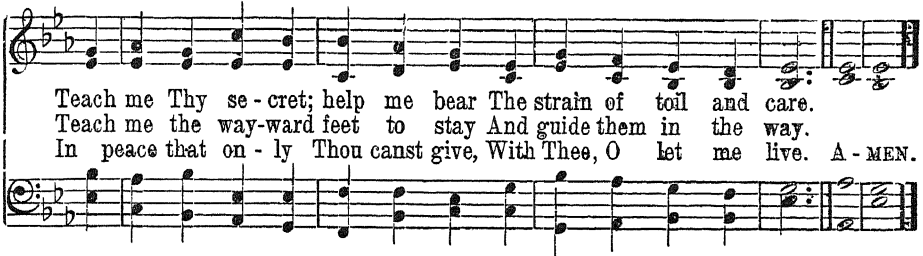
Let Me Walk With Thee

W. G. Gladden.

Dedicated to my father and mother, March, 1924.

Arr. by H. B. Britt.

1. My Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of serv - ice free;
 2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, win-ning word of love;
 3. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the fu-ture's broad-n'ing way;



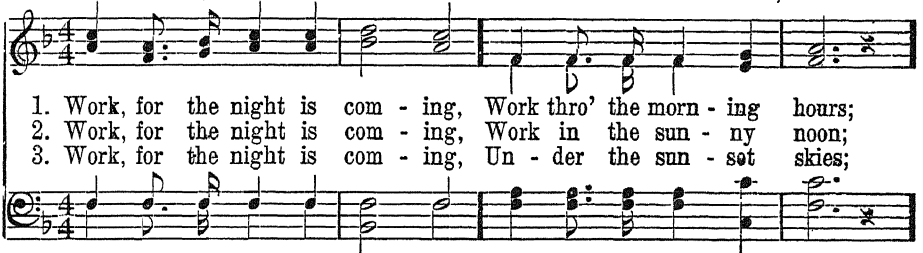
Teach me Thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil and care.
Teach me the way-ward feet to stay And guide them in the way.
In peace that on-ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O let me live. A - MEN.

465 Work, For the Night is Coming

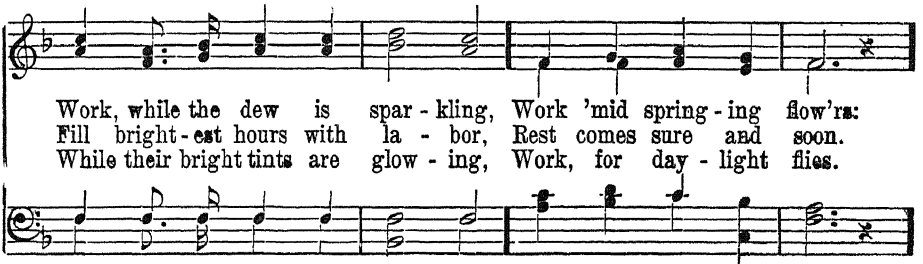
(WORK, FOR THE NIGHT. P. M.)

Annie L. Walker, 1865.

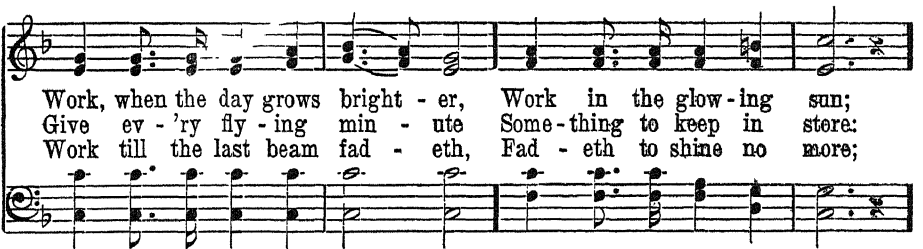
Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



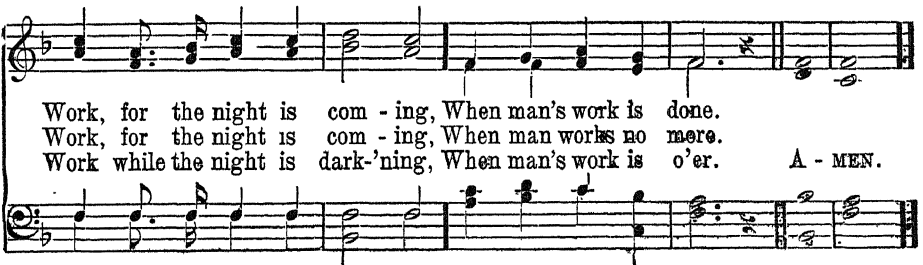
1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours;
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work in the sun - ny noon;
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;



Work, while the dew is spar - kling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs:
Fill bright-est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies.



Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some-thing to keep in store:
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;



Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no mere.
Work while the night is dark-'ning, When man's work is o'er. A - MEN.

I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

(TOWNSEND. C. M.)

Arr. by Mrs. Willa A. Townsend.

1. I . . . heard the voice . . of Je - sus say, "Come un-
 2. I . . . heard the voice . . of Je - sus say, "Be - hold,
 3. I . . . heard the voice . . of Je - sus say, "I am

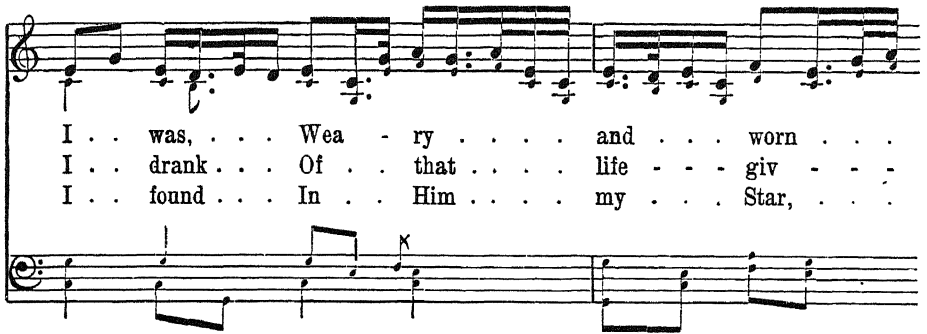
to . . Me and rest; Lay down, thou wea - - -
 I . . free - ly give The liv - - ing wa - - -
 this . . dark world's Light; Look un - - to Me, . . .

ry . . one, . . lay down Thy head . . . up - - on . . .
 ter, . . thirst - y one, Stoop down . . . and . . . drink . .
 thy . . morn . . shall rise, And all . . . thy . . . day . . .

My . . . breast." I . . came to . . Je - - - sus . . as . . .
 and . . . live." I . . came to . . Je - - - sus, . . and . . .
 be . . . bright." I . . looked to . . Je - - - sus, . . and . . .

Copyright, 1924, by Mrs. Willa A. Townsend. Used by permission.

THE CHRISTIAN—SECURITY



I . . was, . . . Wea - ry . . . and . . . worn . . .
 I . . drank . . . Of . . . that . . . life - - giv - -
 I . . found . . . In . . . Him . . . my . . . Star, . . .



and . . . sad; I . . . found . . . in . . . Him . . .
 ing . . . stream; My . . . thirst . . . was . . . quenched,
 my . . . Sun; So . . . in . . . that . . . Light . . .



a . . . rest - - - ing - - place, And . . . He . . .
 my . . . soul . . . re - - vived, And . . . now . . .
 of . . . life . . . I'll . . . walk Till . . . trav - - -



has . . . made . . . me . . . glad.
 I . . . live . . . in . . . Him.
 'ling . . . days . . . are . . . done. A - MEN.

467

Who is On the Lord's Side?

(ARMAGEDDON. 6, 5, 6, 5, 12 lines.)

Frances R. Havergal, 1877.

Arranged by John Goes, 1871.



1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help - ers
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown or palm, En - ter we the ar - my,
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own life-blood,
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own ar - my



Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
 Raise the war - rior psalm; But for Love that claim - eth Lives for whom He died:
 For Thy di - a - dem: With Thy bless - ing fill - ing Each who comes to Thee,
 None can e - ver - throw: 'Round His standard rang - ing, Vic - t'ry to se - cure;



Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,
 He whom Je - sus nam - eth, Must be on His side. By Thy love con - strain - ing,
 Thou hast made us will - ing, Thou hast made us free. By Thy grand re - demp - tion,
 For His truth un - chang - ing Makes the tri - umph sure. Joy - ful - ly en - list - ing,



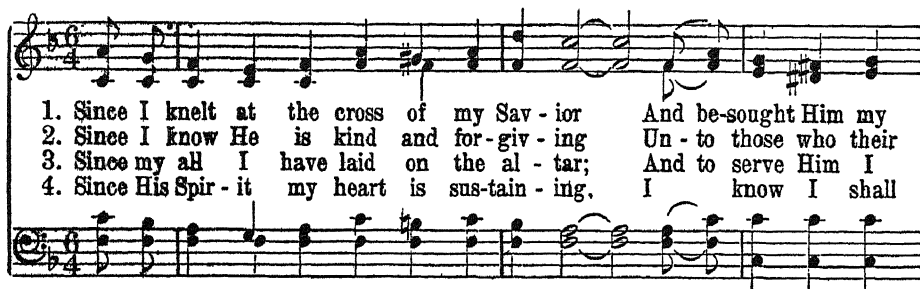
By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - ior, we are Thine. A - MEN.



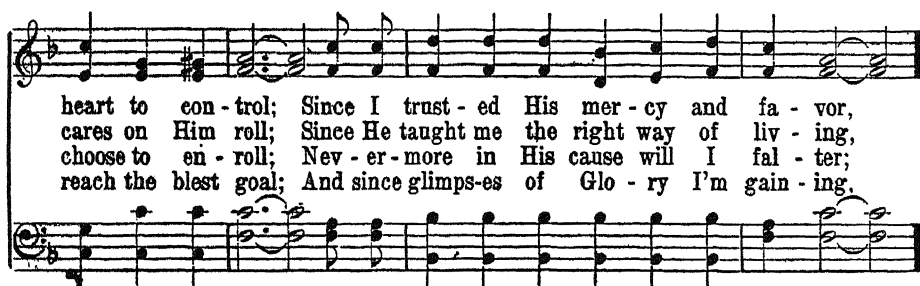
Deep Settled Peace

Rev. N. A. McAulay.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—




1. Since I knelt at the cross of my Sav - ior And be-sought Him my
 2. Since I know He is kind and for-giv - ing Un - to those who their
 3. Since my all I have laid on the al - tar; And to serve Him I
 4. Since His Spir - it my heart is sus-tain - ing, I know I shall

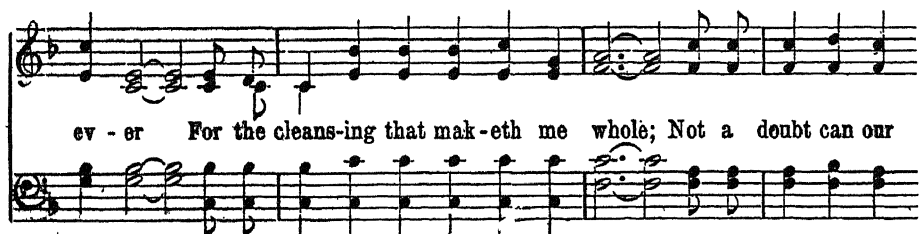


heart to con - trol; Since I trust - ed His mer - cy and fa - vor,
 cares on Him roll; Since He taught me the right way of liv - ing,
 choose to en - roll; Nev - er - more in His cause will I fal - ter;
 reach the blest goal; And since glimps-es of Glo - ry I'm gain - ing.

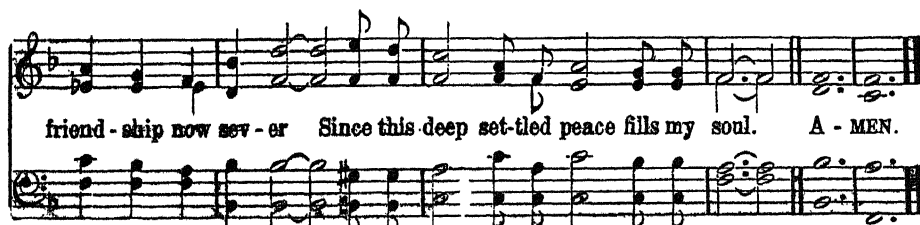
REFRAIN.



There's a deep set-tled peace in my soul. I shall praise Him for-ev - er and



ev - er For the cleans-ing that mak-eth me whole; Not a doubt can our




friend - ship now sev - er Since this deep set-tled peace fills my soul. A - MEN.

469 I've Found a Friend; O Such a Friend!


(SWEETEST NAME. 8s, 8s. D.)

J. G. Small.


W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868.




1. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
 2. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
 3. I've found a Friend; O such a Friend! So kind and true and ten - der;



He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
 And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
 So wise a Coun - sel - or and Guide, So might - y a De - fend - er!



And round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev - er;
 Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er;
 From Him who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul shall sev - er?



For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for - ev - er.
 Shall life or death, shall earth or hell? No; I am His for - ev - er. A - MEN.

470

Cast Thy Burden On the Lord

George Rawson, 1857.

(SEYMOUR. 7s.)

C. M. von Weber, 1786-1826.

1. Cast thy bur - den on the Lord; Lean thou on - ly on His word;
 2. Ev - er in the rag - ing storm, Thou shalt see His cheer - ing form,
 3. Cast thy bur - den at His feet; Lin - ger near His mer - cy - seat;
 4. He will gird thee by His pow'r, In thy wea - ry, faint - ing hour;

Ev - er will He be thy stay, Tho' the heav'n's shall melt a - way.
 Hear His pledge of com - ing aid: 'It is I; be not a - fraid.'
 He will lead thee by the hand Gen - tly to the bet - ter land.
 Lean, then, lov - ing on His word; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord. A - MEN.

471

Old Time Religion

Arranged.

CHO.—'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,
 1. It was good for our moth - ers, It was good for our moth - ers,
 2. Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y,

'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And it's good e - nough for me.
 It was good for our moth - ers, And it's good e - nough for me.
 Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, And it's good e - nough for me. A - MEN.

3 It has saved our fathers,
 And it's good enough for me.

4 It was good for the prophet Daniel,
 And it's good enough for me.

5 It was good for the Hebrew children,
 And it's good enough for me.

6 It was tried in the fiery furnace,
 And it's good enough for me.

7 It was good for Paul and Silas,
 And it's good enough for me.

8 It will do when I am dying,
 And it's good enough for me.

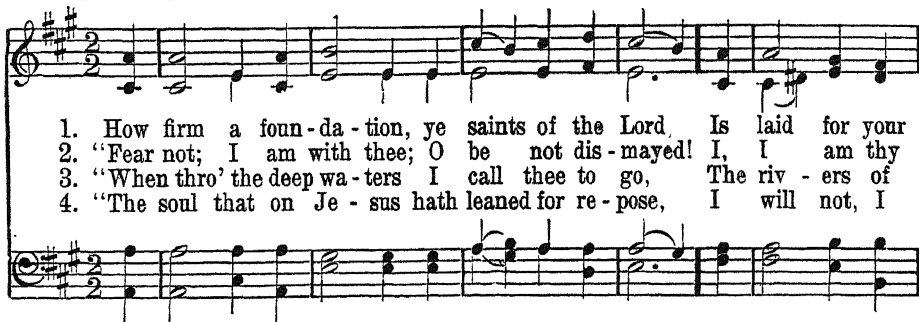
472

How Firm a Foundation

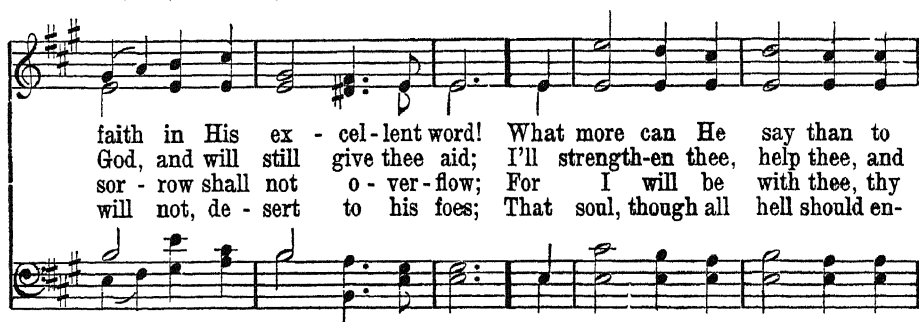
[First Tune]

George Keith, 1787.

(PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.) John Reading, 1690-1776.



1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord Is laid for your
 2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! I, I am thy
 3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of
 4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re- pose, I will not, I



faith in His ex-cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
 God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
 sor-row shall not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy
 will not, de-sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en-



you He hath said, To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
 cause thee to stand, Up-held by My right-eous, om-nip-o-tent
 trou-bles to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-
 deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er for-



fled? To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 hand, Up-held by My right-eous, om-nip-o-tent hand!
 tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 sake, I'll nev-er, no, nev-er, no, nev-er for-sake." A-MEN.

How Firm a Foundation

[Second Tune]

(FOUNDATION. 7s.)

George Keith.

Unknown.



1. How firm a foun-da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! For I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
4. "When thro' fi - ery tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-
5. "E'en down to old age all My peo - ple shall prove My sov-'reign, e-
6. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not, I



faith in His ex - cel-lent word! What more can He say than to
God, and will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
sor - row shall not o - ver-flow; For I will be with thee, thy
fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply, The flame shall not hurt thee—I
ter - nal, un-change-a - ble love; And when hoar - y hairs shall their
will not, de - sert to his foes; That soul, though all hell should en-



you He hath said, To you who for ref-uge to Je - sus have fled?
cause thee to stand, Up - held by My gra-cious, om-nip - o - tent hand.
tri - als to bless, And sanc-ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis - tress.
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine.
tem-ples a - dorn, Like lambs they shall still in My bos-om be borne.
deav-or to shake, I'll nev - er, no, nev - er, no, nev - er for - sake." A-MEN.



474 All the Way My Savior Leads Me

(ALL THE WAY. 8s, 7s. D.)

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1882.

Rev. Robert Lowry, by per.

1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
 2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; Cheers each wind-ing path I tread;
 3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O the full-ness of His love!

Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
 Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread.
 Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove.

Heav'n-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
 Though my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
 When my spir-it, clothed, im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;
 Gush-ing from the rock be-fore me, Lol a spring of joy I see;
 This my song thro' end-less a-ges— Je-sus led me all the way;

For I know, whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.
 Gushing from the rock be-fore me, Lol a spring of joy I see.
 This my song thro' end-less a-ges— Je-sus led me all the way. A - MEN.

Mrs. Mary Ranyon Lowry, owner of Copyright.

475

"Blessed is the man that trusted in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is."—JER. 17: 7.

Chas. P. Jones.

Moderato.

[illegible]

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B4. The next measure contains a quarter note C5, a quarter note B4, and a quarter note A4. The following measure has a quarter note G4, a quarter note F#4, and a quarter note E4. The next measure contains a quarter note D4, a quarter note C4, and a quarter note B3. The following measure has a quarter note A3, a quarter note G3, and a quarter note F#3. The next measure contains a quarter note E3, a quarter note D3, and a quarter note C3. The final measure of the system has a quarter note B2, a quarter note A2, and a quarter note G2. The system ends with a double bar line.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a quarter note B4. The accompaniment consists of a series of chords: a G4 chord, an A4 chord, and a B4 chord, each sustained for a full measure. The system ends with a double bar line.

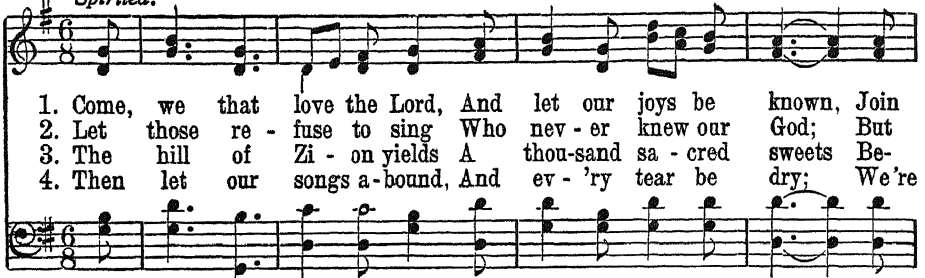
A musical score for the bass line of the song 'The Rose Tree'. The notation is on a single staff with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some chords indicated by multiple notes on the same line. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

476

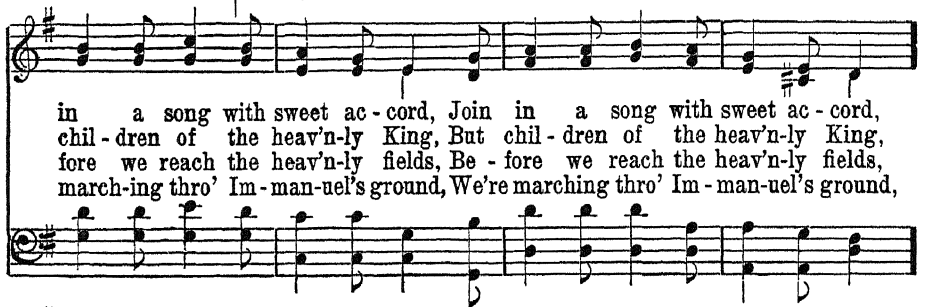
We're Marching to Zion

Isaac Watts.
Spirited.

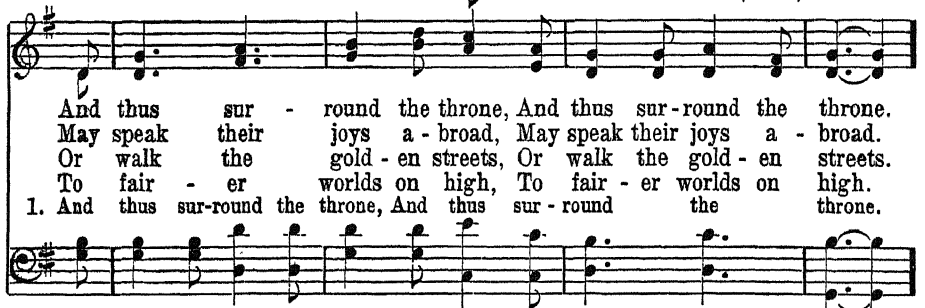
Robert Lowry.



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets Be-
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

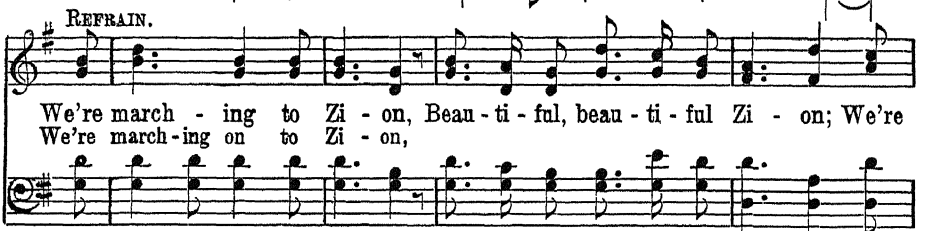


in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King,
fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
march-ing thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground,



And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur-round the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
1. And thus sur-round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

REFRAIN.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,



march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau-ti - ful cit-y of God. A-MEN.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

477

When Peace, Like a River

(IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL. P. M.)

H. G. Spafford.

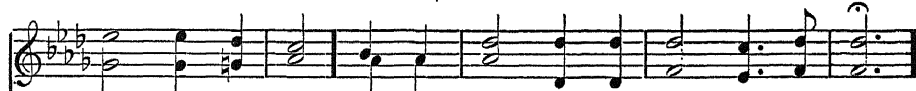
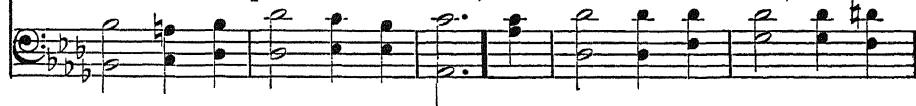
P. P. Bliss, 1838-1877.



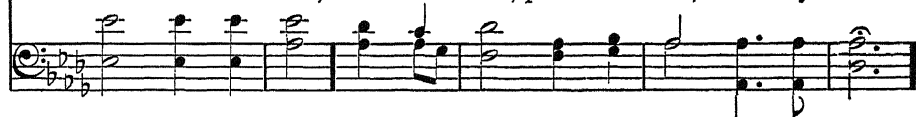
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, though tri - als should come, Let
3. My sin— O the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't!—My



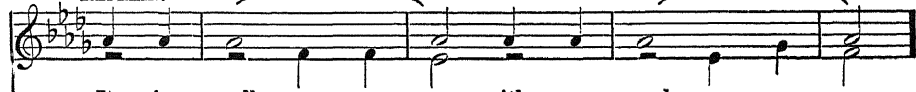
sor - rows, like sea - bil - lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my
sin— not in part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross, and I



taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!



REFRAIN.



It is well . . . It is well with my soul, with my soul,



It is well, it is well with my soul. A - MEN.



478

Rock of Ages, Cleft For Me

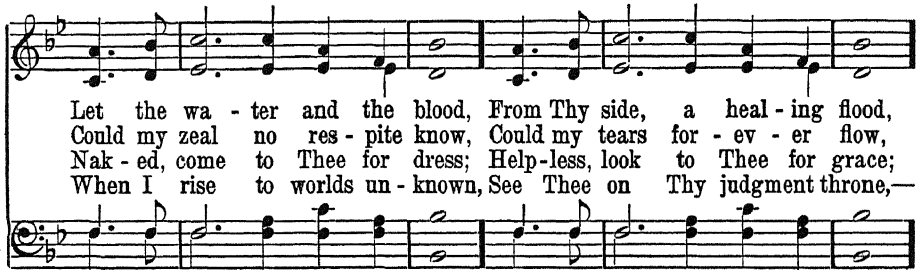
[First Tune]

Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

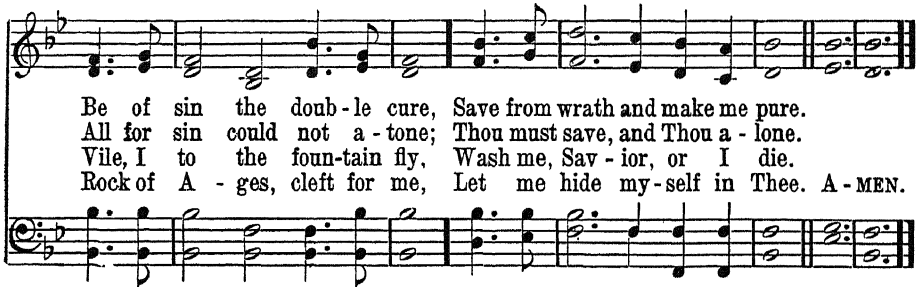
(TOPLADY. 7s.) Dr. Thomas Hastings, 1784-1873.



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
 When I rise to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—



Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Vile, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - MEN.

479

Rock of Ages, Cleft For Me

[Second Tune]

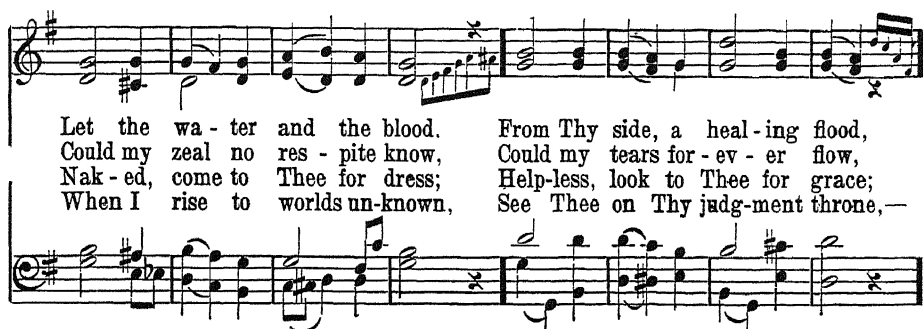
Augustus M. Toplady, 1776.

(GROSSER GOTT. 7s.)



1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Not the la - bors of my hands Can ful - fill Thy law's de - mands;
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eye - lids close in death,

THE CHRISTIAN—SECURITY



Let the wa - ter and the blood. From Thy side, a heal - ing flood,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress; Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
 When I rise to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg - ment throne,—

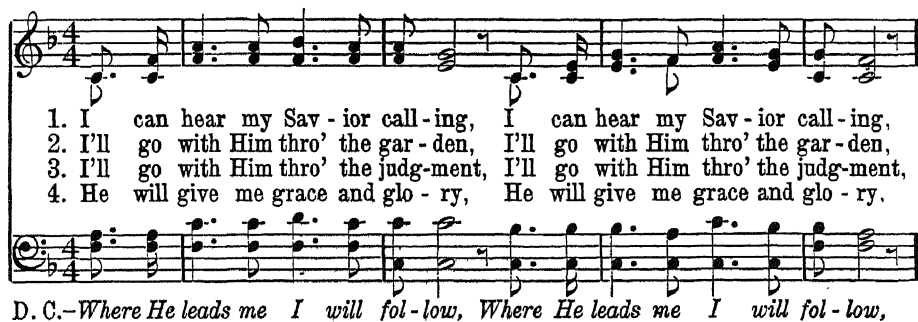


Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Vile, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - ior, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - MEN.

480 I Can Hear My Savior Calling

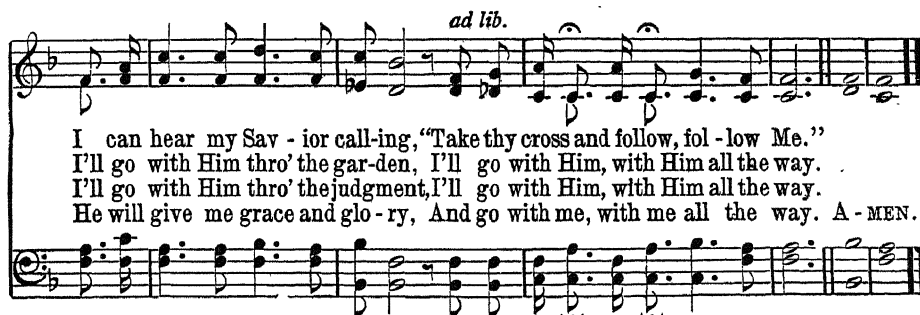
E. W. Blandly.

J. S. Norris.



1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
 2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
 3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry.

D. C.—Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,



ad lib.
 I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and follow, fol - low Me."
 I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way. A - MEN.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him, all the way.

481

Come, Ye That Love the Lord

(ALICE. S. M.)

Arr. by Mrs. Willa A. Townsend.

1. Come, . . . ye . . . that . . . love . . . the . . . Lord,
 2. Let . . . those . . . re - - - fuse . . . to . . . sing
 3. The . . . hill . . . of . . . Zi - - on . . . yields
 4. Then . . . let . . . our . . . songs . . . a - - bound,

And . . . let . . . your . . . joys be known; Join . . . in . . . a . . .
 Who . . . nev - er . . . knew our God; But . . . chil - dren . . .
 A . . . thou - sand . . . sa - cred sweets, Be - - fore . . . we . . .
 And . . . ev - - 'ry . . . tear be dry; We're . . . march - ing . . .

song . . . with . . . sweet ac - - - cord, . . . While . . .
 of . . . the . . . heav'n - ly . . . King . . . May . . .
 reach . . . the . . . heav'n - ly . . . fields, . . . Or . . .
 through . . . Im - - man - uel's . . . ground, To . . .

ye . . . sur - - - round . . . the . . . throne.
 speak . . . their . . . joys . . . a - - broad.
 walk . . . the . . . gold . . . en . . . streets.
 fair - - er . . . worlds . . . on . . . high. A - MEN.


In Thy Cleft, O Rock of Ages

"Thou art my hiding place."—Ps. 32: 7.


(HIDE THOU ME.)

Fanny J. Crosby.


Rev. Robert Lowry.




1. In Thy cleft, O Rock of A - ges, Hide Thou me; When the
 2. From the snare of sin - ful pleas - ure, Hide Thou me; Thou, my
 3. In the lone - ly night of sor - row, Hide Thou me; Till in



fit - ful tem - pest rag - es, Hide Thou me; Where no
 soul's e - ter - nal treas - ure, Hide Thou me; When the
 glo - ry dawns the mor - row, Hide Thou me; In the



mor - tal arm can sev - er From my heart Thy love for -
 world its pow'r is wield - ing, And my heart is al - most
 sight of Jor - dan's bil - low, Let Thy bos - om be my



ev - er, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
 yield - ing, Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee.
 pil - low; Hide me, O Thou Rock of A - ges, Safe in Thee. A - MEN.

483 Leaning On the Everlasting Arms

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-

last - ing Arms! What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
 last - ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
 last - ing Arms! I have peace com-plete with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.

Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms! Lean - ing,
 Lean-ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms; Lean - ing,
 lean-ing on Je - sus, Lean-ing on Je - sus,


lean - ing, Lean-ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms. A - MEN.
 lean-ing on Je - sus,

484


I'm Going Through, Jesus

As sung by W. B. Yates.

Words and Music by Herbert Buffum.



1. Lord, I have start-ed to walk in the light Shin-ing up-
 2. Man-y they are who start in the race; But with the
 3. I'd rath-er walk with Je-sus a-lone, And have for a
 4. O broth-er, now will you take up the cross? Give up the




on me from heav-en so bright; I bade the world and its fol-lies a-
 light they re-fuse to keep pace; Oth-ers ac-cept it be-cause it is
 pil-low, like Ja-cob, a stone, Liv-ing each moment with His face in
 world, and count it as dross; Sell all thou hast, and give to the


REFRAIN.



dieu, I've start-ed in, Je-sus, and I'm go-ing through.
 new, But not ver-y man-y ex-pect to go through. I'm go-ing thro', yes,
 view, Than shrink from my pathway and fail to go through.
 poor, Then go thro' with Je-sus and those who en-dure.



I'm go-ing thro'; I'll pay the price, what-ev-er oth-ers do; I'll take the



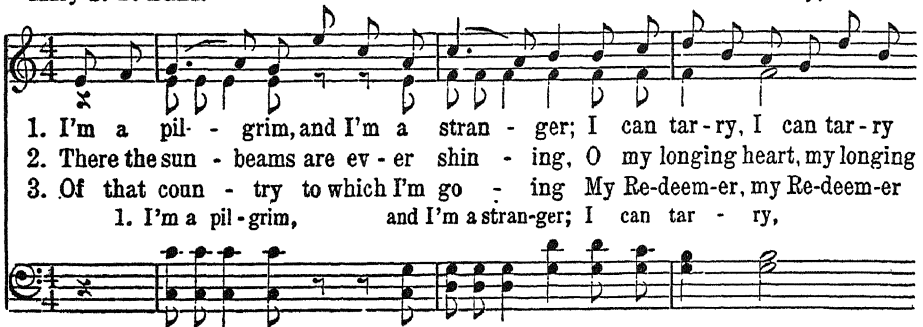
way with the Lord's de-spis-ed few, I'm go-ing thro', Je-sus, I'm go-ing thro'. A-MEN.

485

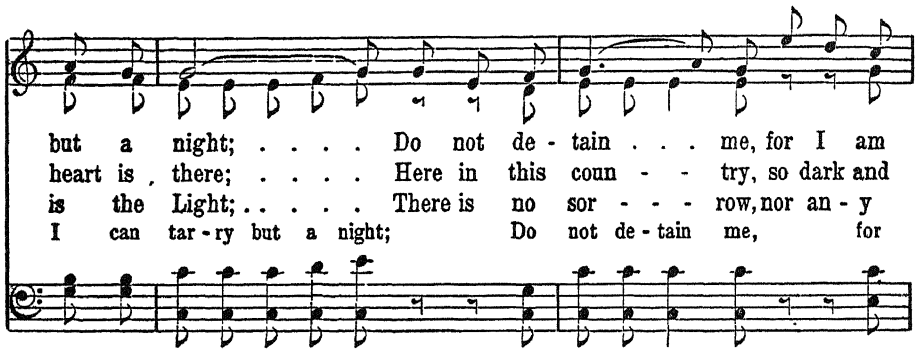
I'm a Pilgrim

Mary S. B. Dana.

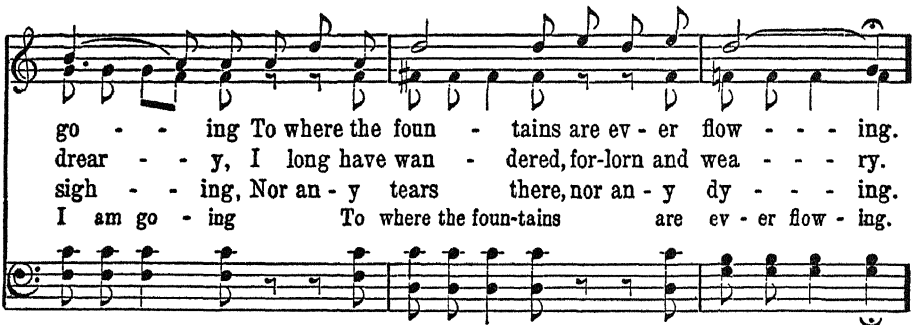
Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry
 2. There the sun - beams are ev - er shin - ing, O my longing heart, my longing
 3. Of that coun - try to which I'm go - ing My Re-deem-er, my Re-deem-er
 1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar - ry,

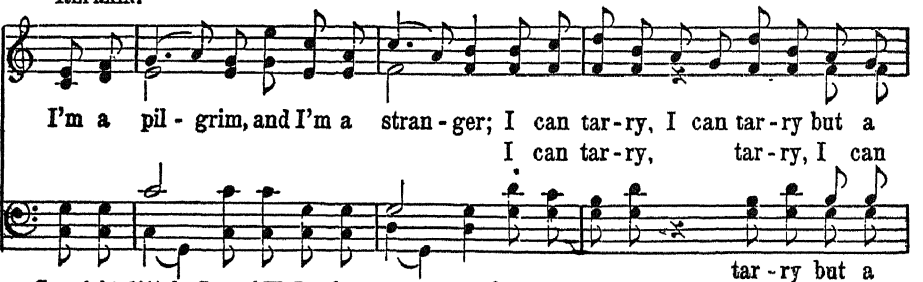


but a night; Do not de - tain . . . me, for I am
 heart is , there; Here in this coun - - try, so dark and
 is the Light; There is no sor - - - row, nor an - y
 I can tar - ry but a night; Do not de - tain me, for



go - - ing To where the foun - tains are ev - er flow - - - ing.
 drear - - y, I long have wan - dered, for-lorn and wea - - - ry.
 sigh - - - ing, Nor an - y tears there, nor an - y dy - - - ing.
 I am go - ing To where the foun-tains are ev - er flow - ing.

REFRAIN.



I'm a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a
 I can tar-ry, tar-ry, I can
 tar - ry but a

THE CHRISTIAN—SECURITY

night; I'm a pil - - grim, and I'm a
tar - ry but a night; For I'm a

night;

rit.

stran - ger; I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night. A - MEN.

486 I'm Not Ashamed to Own My Lord

(MARLOW. C. M.)

Isaac Watts, 1709.

Rev. John Chetam, 1770-1760.

1. I'm not a - shamed to own my Lord, Or to de - fend His cause,
2. Je - sus, my God, I know His name; His name is all my trust;
3. Firm as His throne His prom - ise stands, And He can well se - cure
4. Then will He own my worth - less name Be - fore His Fa - ther's face,

Main - tain the hon - or of His word, The glo - ry of His cross.
Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my soul be lost.
What I've com - mit - ted to His hands Till the de - ci - sive hour.
And in the New Je - ru - sa - lem Ap - point my soul a place. A - MEN.

The Haven of Rest

H. L. Gilmour.

Geo. D. Moore.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So
 2. I yield - ed my - self to His ten - der em - brace, And
 3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has
 4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like
 5. Oh, come to the Sav - ior, He pa - tient - ly waits To

bur - dened with sin and dis - tress, Till I heard a sweet voice say - ing,
 faith tak - ing hold of the word, My fet - ters fell off, and I
 been the old sto - ry so blest Of Je - sus who'll save who - so -
 John the be - lov - ed and blest, On Je - sus' strong arm, where no
 save by His pow - er di - vine; Come, an - chor your soul in the

D. S.—The tem - pest may sweep o'er the

“Make Me your choice;” And I en - tered the “Ha - ven of Rest!”
 an - chored my soul: The “Ha - ven of Rest” is my Lord.
 ev - er will have A home in the “Ha - ven of Rest.”
 tem - pest can harm, Se - cure in the “Ha - ven of Rest.”
 “Ha - ven of Rest,” And say, “My Be - lov - ed is mine.”

wild, storm-y deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more. A - MEN.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

I've anchored my soul in the “Ha - ven of Rest,” I'll sail the wide seas no more;

488

God Will Take Care of You

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

C. D. Martin.

W. S. Martin.

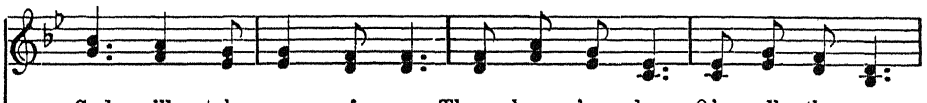


1. Be not dis - mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
 2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
 3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
 4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;



Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
 When dan - gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
 Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
 Lean, wea - ry one, up on His breast, God will take care of you.

REFRAIN.



God will take care of you, Through ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way,



He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . A - MEN.
 take care of you.

I'll Live On

T. J. L.

Thos. J. Laney.

1. 'Tis a sweet and glo-rious tho't that comes to me, I'll live on, . . .

2. When my bod - y's slum-b'ring in the cold, cold clay,

3. When the world's on fire, and dark-ness veils the sun,

4. In the glo - ry - land with Je - sus on the throne, I'll live on,

yes, I'll live on; Je - sus saved my soul from death and now I'm free;

yes, I'll live on; There to sleep in Je - sus till the judg-ment day;

yes, I'll live on; Men will cry and to the rocks and moun-tains run;

yes, I'll live on; Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges sing - ing, home, sweet home;

REFRAIN.

I'll live on, . . . yes, I'll live on. I'll live on, . . . yes, I'll live on,

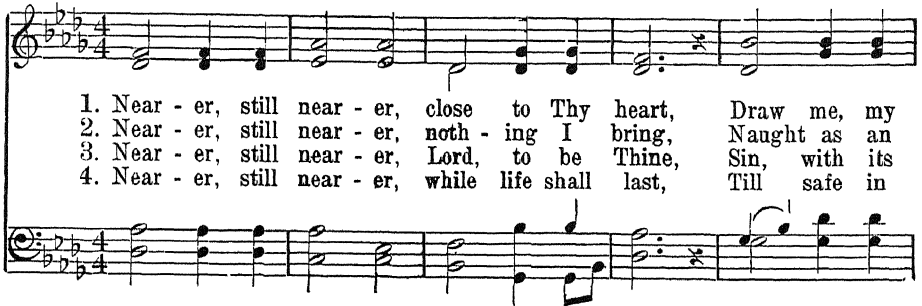
on, and on, Thro' e - ter - ni - ty I'll live on; I'll live on, and on, and on,

yes, I'll live on, and on, Thro' e - ter - ni - ty I'll live on. A - MEN.

Nearer, Still Nearer

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.



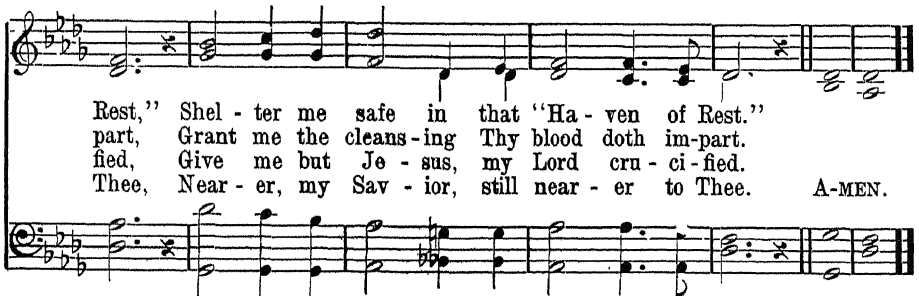
1. Near - er, still near - er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my
 2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an
 3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its
 4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in



Sav - ior, so pre - cious Thou art; Fold me, O fold me
 of - f'ring to Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful,
 fol - lies, I glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleas - ures,
 glo - ry my an - chor is cast; Thro' end - less a - ges,



close to Thy breast, Shel - ter me safe in that "Ha - ven of
 now con - trite heart, Grant me the cleans - ing Thy blood doth im -
 pomp and its pride, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci -
 ev - er to be, Near - er, my Sav - ior, still near - er to



Rest," Shel - ter me safe in that "Ha - ven of Rest."
 part, Grant me the cleans - ing Thy blood doth im - part.
 fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.
 Thee, Near - er, my Sav - ior, still near - er to Thee. A-MEN.

491 The Wondrous Name of Jesus

T. O. Chisholm.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

Piano introduction in G major, 3/2 time. The music features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The tempo markings *rit.* and *molto rit.* are indicated.

SOLO. BARITONE or CONTRALTO.

rit.

Solo vocal line for the first four lines of lyrics. The melody is in G major, 3/2 time, with a tempo marking of *rit.*

1. There is a Name more dear to me Than an - y oth - er name could be;
2. When sin its dread - ful work had done, When I had reaped what I had sown,
3. That wondrous Name dis-pels my fears, And moves my heart to grate-ful tears;
4. Each prom-ise in that Name I plead, And have sup-ply for all my need;

Piano accompaniment for the first four lines of lyrics. The music features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The tempo marking *rit.* is indicated.

Piano accompaniment for the final two lines of lyrics. The music features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The tempo markings *rit.* and *molto rit.* are indicated.

The Name of One who in my stead His pre-cious blood on Cal-v'ry shed.
To mer-cy's throne I hum-bly came, And par-don found in Je-sus' Name.
That Name, all oth - er names a - bove, As-sures me of God's boundless love.
That Name my joy and song will be, In time and through e - ter - ni - ty.

Piano accompaniment for the final two lines of lyrics. The music features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The tempo markings *rit.* and *molto rit.* are indicated.

THE CHRISTIAN—SECURITY

CHORUS or QUARTET.

O wondrous Name, O bless-ed Name! That calms the troub-led breast;
won-drous Name, bless-ed Name!

"Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry, rest." A - MEN.
"the wea-ry, rest."

492 Amazing Grace, How Sweet the Sound

John Newton, 1779.

(WARWICK. C. M.)

Samuel Stanley, 1767-1822.

1. A - maz-ing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
3. Thro' man-y dan-gers, toils, and snares, I have al-read-y come;
DOXOLOGY.
Let God the Fa-ther, and the Son, And Spir-it be a-dored,

I once was lost, but now am found: Was blind, but now I see.
How pre-cious did that cross ap-pear, The hour I first be-lieved!
'Tis grace has bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
Where there are works to make Him known, Or saints to love the Lord. A - MEN.

493

Around the Great White Throne

H. S.

H. Simmons.

1. They tell me that in heav - en, A - round the great white throne,
2. 'Tis beau - ty all a - round it, God reigns there, He a - lone;

The an - gels there doth ev - er Re - joice in heav'n - ly tones.
I see the saints in - hab - it, A - round the great white throne.

cres. ad lib. recitato.

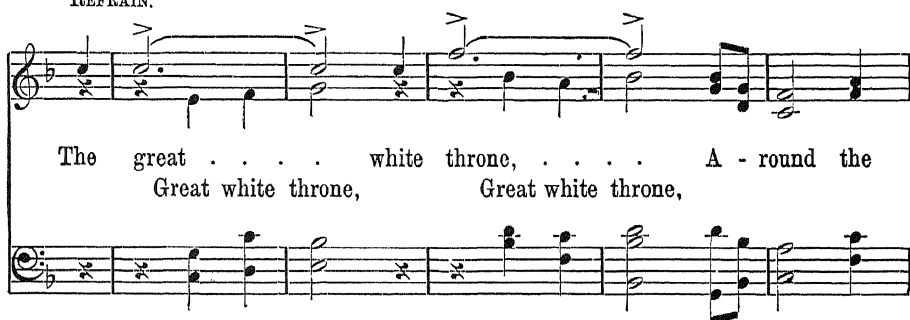
I hope when time is end - ed, I'll meet the dear ones there,
'Tis in that land o'er yon - der, With streets all paved with gold,

THE CHRISTIAN—SECURITY

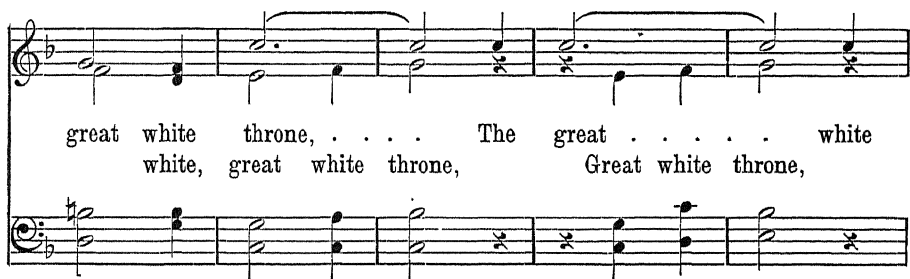


And with your voi - ces blend - ing, Praise God who is so dear.
I won - der, yes, I won - der, Shall I that throne be - hold.

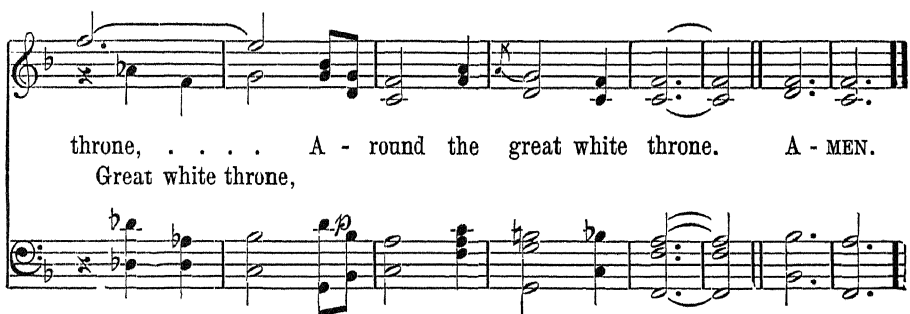
REFRAIN.



The great white throne, A - round the
Great white throne, Great white throne,



great white throne, The great white
white, great white throne, Great white throne,



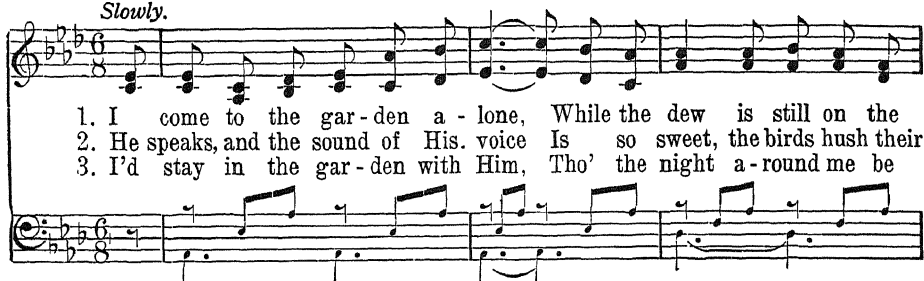
throne, A - round the great white throne. A - MEN.
Great white throne,

494

In the Garden

C. A. M.

C. Austin Miles.

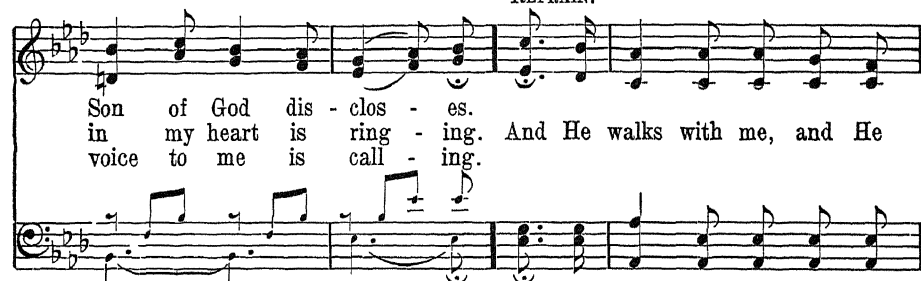
Slowly.


1. I come to the gar-den a-lone, While the dew is still on the
 2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet, the birds hush their
 3. I'd stay in the gar-den with Him, Tho' the night a-round me be



ros-es; And the voice I hear, Fall-ing on my ear, The
 sing-ing, And the mel-o-dy, That He gave to me, With-
 fall-ing, But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His

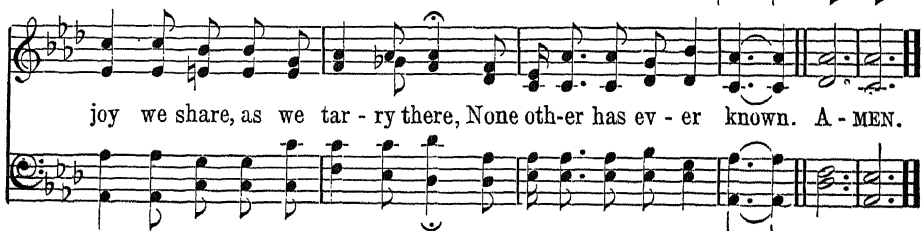
REFRAIN.



Son of God dis-clos-es.
 in my heart is ring-ing. And He walks with me, and He
 voice to me is call-ing.



talks with me, And He tells me I am His own; And the

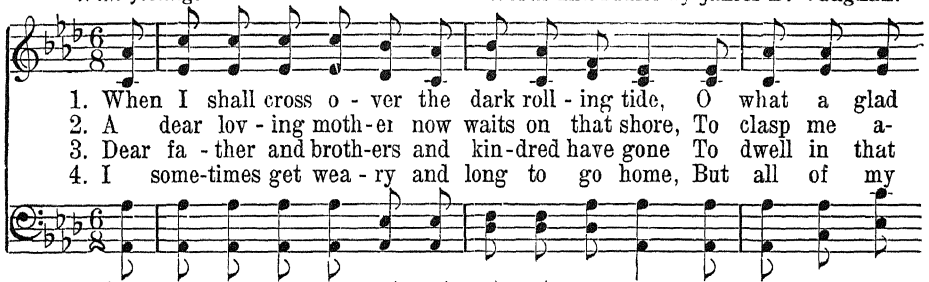


joy we share, as we tar-ry there, None oth-er has ev-er known. A-MEN.

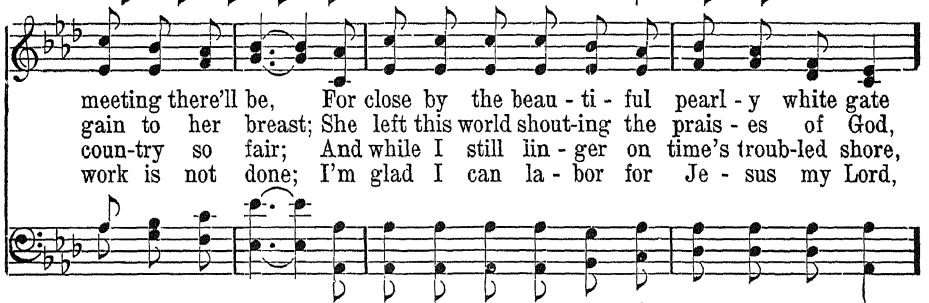
495 My Loved Ones Are Waiting For Me

With feeling.

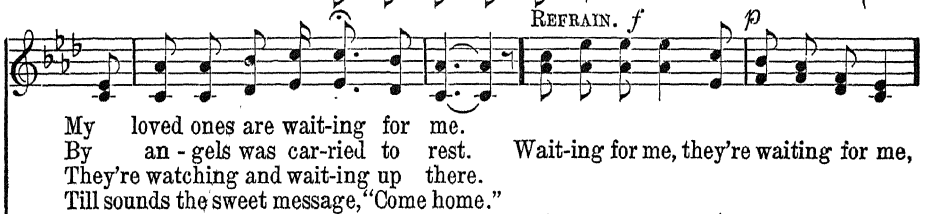
Words and Music by James D. Vaughan.



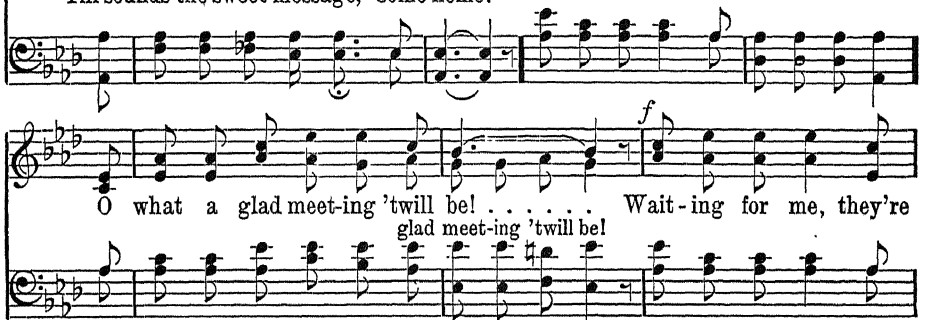
1. When I shall cross o - ver the dark roll - ing tide, O what a glad
 2. A dear lov - ing moth - er now waits on that shore, To clasp me a -
 3. Dear fa - ther and broth - ers and kin - dred have gone To dwell in that
 4. I some - times get wea - ry and long to go home, But all of my



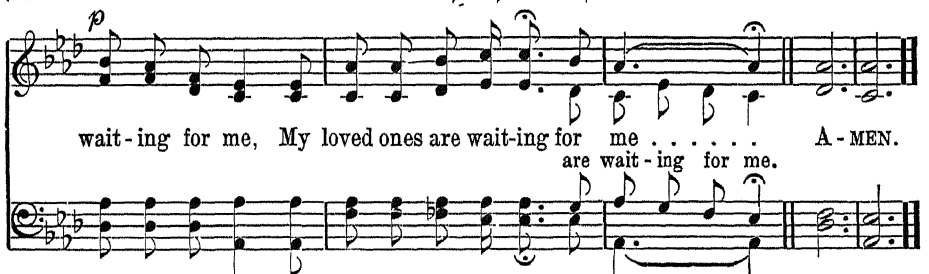
meeting there'll be, For close by the beau - ti - ful pearl - y white gate
 gain to her breast; She left this world shout - ing the prais - es of God,
 coun - try so fair; And while I still lin - ger on time's troub - led shore,
 work is not done; I'm glad I can la - bor for Je - sus my Lord,



My loved ones are wait - ing for me.
 By an - gels was car - ried to rest. Wait - ing for me, they're waiting for me,
 They're watching and wait - ing up there.
 Till sounds the sweet message, "Come home."



O what a glad meet - ing 'twill be! Wait - ing for me, they're
 glad meet - ing 'twill be!



wait - ing for me, My loved ones are wait - ing for me A - MEN.
 are wait - ing for me.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

[First Tune]

(REFUGE. 7s. D.)

Charles Wesley, 1740.

J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly;
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
 3. Plen-teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;

While the near - er wa-ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
 Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone! Still sup - port and com-fort me:
 Let the heal - ing streams a-bound, Make and keep me pure with-in.

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Thou of life the foun-tain art; Free - ly let me take of Thee;

Safe in - to Thy ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
 Cov - er my de - fense-less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

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497

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

[Second Tune]

(MARTYN. 7s. D.)

Charles Wesley, 1740.

Simeon B. Marsh, 1834.



1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly;
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;



While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
 Leave, ah, leave me not a - lone! Still sup - port and com - fort me:
 Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in.



Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
 Thou of life the foun - tain art; Free - ly let me take of Thee;



Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
 Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.



498 Whither, O Whither Should I Fly?

Charles Wesley, 1740.

(ROCKINGHAM. L. M.) Dr. Lowell Mason, 1768-1872.

1. Whith-er, O whith-er should I fly, But to my lov - ing Savior's breast,
 2. I have no skill the snare to shun, But Thou, O Christ, my wis-dom art;
 3. I have no might t'op-pose the foe, But ev - er - last-ing strength is Thine;
 4. Fool - ish and im - po - tent and blind, Lead me a way I have not known;

Se - cure with-in Thine arms to lie, And safe be-neath Thy wings to rest?
 I ev - er in - to ru - in run, But Thou art great-er than my heart.
 Show me the way that I should go, Show me the path I should de-cline.
 Bring me where I my heav'n may find. The heav'n of lov - ing Thee a - lone. A - MEN.

499 How Gentle God's Commands!

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

(DENNIS. S. M.)

H. G. Nageli, 1768-1836.

1. How gen - tle God's com - mands! How kind His pre - cepts are!
 2. Be - neath His watch - ful eye His saints se - cure - ly dwell;
 3. Why should this anx - ious load Press down your wea - ry mind?
 4. His good - ness stands ap - proved, Un - changed from day to day:

Come, cast your bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care.
 That hand which bears cre - a - tion up, Shall guard His chil - dren well.
 Haste to your heav'n-ly Fa - ther's throne, And peace and com - fort find.
 I'll drop my bur - dens at His feet, And bear a song a - way. A - MEN.

500 Amazing Grace! How Sweet the Sound

(WILLIAM C. M.)

John Newton.

Arr. by Dr. A. M. Townsend.

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound That
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And
 3. Through man - y dan - gers, toils and snares, I
 4. The Lord has prom - ised good to me; His
 5. Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail, And
 6. The earth shall soon dis - solve like snow, The
 7. When we've been there ten thou - sand years, Bright

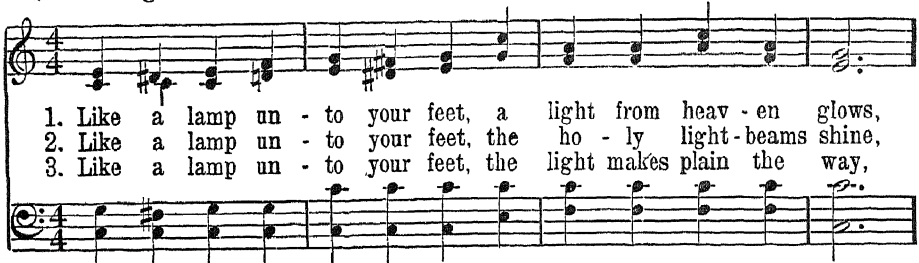
saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but
 grace my fears re - lieved; How pre - cious did that
 have al - read - y come; 'Tis grace hath brought me
 word my hope se - cures; He will my shield and
 mor - tal life shall cease, I shall pos - sess, with -
 sun for - bear to shine; But God, who called me
 shin - ing as the sun, We've no less days to

now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
 grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved.
 safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 por - tion be As long as life en - dures.
 in the veil, A life of joy and peace.
 here be - low, Will be for - ev - er mine.
 sing God's praise Than when we first be - gun. A - MEN.

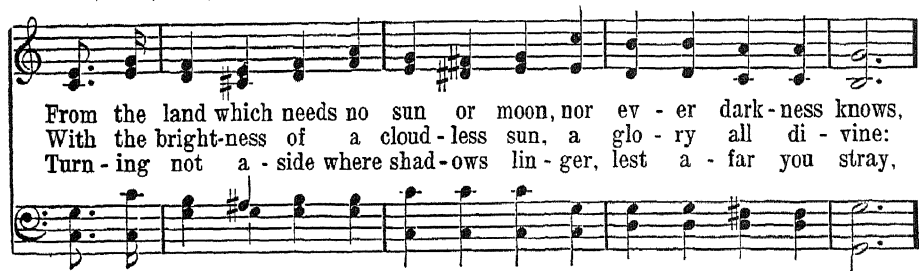
Walk in the Light of God

Laurene Highfield.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



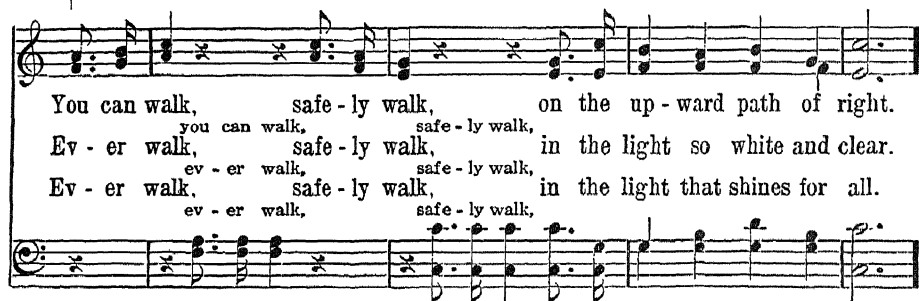
1. Like a lamp un - to your feet, a light from heav - en glows,
 2. Like a lamp un - to your feet, the ho - ly light-beams shine,
 3. Like a lamp un - to your feet, the light makes plain the way,



From the land which needs no sun or moon, nor ev - er dark-ness knows,
 With the bright-ness of a cloud-less sun, a glo - ry all di - vine:
 Turn - ing not a - side where shad - ows lin - ger, lest a - far you stray,

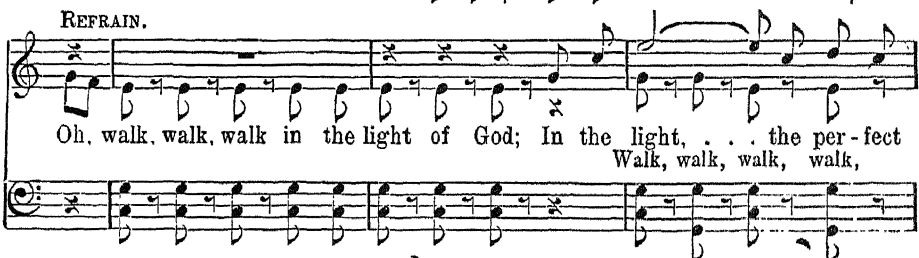


And ra - dant with a liv - ing splen - dor makes the way so bright;
 Though you must go 'mong briars and bram - bles, noth - ing shall you fear;
 Keep in the path, though it is sto - ny, nev - er need you fall;



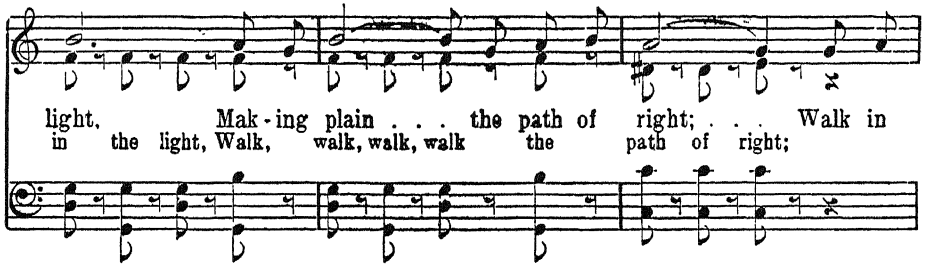
You can walk, safe - ly walk, on the up - ward path of right.
 Ev - er walk, safe - ly walk, in the light so white and clear.
 Ev - er walk, safe - ly walk, in the light that shines for all.

REFRAIN.

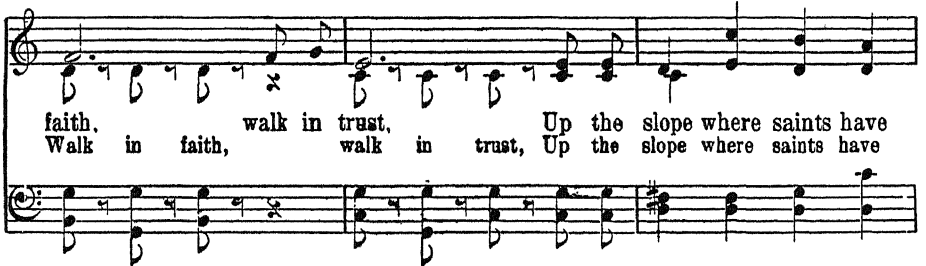


Oh, walk, walk, walk in the light of God; In the light, . . . the per - fect
 Walk, walk, walk, walk,

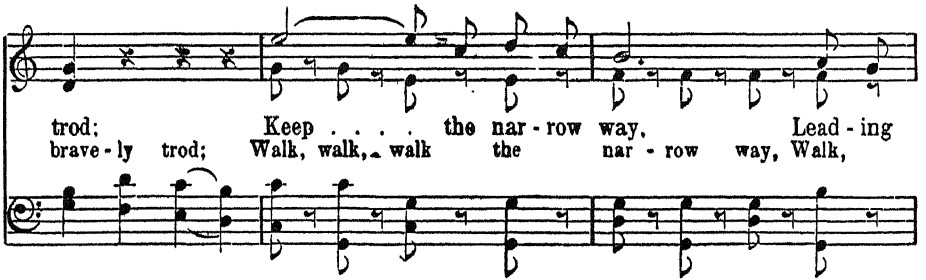
THE CHRISTIAN—SECURITY



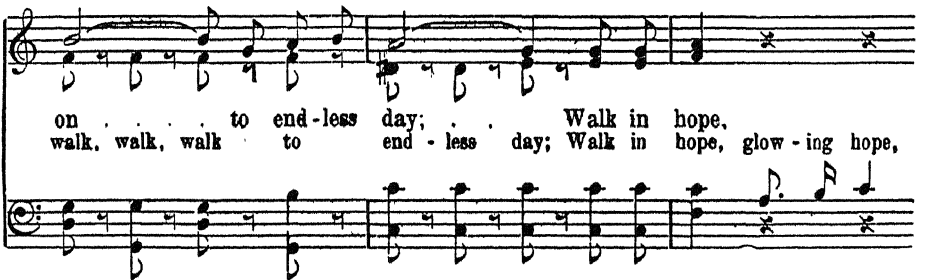
light. Mak - ing plain . . . the path of right; . . . Walk in
in the light, Walk, walk, walk, walk the path of right;



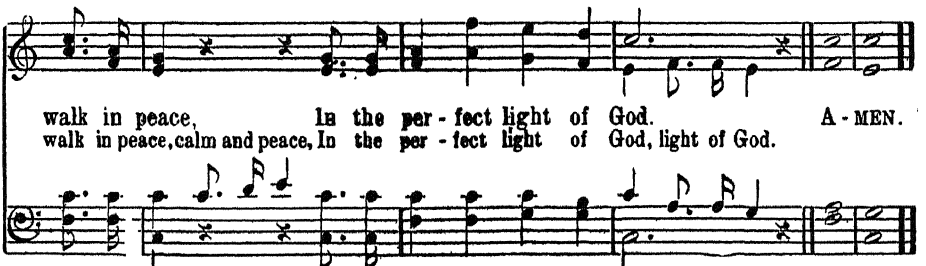
faith, walk in trust, Up the slope where saints have
Walk in faith, walk in trust, Up the slope where saints have



trod; Keep . . . the nar - row way, Lead - ing
brave - ly trod; Walk, walk, walk the nar - row way, Walk,



on walk, walk, walk to end - less day; Walk in hope,
walk, walk, walk to end - less day; Walk in hope, glow - ing hope,

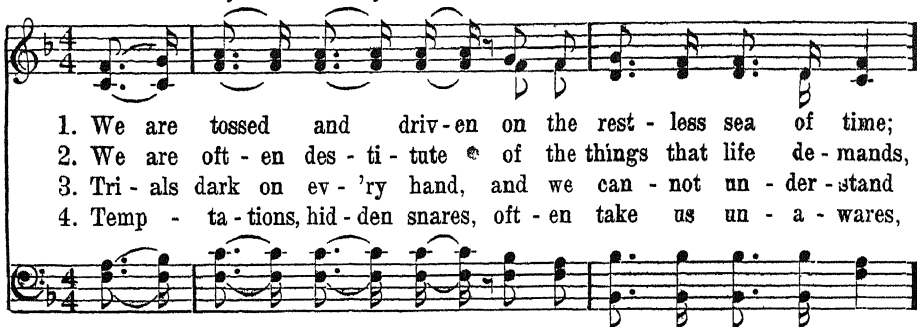


walk in peace, In the per - fect light of God. A - MEN.
walk in peace, calm and peace, In the per - fect light of God, light of God.

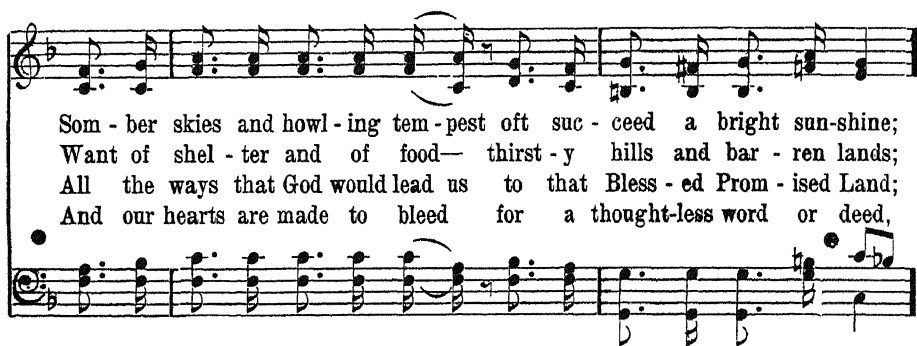
502 We'll Understand It Better By and By

Words and Music by C. A. Tindley.

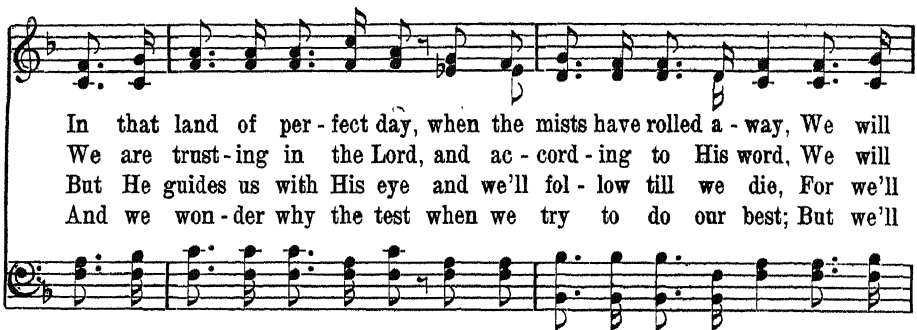
Arr. by F. A. Clark.



1. We are tossed and driv-en on the rest-less sea of time;
 2. We are oft-en des-ti-tute of the things that life de-mands,
 3. Tri-als dark on ev-'ry hand, and we can-not un-der-stand
 4. Temp-ta-tions, hid-den snares, oft-en take us un-a-ware,

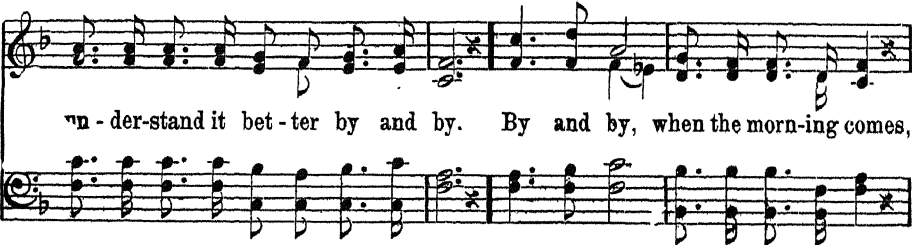


Som-ber skies and howl-ing tem-pest oft suc-ceed a bright sun-shine;
 Want of shel-ter and of food—thirst-y hills and bar-ren lands;
 All the ways that God would lead us to that Bless-ed Prom-ised Land;
 And our hearts are made to bleed for a thought-less word or deed,



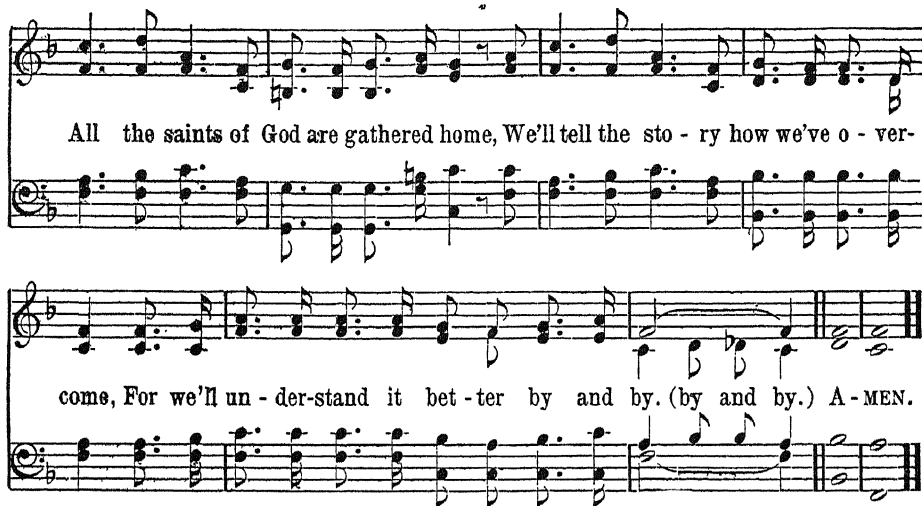
In that land of per-fect day, when the mists have rolled a-way, We will
 We are trust-ing in the Lord, and ac-cord-ing to His word, We will
 But He guides us with His eye and we'll fol-low till we die, For we'll
 And we won-der why the test when we try to do our best; But we'll

REFRAIN.



un-der-stand it bet-ter by and by. By and by, when the morn-ing comes,

THE CHRISTIAN—SECURITY



All the saints of God are gathered home, We'll tell the sto - ry how we've o - ver-

come, For we'll un - der-stand it bet - ter by and by. (by and by.) A - MEN.

503 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

[Third Tune]

H. Bonar, D. D.

(EVAN. C. M.)

Wm. H. Havergal.



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
 2. I came to Je - sus as I was—Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
 4. I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
 5. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;
 6. I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
 I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.
 The liv - ing wa - ter—thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live."
 My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
 Look un - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright."
 And in that Light of life I'll walk Till trav - 'ling days are done. A - MEN.

504 When I Can Read My Title Clear

Isaac Watts.

(PISGAH. C. M.)

J. C. Lowry.



1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies.
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fi - ery darts be hurled.
3. Let cares like a wild del - uge come, And storms of sor - row fall.
4. There shall I bathe my wea - ry soul In seas of heav'n-ly rest.



I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
 Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
 May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my Heav'n, my all.
 And not a wave of troub - le roll A - cross my peace - ful breast.



And wipe my weep - ing eyes, . . . And wipe my weep - ing eyes,
 And face a frown - ing world, . . . And face a frown - ing world,
 My God, my Heav'n, my all, . . . My God, my Heav'n, my all,
 A - cross my peace - ful breast, . . . A - cross my peace - ful breast,



I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep - ing eyes.
 Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown - ing world.
 May I but safe - ly reach my home, My God, my Heav'n, my all.
 And not a wave of troub - le roll A - cross my peace - ful breast. A - MEN.




505

Stand By Me

Words and Music by C. A. Tindley.


Arr. by F. A. Clark.




1. When the storms of life are rag - ing, Stand by me; (stand by me;) When the
 2. In the midst of trib - u - la - tions, Stand by me; In the
 3. In the midst of faults and fail - ures, Stand by me; In the
 4. In the midst of per - se - cu - tion, Stand by me; In the
 5. When I'm grow-ing old and fee - ble, Stand by me; (by me;) When I'm





storms of life are rag - ing, Stand by me; (stand by me;) When the
 midst of trib - u - la - tions, Stand by me; When the
 midst of faults and fail - ures, Stand by me; When I
 midst of per - se - cu - tion, Stand by me; When my
 grow - ing old and fee - ble, Stand by me; (stand by me;) When my

world is toss - ing me Like a ship up - on the sea,
 hosts of hell as - sail, And my strength be - gins to fail,
 do the best I can, And my friends mis - un - der - stand,
 foes in bat - tle ar - ray, Un - der - take to stop my way,
 life be - comes a bur - den, And I'm near - ing chill - y Jor - dan,

Thou who rul - est wind and wa - ter, Stand by me. (stand by me.)
 Thou who nev - er lost a bat - tle, Stand by me.
 Thou who know - est all a - bout me, Stand by me.
 Thou who saved Paul and Si - las, Stand by me.
 O Thou "Lil - y of the Val - ley," Stand by me. (by me.) A - MEN.



506

The Crown

B. B. Edmiaston.

Emmett S. Dean.

1. O what love the Sav-ior for my soul has shown, Glad-ly I will
 2. As re-ward for cross-es that I here may bear, There's a crown with
 3. I have loved ones wait-ing for my com-ing there, Soon my Lord will

la - bor for Him; For a - wait - ing me I know there is a crown,
 man - y a gem; It through years un - end - ing I shall sure - ly wear,
 call me to them; We shall sing "Ho - san - na," wear-ing crowns all fair,

REFRAIN.

In the New Je - ru - sa - lem. There's a bright crown wait-ing
 There's a bright crown wait-ing,

for me, There's a bright crown wait-ing for me, There's a
 There's a bright crown wait - ing, There's a

bright crown wait-ing for me, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem. A - MEN.
 bright crown waiting,

507

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord

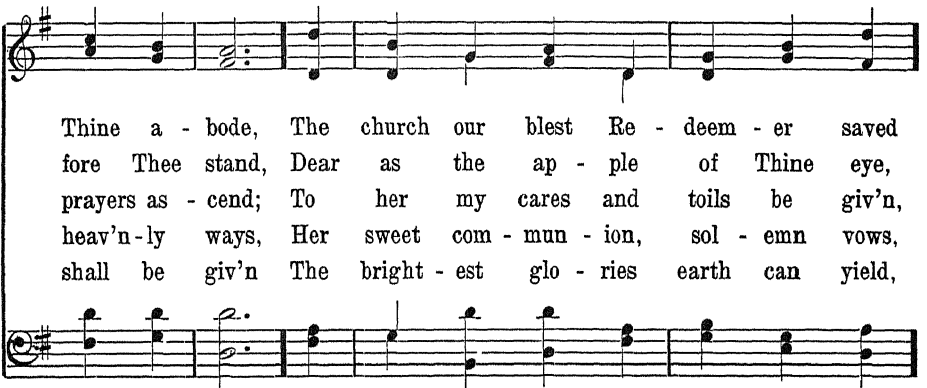
(ST. THOMAS. S. M.)

Timothy Dwight, 1800.

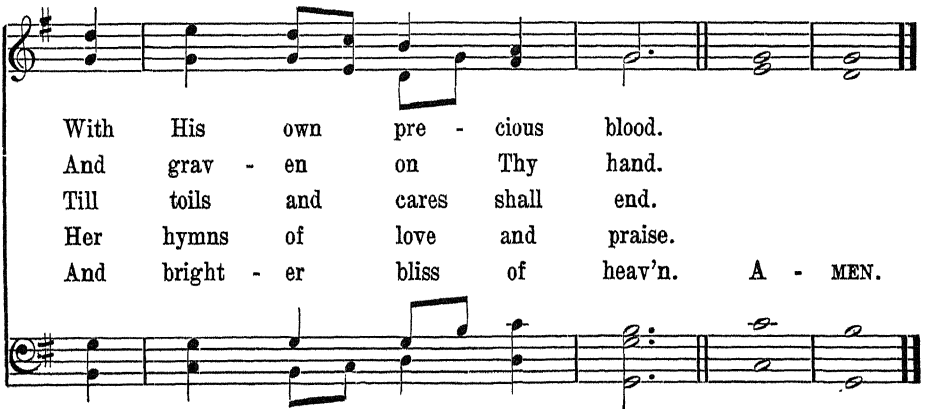
G. F. Handel, 1685-1759.



1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of
 2. I love Thy church, O God; Her walls be-
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my
 4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her
 5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on



Thine a - bode, The church our blest Re - deem - er saved
 fore Thee stand, Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye,
 prayers as - cend; To her my cares and toils be giv'n,
 heav'n - ly ways, Her sweet com - mun - ion, sol - emn vows,
 shall be giv'n The bright - est glo - ries earth can yield,



With His own pre - cious blood.
 And grav - en on Thy hand.
 Till toils and cares shall end.
 Her hymns of love and praise.
 And bright - er bliss of heav'n. A - MEN.

The Church's One Foundation

S. J. Stone, 1866.

(AURELIA. 7s, 6s. 81.)

S. S. Wesley, 1864.



1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
 2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
 3. Tho' with a scorn - ful won - der, Men see her sore op - pressed,
 4. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
 5. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,



She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word;
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth;
 By schisms rent a - sun - der, By her - e - sies dis - tressed;
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;
 And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won;



From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;
 One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
 Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up, "How long?"
 Till with the vi - sion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,
 O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace, that we,



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
 And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.
 And the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.
 Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee. A - MEN.

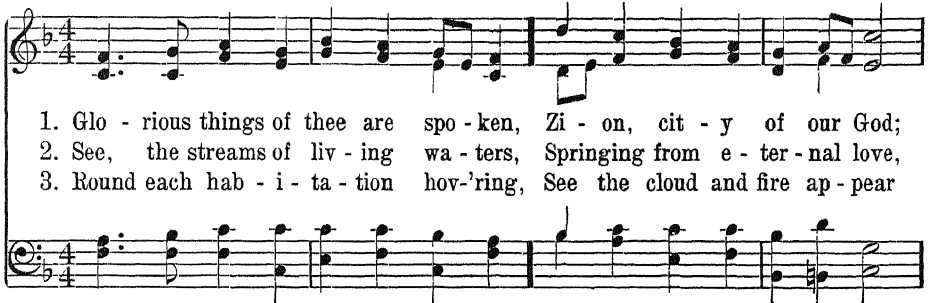


509 Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken

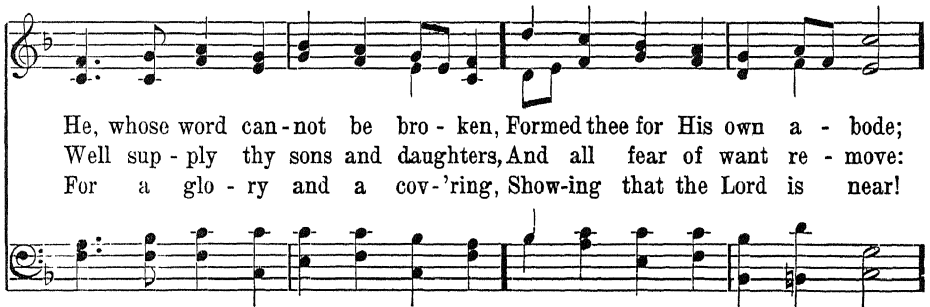
John Newton.

(AUSTRIA. 8s, 7s. D)

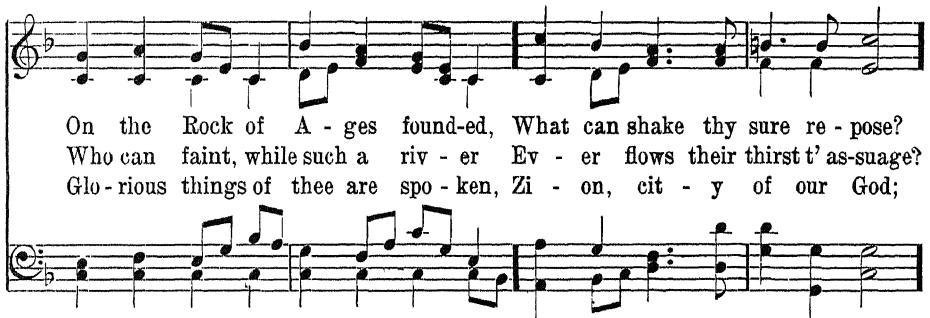
Francis J. Haydn.



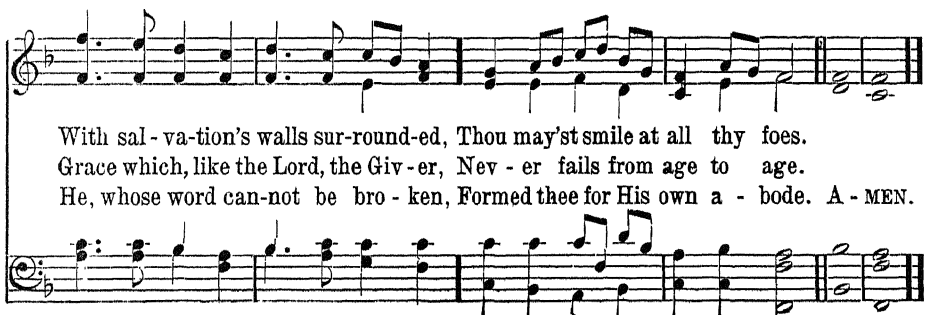
1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
 2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Springing from e - ter - nal love,
 3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov-'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear



He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode;
 Well sup - ply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want re - move:
 For a glo - ry and a cov-'ring, Show - ing that the Lord is near!



On the Rock of A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
 Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst t'as - suage?
 Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;

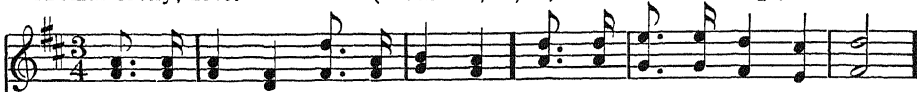


With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
 Grace which, like the Lord, the Giv - er, Nev - er fails from age to age.
 He, whose word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode. A - MEN.

510 Zion Stands With Hills Surrounded

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

(ZION. 8s, 7s, 4.) Dr. Thos. Hastings, 1784-1873.



1. Zi - on stands with hills sur-round-ed,—Zi - on, kept by pow'r di - vine;
2. Ev-'ry hu - man tie may per - ish; Friend to friend un-faith - ful prove;
3. In the fur - nace God may prove thee, Thence to bring thee forth more bright,



All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Though the world in arms com - bine;
Moth-ers cease their own to cher - ish; Heav'n and earth at last re - move;
But can nev - er cease to love thee: Thou art pre-cious in His sight:



Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine!
But no chang - es Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love;
God is with thee,—God, thine ev - er - last - ing Light;



Hap - py Zi - on, What a fa - vored lot is thine!
But no chang - es Can at - tend Je - ho - vah's love.
God is with thee,—God, thine ev - er - last - ing Light. A - MEN.



THE CHURCH—BAPTISM

511 Thou Hast Said, Exalted Jesus

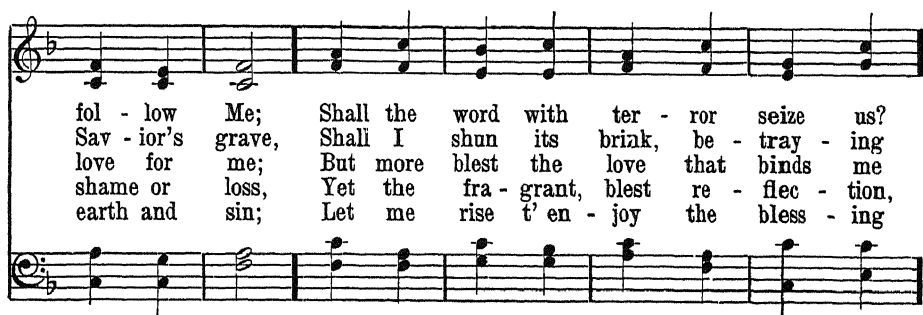
(VESPER HYMN. 8s, 7s, 4s.)

John E. Giles, 1837.

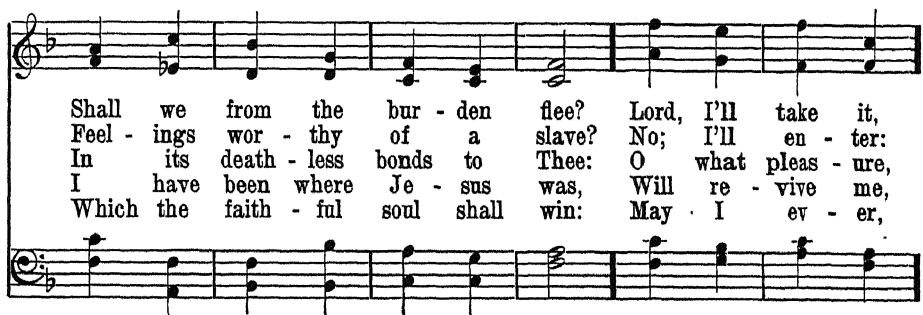
D. Bortniansky, 1751-1825.



1. Thou hast said, ex - alt - ed Je - sus, Take thy cross and
 2. While this liq - uid tomb sur - vey - ing, Em - blem of my
 3. Blest the sign which thus re - minds me, Sav - ior, of Thy
 4. Should it rend some fond con - nec - tion, Should I suf - fer
 5. Fel - low - ship with Him pos - sess - ing, Let me die to



fol - low Me; Shall the word with ter - ror seize us?
 Sav - ior's grave, Shall I shun its brink, be - tray - ing
 love for me; But more blest the love that binds me
 shame or loss, Yet the fra - grant, blest re - flec - tion,
 earth and sin; Let me rise t' en - joy the bless - ing



Shall we from the bur - den flee? Lord, I'll take it,
 Feel - ings wor - thy of a slave? No; I'll en - ter:
 In its death - less bonds to Thee: O what pleas - ure,
 I have been where Je - sus was, Will re - vive me,
 Which the faith - ful soul shall win: May I ev - er,



Lord, I'll take it, And, re - joic - ing, fol - low Thee.
 No; I'll en - ter: Je - sus en - tered Jor - dan's wave.
 O what pleas - ure, Bur - ied with my Lord to be!
 Will re - vive me When I faint be - neath the cross.
 May I ev - er Fol - low where my Lord has been. A - MEN.

512 Come, Holy Spirit, Dove Divine

Adoniram Judson, 1788-1850.

(ERNAN. L. M.)

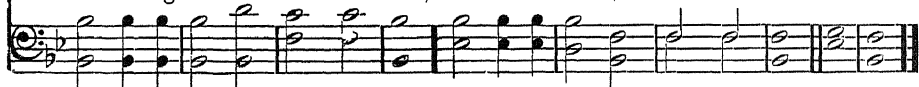
Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Dove Di - vine, On these bap-tis - mal wa - ters shine,
2. We love Thy name, we love Thy laws, And joy - ful - ly em - brace Thy cause;
3. We sink be-neath Thy mys - tic flood; O bathe us in Thy cleans-ing blood;
4. And as we rise, with Thee to live, O let the Ho - ly Spir - it give



And teach our hearts, in highest strain, To praise the Lamb, for sin - ners slain.
 We love Thy cross, the shame, the pain, O Lamb of God, for sin - ners slain.
 We die to sin, and seek a grave, With Thee, beneath the yielding wave.
 The seal-ing unc-tion from a - bove, The breath of life, the fire of love. A - MEN.



513 Buried Beneath the Yielding Wave

Benjamin Beddome, 1787.

(DUNDEE. C. M.)

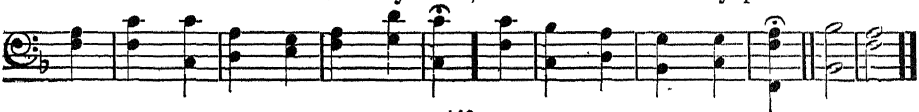
G. Franc, 1520-1570.



1. Bur - ied be - neath the yield - ing wave, The great Re - deem - er lies;
2. Thus it be - comes His saints to - day, Their ar - dent zeal t' ex - press,
3. With joy we in His foot - steps tread, And would His cause main - tain;
4. Now we, dear Je - sus, would to Thee Our grate - ful voi - ces raise,



Faith views Him in the wa - t'ry grave, And thence be-holds Him rise.
 And, in the Lord's ap-point-ed way, Ful-fill all right-eous-ness.
 Like Him be num-bered with the dead, And with Him rise and reign.
 Washed in the foun-tain of Thy blood, Our lives shall be Thy praise. A - MEN.



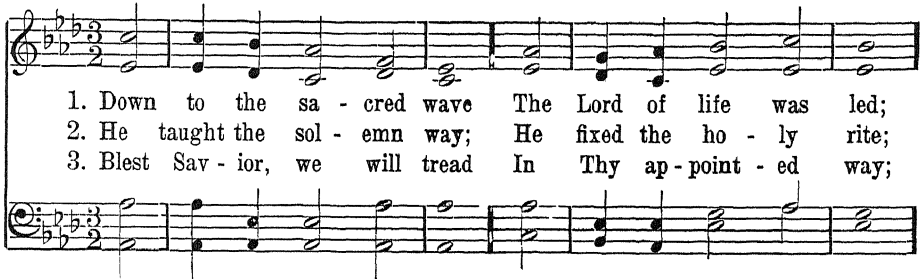
514

Down to the Sacred Wave

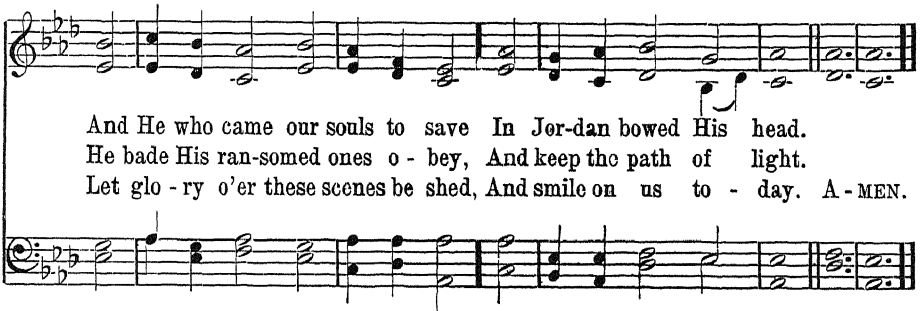
S. F. Smith, 1843.

(STATE STREET. S. M.)

J. C. Woodman.



1. Down to the sa - cred wave The Lord of life was led;
 2. He taught the sol - emn way; He fixed the ho - ly rite;
 3. Blest Sav - ior, we will tread In Thy ap - point - ed way;



And He who came our souls to save In Jer-dan bowed His head.
 He bade His ran-somed ones o - bey, And keep the path of light.
 Let glo - ry o'er these scenes be shed, And smile on us to - day. A - MEN.

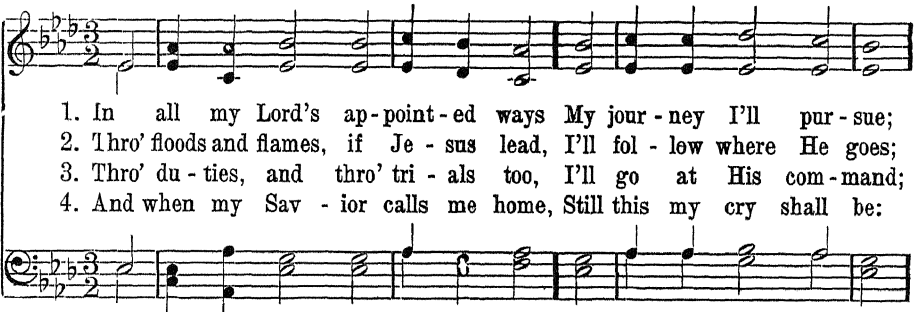
515

In All My Lord's Appointed Ways

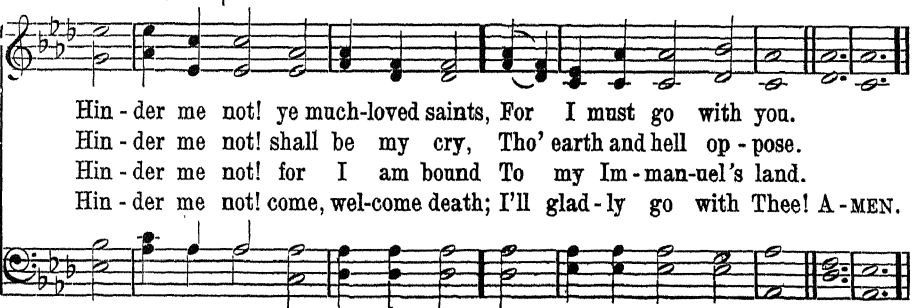
John Small.

(AZMON. C. M.)

Carl G. Glaser.



1. In all my Lord's ap-point-ed ways My jour-ney I'll pur-sue;
 2. Thro' floods and flames, if Je-sus lead, I'll fol-low where He goes;
 3. Thro' du-ties, and thro' tri-als too, I'll go at His com-mand;
 4. And when my Sav-i-or calls me home, Still this my cry shall be:



Hin-der me not! ye much-loved saints, For I must go with you.
 Hin-der me not! shall be my cry, Tho' earth and hell op- pose.
 Hin-der me not! for I am bound To my Im-man-uel's land.
 Hin-der me not! come, wel-come death; I'll glad-ly go with Thee! A - MEN.

Wade in the Water

Arr. by Willa A. Townsend.

Wade in the wa - ter, (chil-dren,) Wade in the wa - ter, chil-dren,

Wade in the wa - ter, God's a-going to trou-ble the wa-ter; O wa-ter.

LEADER.

1. See that host all dressed in white, God's a-going to trouble the wa-ter;
2. See that band all dressed in red, God's a-going to trouble the wa-ter;
3. Look o - ver yon-der, what do I see? God's a-going to trouble the wa-ter;
4. If you don't be-lieve I've been re - deemed, God's a-going to trouble the wa-ter;

Hum.....

LEADER.

D. C.

The Lead-er looks like the Is - rael-ite, God's a-going to trouble the wa-ter.
 Looks like the band that Mos - es led, God's a-going to trouble the wa-ter.
 The Ho - ly Ghost a-com - ing on me, God's a-going to trouble the wa-ter.
 Just fol-low me down to Jordan's stream, God's a-going to trouble the wa-ter.

Hum.....

THE CHURCH—LORD'S SUPPER

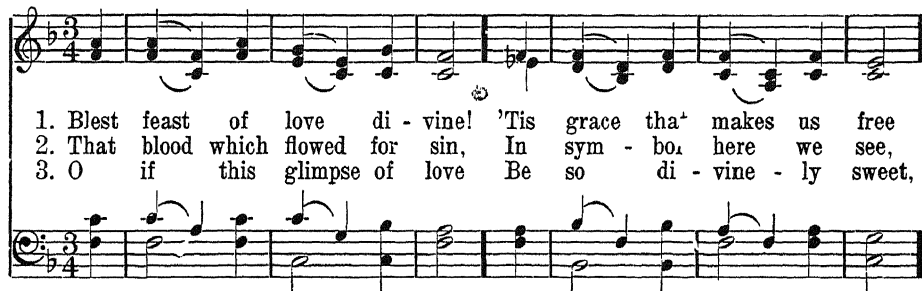
517

Blest Feast of Love Divine

Sir Edward Denney, 1839.

(DENNIS. S. M.)

H. G. Nageli, 1768-1836.



1. Blest feast of love di - vine! 'Tis grace that makes us free
 2. That blood which flowed for sin, In sym - bo - here we see,
 3. O if this glimpse of love Be so di - vine - ly sweet,



To feed up-on this bread and wine, In mem - 'ry, Lord, of Thee.
 And feel the bless - ed pledge with-in That we are loved by Thee.
 What will it be, O Lord, a - hove, Thy gladd'ning smile to meet? A - MEN.

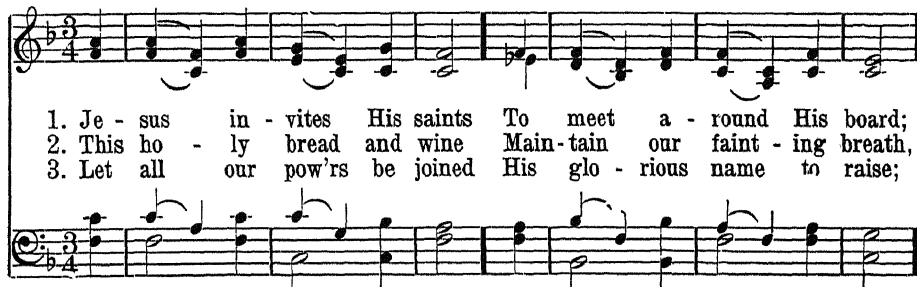
518

Jesus Invites His Saints

Isaac Watts, 1707.

(DENNIS. S. M.)

H. G. Nageli, 1768-1836.



1. Je - sus in - vites His saints To meet a - round His board;
 2. This ho - ly bread and wine Main - tain our faint - ing breath,
 3. Let all our pow'rs be joined His glo - rious name to raise;



Here par-doned reb - els sit, and hold Com - mun - ion with their Lord.
 By un - ion with our liv - ing Lord, And in - t'rest in His death.
 Let ho - ly love fill ev - 'ry mind, And ev - 'ry voice be praise. A - MEN.

519

Break Thou the Bread of Life

Mary Ann Lathbury.

(BREAD OF LIFE. 6, 4. D.)

William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me— As Thou didst bless the
 3. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly Word the
 4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me, That He may touch my

loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee,
 bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond - age cease, All fet - ters
 truth That sav - eth me; Give me to eat and live With Thee a -
 eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth con - cealed With - in Thy

Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
 fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
 above; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.
 Word, And in Thy book re - vealed I see the Lord. A - MEN.

520

Jesus, We Thus Obey

(GOLDEN HILL. S. M.)

1. Je - sus, we thus o - bey Thy last and kind - est word;
 2. Our hearts we o - pen wide To make the Sav - ior room;
 3. His pres - ence makes the feast; And now our bos - oms feel
 4. With pure ce - les - tial bliss He doth our spir - its cheer;
 5. He doth His serv - ants feed With man - na from a - bove,

THE CHURCH—LORD'S SUPPER



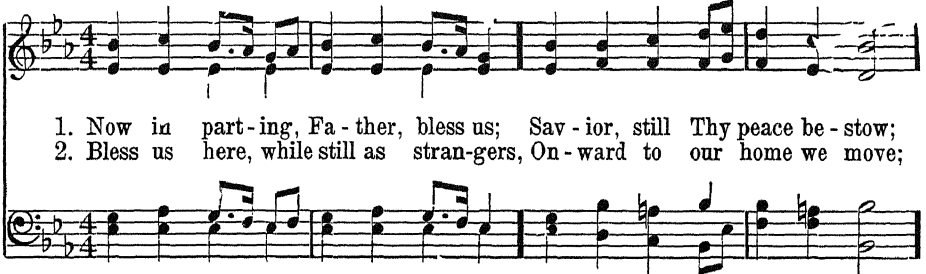
Here in Thine own ap-point-ed way We come to meet our Lord.
 And lo! the Lamb, the Cru-ci-fied, The sin-ner's Friend, is come.
 The glo-ry not to be ex-prest, The joy un-speak-a-ble.
 His house of ban-quet-ing is this, And He hath brought us here.
 His ban-ner o-ver us is spread, His ev-er-last-ing love. A-MEN.

521 Now in Parting, Father, Bless Us

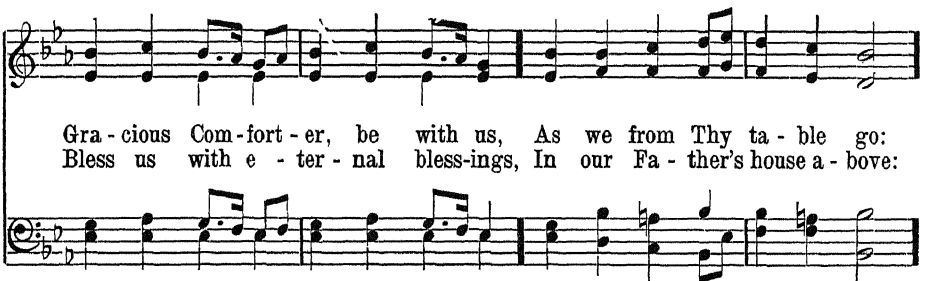
(SICILIAN HYMN. 8s, 7s, 4s.)

Horatius Bonar, 1808-1889.

Sicilian Melody.



1. Now in part-ing, Fa-ther, bless us; Sav-ior, still Thy peace be-stow;
 2. Bless us here, while still as stran-gers, On-ward to our home we move;



Gra-cious Com-fort-er, be with us, As we from Thy ta-ble go:
 Bless us with e-ter-nal bless-ings, In our Fa-ther's house a-bove:

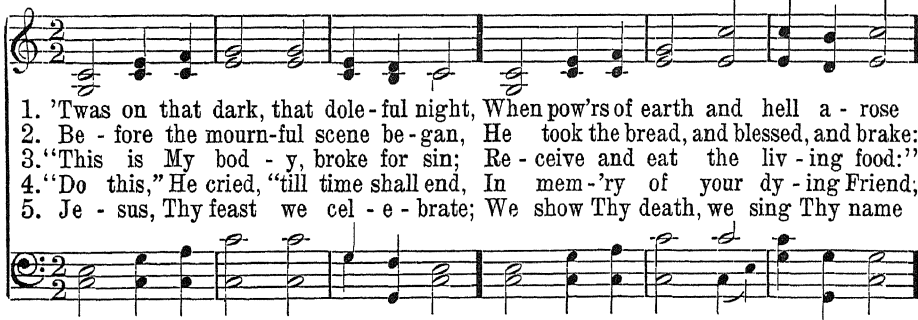


Bless us, bless us, Bless us, bless us, Fa-ther, Son, and Spir-it now.
 Ev-er, ev-er, Ev-er, ev-er, Dwell-ing in the light of love. A-MEN.

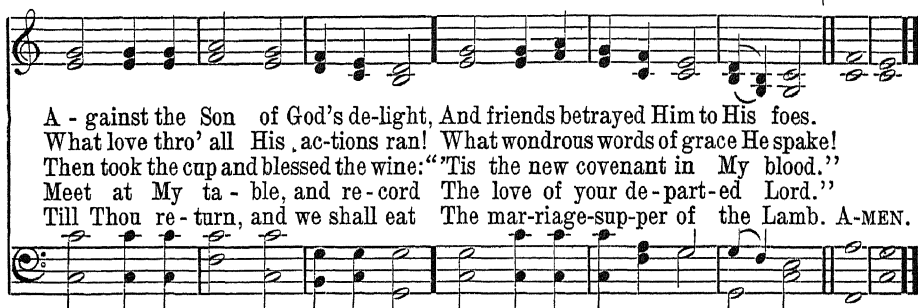
522 'Twas On That Dark, That Doleful Night

[First Tune]
(VICTORIA REED. L. M.)

Arr. by Mrs. Willa A. Townsend.



1. 'Twas on that dark, that dole-ful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell a - rose
2. Be - fore the mourn-ful scene be-gan, He took the bread, and blessed, and brake;
3. "This is My bod - y, broke for sin; Re - ceive and eat the liv - ing food;"
4. "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end, In mem-'ry of your dy - ing Friend;
5. Je - sus, Thy feast we cel - e - brate; We show Thy death, we sing Thy name

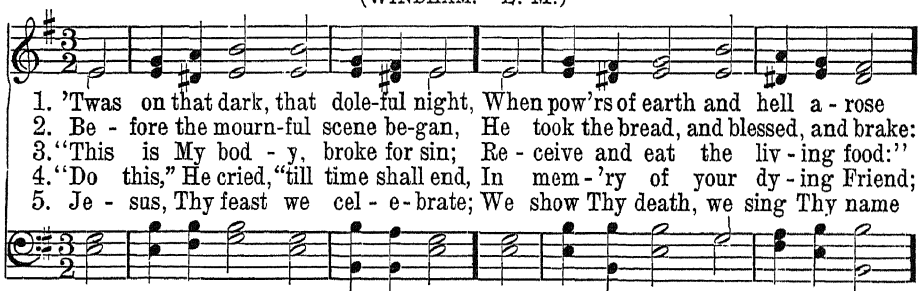


A - gainst the Son of God's de-light, And friends betrayed Him to His foes.
What love thro' all His ac-tions ran! What wondrous words of grace He spake!
Then took the cup and blessed the wine: "Tis the new covenant in My blood."
Meet at My ta - ble, and re - cord The love of your de - part - ed Lord."
Till Thou re - turn, and we shall eat The mar-riage-sup- per of the Lamb. A-MEN.

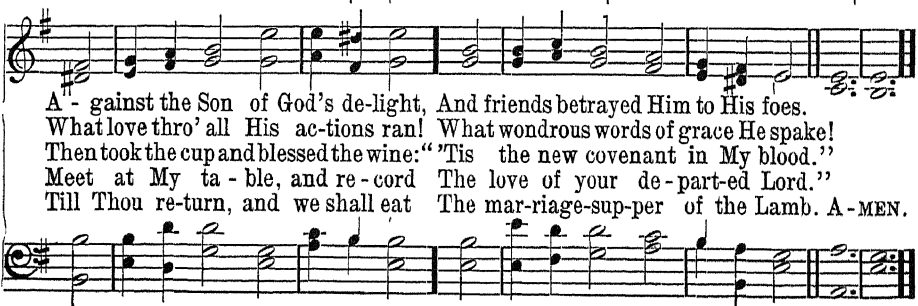
Copyright, 1924, by Mrs. Willa A. Townsend. Used by permission.

523 'Twas On That Dark, That Doleful Night

[Second Tune]
(WINDHAM. L. M.)



1. 'Twas on that dark, that dole-ful night, When pow'rs of earth and hell a - rose
2. Be - fore the mourn-ful scene be-gan, He took the bread, and blessed, and brake;
3. "This is My bod - y, broke for sin; Re - ceive and eat the liv - ing food;"
4. "Do this," He cried, "till time shall end, In mem-'ry of your dy - ing Friend;
5. Je - sus, Thy feast we cel - e - brate; We show Thy death, we sing Thy name



A - gainst the Son of God's de-light, And friends betrayed Him to His foes.
What love thro' all His ac-tions ran! What wondrous words of grace He spake!
Then took the cup and blessed the wine: "Tis the new covenant in My blood."
Meet at My ta - ble, and re - cord The love of your de - part - ed Lord."
Till Thou re - turn, and we shall eat The mar-riage-sup- per of the Lamb. A-MEN.

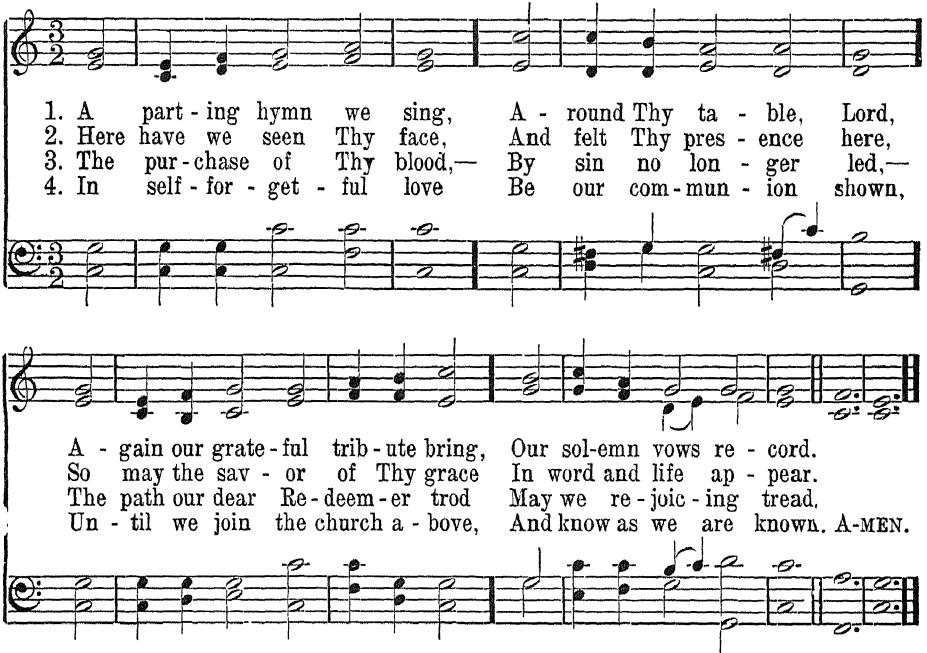
524

A Parting Hymn We Sing

Aaron Robert Wolfe, 1821.

(BOYLSTON. S. M.)

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



1. A part - ing hymn we sing, A - round Thy ta - ble, Lord,
 2. Here have we seen Thy face, And felt Thy pres - ence here,
 3. The pur - chase of Thy blood, — By sin no lon - ger led, —
 4. In self - for - get - ful love Be our com - mun - ion shown,

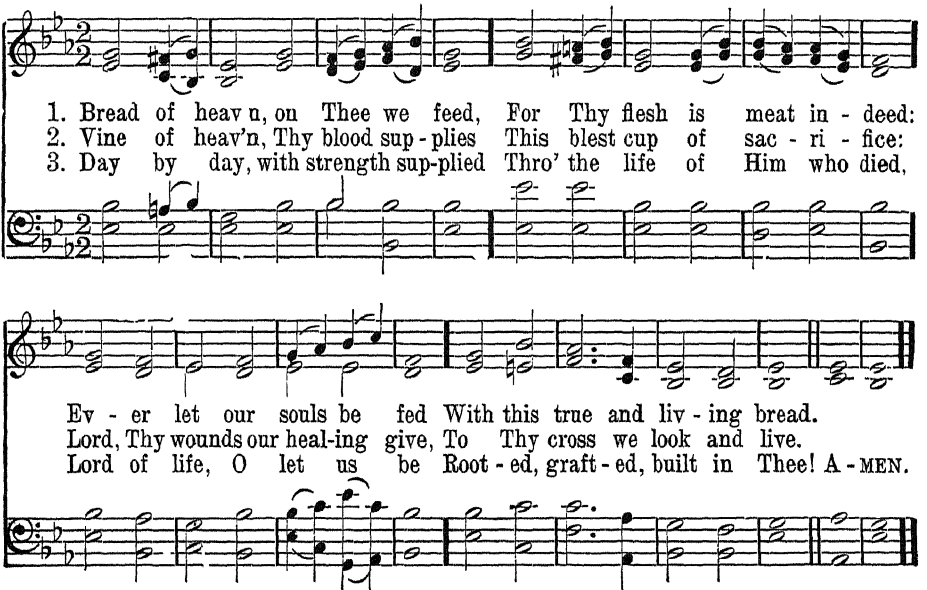
A - gain our grate - ful trib - ute bring, Our sol - emn vows re - cord.
 So may the sav - or of Thy grace In word and life ap - pear.
 The path our dear Re - deem - er trod May we re - joic - ing tread,
 Un - til we join the church a - bove, And know as we are known. A - MEN.

525 Bread of Heaven, On Thee We Feed

Josiah Conder, 1824.

(HOLLEY. 7s.)

G. Hews, 1806-1873.



1. Bread of heav'n, on Thee we feed, For Thy flesh is meat in - deed:
 2. Vine of heav'n, Thy blood sup - plies This blest cup of sac - ri - fice:
 3. Day by day, with strength sup - plied Thro' the life of Him who died,

Ev - er let our souls be fed With this true and liv - ing bread.
 Lord, Thy wounds our heal - ing give, To Thy cross we look and live.
 Lord of life, O let us be Root - ed, graft - ed, built in Thee! A - MEN.

526 What Are Those Soul-Reviving Strains?

(HOSANNA. L. M.)

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.

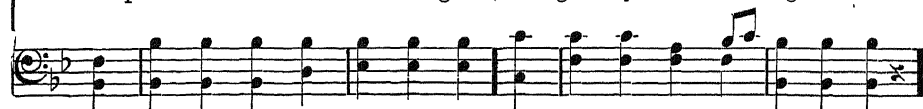
From Songs of Devotion.



1. What are those soul-re - viv - ing strains Which ech-o thus from Sa-lem's plains?
2. Lo! 'tis an in - fant cho - rus sings Ho - san - na to the King of kings:
3. Nor these a - lone their voice shall raise, For we will join this song of praise;
4. Pro-claim Ho - san - nas loud and clear; See Da-vid's Son and Lord ap - pear!



What anthems loud, and loud - er still, So sweet - ly sound from Zi - on's hill?
The Sav - ior comes!—and babes proclaim Sal - va - tion sent in Je - sus' name.
Still, Is - rael's chil - dren for - ward press To hail the Lord their Righteousness.
All praise on earth to Him be giv'n, And glo - ry shout thro' highest heav'n.



REFRAIN.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, let us sing, While heav'n and earth with glo - ry ring;



Ho - san - na! ho - san - na! Ho - san - na to the Lamb of God! A - MEN.

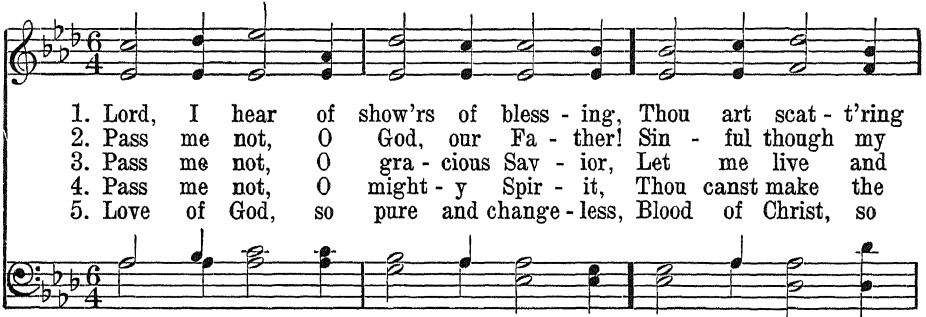


527 Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing

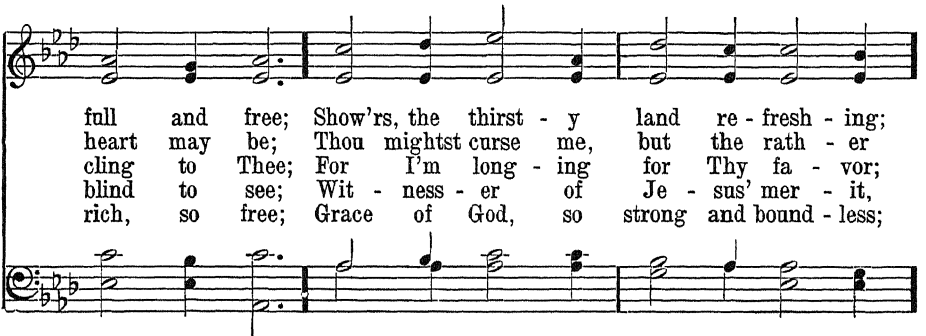
Elizabeth Conder, 1860.

(EVEN ME. 8s, 7s, 3s.)

W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868.



1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing, Thou art scat - t'ring
 2. Pass me not, O God, our Fa - ther! Sin - ful though my
 3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and
 4. Pass me not, O might - y Spir - it, Thou canst make the
 5. Love of God, so pure and change - less, Blood of Christ, so




full and free; Show'rs, the thirst - y land re - fresh - ing;
 heart may be; Thou mightst curse me, but the rath - er
 cling to Thee; For I'm long - ing for Thy fa - vor;
 blind to see; Wit - ness - er of Je - sus' mer - it,
 rich, so free; Grace of God, so strong and bound - less;

REFRAIN.



Let some drop - pings fall on me. E - ven me,
 Let Thy mer - cy light on me. E - ven me,
 Whilst Thou'rt call - ing, O call me. E - ven me,
 Speak some word of pow'r to me. E - ven me,
 Mag - ni - fy it all in me. E - ven me.



E - ven me, Let some drop - pings fall on me.
 E - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
 E - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt call - ing, O call me.
 E - ven me, Speak some word of pow'r to me.
 E - ven me, Mag - ni - fy it all in me. A - MEN.

528

God Still Leadeth Me

Words and Melody by
Chas. D. Douglass, D. D.

Arranged by
B. W. Ferguson.

Andante.

1. Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place, In all gen - er - a - tions, Be-
 2. Thou turn - est man to de - struc - tion, And bidst men's sons re - turn; A
 3. Our sins are set be - fore Thee, Our wrongs with - in Thy light; For

fore the mountains were bro't forth, Or Thou hadst formed the earth and world; And
 thou-sand years in Thy sight Are but as yes - ter - day when past; And
 all our days are passed in wrath, We spend our years as tales are told. Our

e - ven from ev - er - last - ing To ev - er - last - ing Thou art God.
 as a watch in the night Thou bearest them a - way like a flood.
 years number three-score and ten, And by strength may reach the four-score years.

rit.

THE CHURCH—REVIVAL

REFRAIN.



He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me,
Lead - eth me, Lead - eth me, He lead - eth, lead - eth me,



He lead - eth me, My God still lead - eth me. A - MEN.
Lead - eth me, lead - eth me.

529 Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benjamin Beddome, 1818.
Slow and plaintive.

(OLIVE. S. M.)

Arr. by Dr. A. M. Townsend.



1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?
2. The Son of God in tears The won - d'ring an - gels see;
3. He wept that we might weep; Each sin de - mands a tear:



Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev - 'ry eye.
Be thou as - ton - ished, O my soul; He shed those tears for thee.
In heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there. A-MEN.

530

Praise Him! Praise Him!

Fanny J. Crosby.

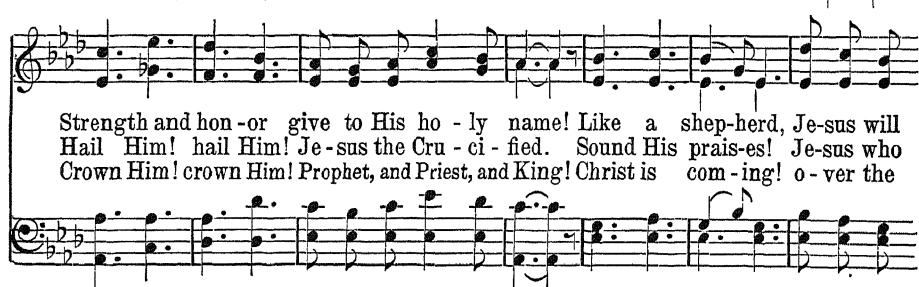
Chester G. Allen.



1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our blessed Re-deem - er! Sing, O earth, His
 2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our blessed Re-deem - er! For our sins He
 3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our blessed Re-deem - er! Heav'nly por - tals,

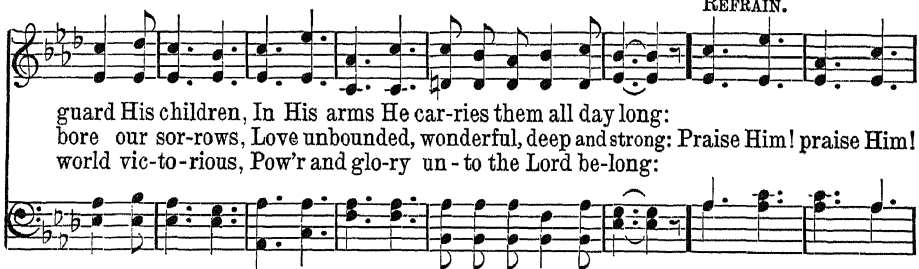


won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest arch - angels in glo - ry;
 suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e - ter - nal sal - va - tion.
 loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - ior, reign - eth for - ev - er and ev - er,

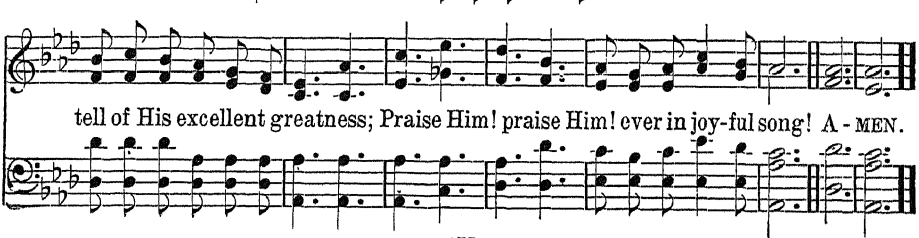


Strength and hon - or give to His ho - ly name! Like a shep - herd, Je - sus will
 Hail Him! hail Him! Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied. Sound His prais - es! Je - sus who
 Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com - ing! o - ver the

REFRAIN.



guard His children, In His arms He car - ries them all day long:
 bore our sor - rows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong: Praise Him! praise Him!
 world vic - to - rious, Pow'r and glo - ry un - to the Lord be - long:



tell of His excellent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joy - ful song! A - MEN.

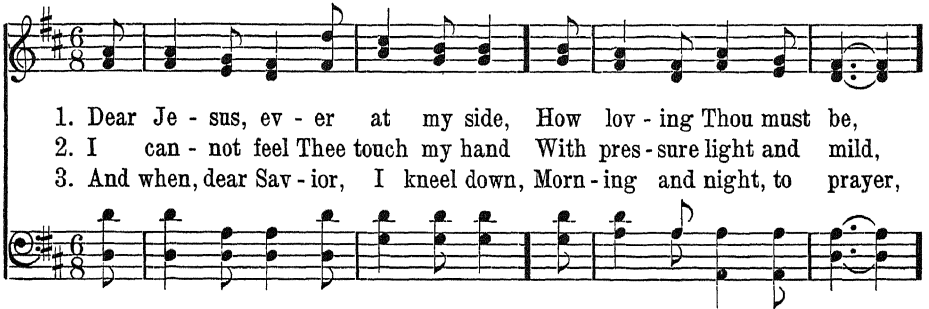
531

Dear Jesus, Ever At My Side

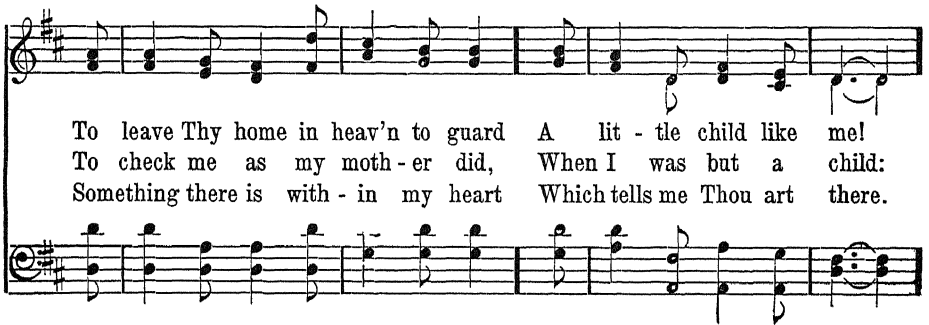
(SPOHR. C. M. D.)

Frederick William Faber, 1849.

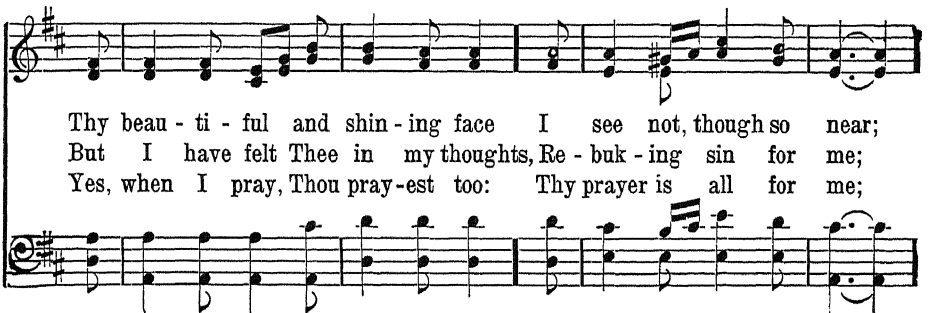
Louis Spohr, 1748-1850.



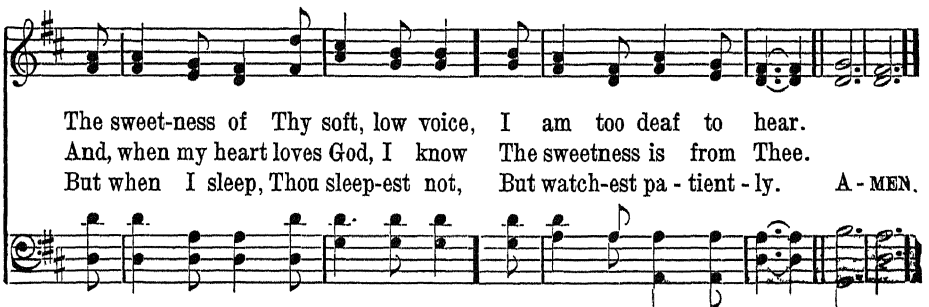
1. Dear Je - sus, ev - er at my side, How lov - ing Thou must be,
 2. I can - not feel Thee touch my hand With pres - sure light and mild,
 3. And when, dear Sav - ior, I kneel down, Morn - ing and night, to prayer,



To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard A lit - tle child like me!
 To check me as my moth - er did, When I was but a child:
 Something there is with - in my heart Which tells me Thou art there.



Thy beau - ti - ful and shin - ing face I see not, though so near;
 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts, Re - buk - ing sin for me;
 Yes, when I pray, Thou pray - est too: Thy prayer is all for me;



The sweet - ness of Thy soft, low voice, I am too deaf to hear.
 And, when my heart loves God, I know The sweetness is from Thee.
 But when I sleep, Thou sleep - est not, But watch - est pa - tient - ly. A - MEN.

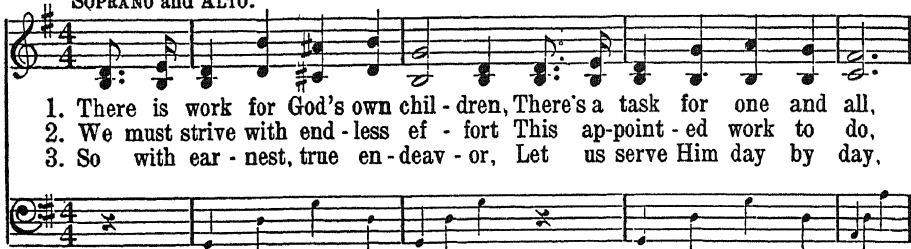
532

In His Name

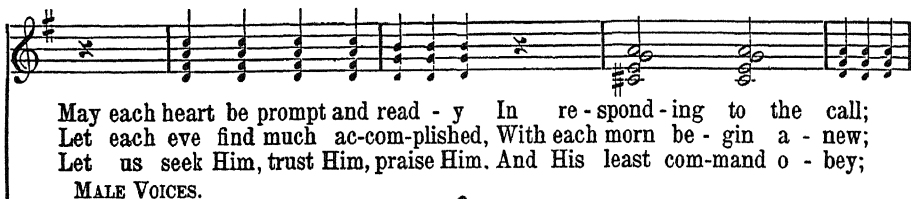
Edith Sanford Tillotson.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

SOPRANO and ALTO.

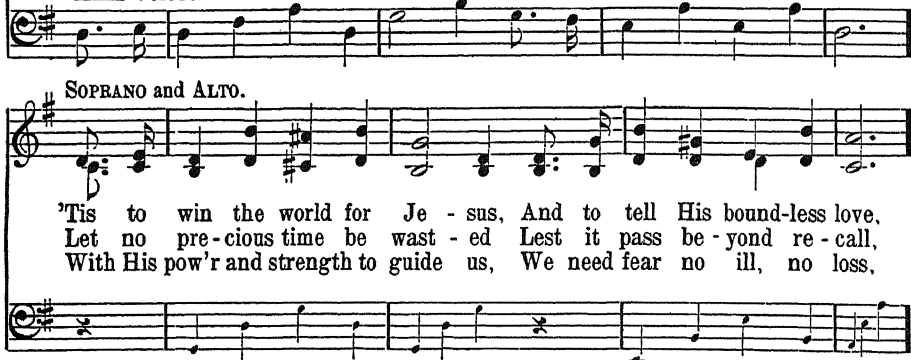


1. There is work for God's own chil - dren, There's a task for one and all,
 2. We must strive with end - less ef - fort This ap - point - ed work to do,
 3. So with ear - nest, true en - deav - or, Let us serve Him day by day,



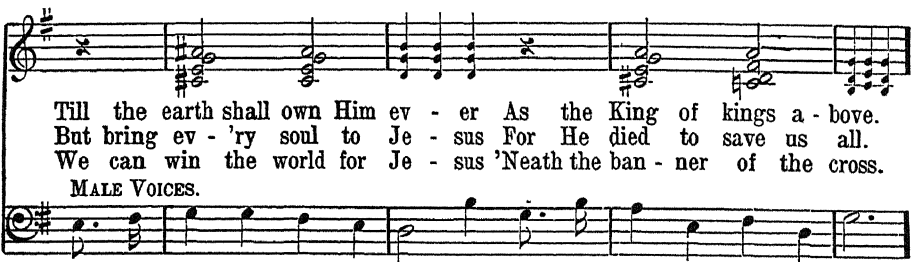
May each heart be prompt and read - y In re - spond - ing to the call;
 Let each eve find much ac - com - plished, With each morn be - gin a - new;
 Let us seek Him, trust Him, praise Him. And His least com - mand o - bey;

MALE VOICES.



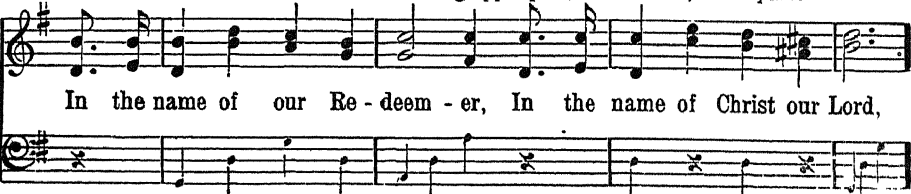
SOPRANO and ALTO.

'Tis to win the world for Je - sus, And to tell His bound - less love,
 Let no pre - cious time be wast - ed Lest it pass be - yond re - call,
 With His pow'r and strength to guide us, We need fear no ill, no loss,



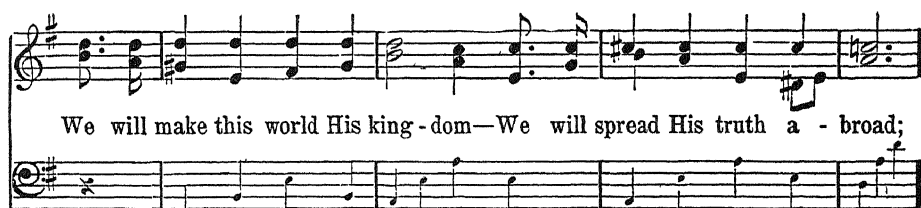
Till the earth shall own Him ev - er As the King of kings a - bove.
 But bring ev - 'ry soul to Je - sus For He died to save us all.
 We can win the world for Je - sus 'Neath the ban - ner of the cross.

MALE VOICES.

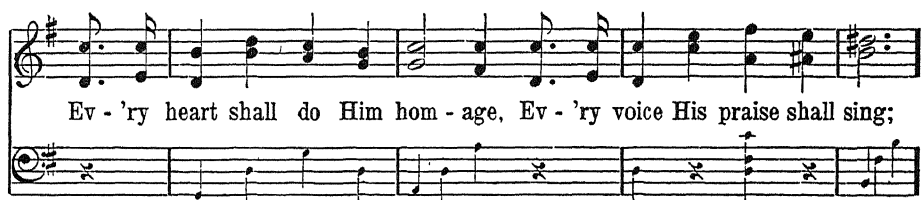
REFRAIN. TWO-PART CHORUS. *Ladies sing upper part, Male voices, lower part.*


In the name of our Re - deem - er, In the name of Christ our Lord,

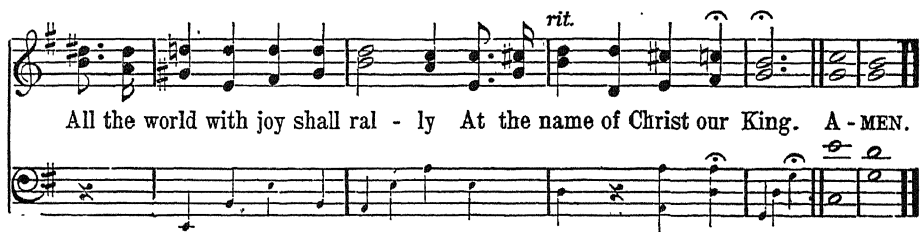
THE CHURCH—SUNDAY SCHOOL



We will make this world His king - dom—We will spread His truth a - broad;



Ev - 'ry heart shall do Him hom - age, Ev - 'ry voice His praise shall sing;



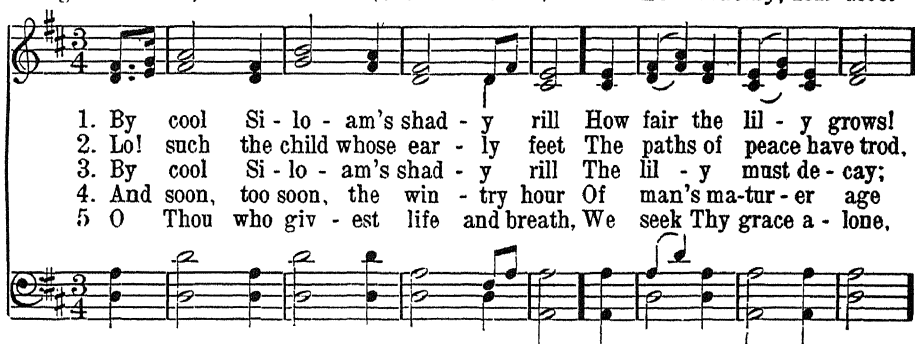
All the world with joy shall ral - ly At the name of Christ our King. A - MEN.

533 By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill

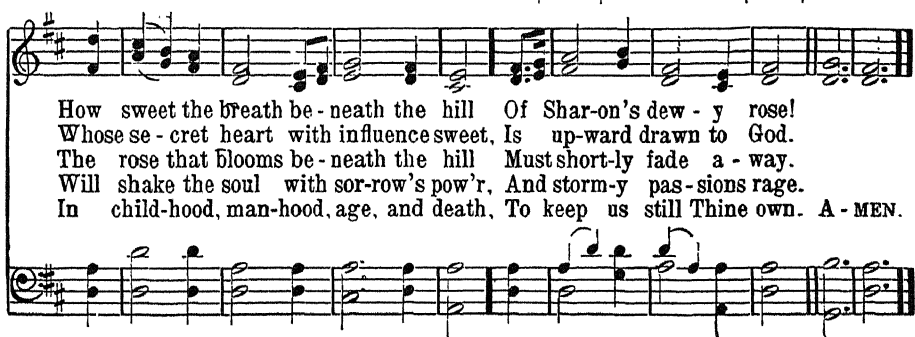
Reginald Heber, 1827.

(SILOAM. C. M.)

I: B. Woodbury, 1819-1858.



1. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill How fair the lil - y grows!
 2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod,
 3. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill The lil - y must de - cay;
 4. And soon, too soon, the win - try hour Of man's ma - tur - er age
 5 O Thou who giv - est life and breath, We seek Thy grace a - lone,



How sweet the breath be - neath the hill Of Shar-on's dew - y rose!
 Whose se - cret heart with influences sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.
 The rose that blooms be - neath the hill Must short - ly fade a - way.
 Will shake the soul with sor - row's pow'r, And storm - y pas - sions rage.
 In child - hood, man - hood, age, and death, To keep us still Thine own. A - MEN.

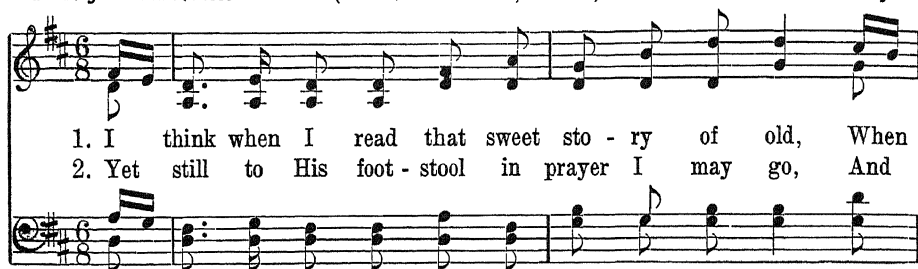
534

That Sweet Story of Old

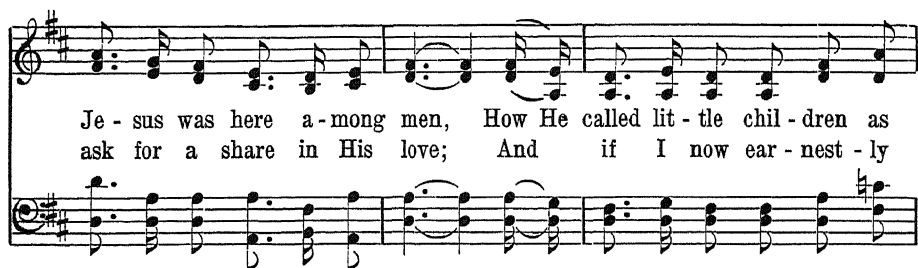
Mrs. Jemima Luke.

(DAVENANT. 11s, 8s. D.)

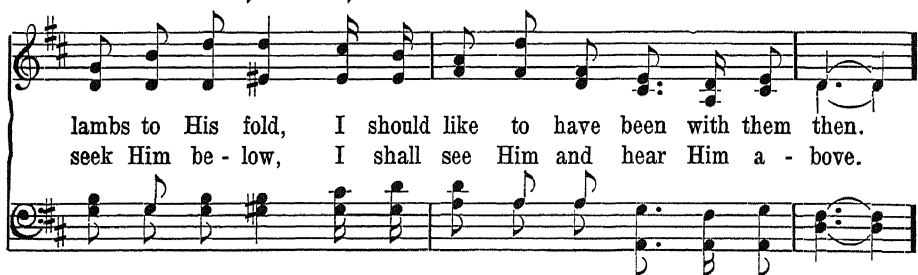
Old Melody.



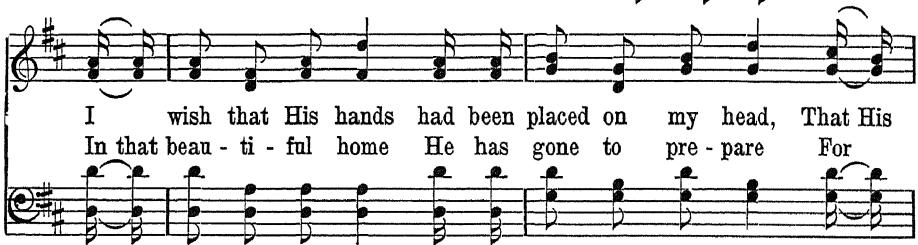
1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. Yet still to His foot - stool in prayer I may go, And



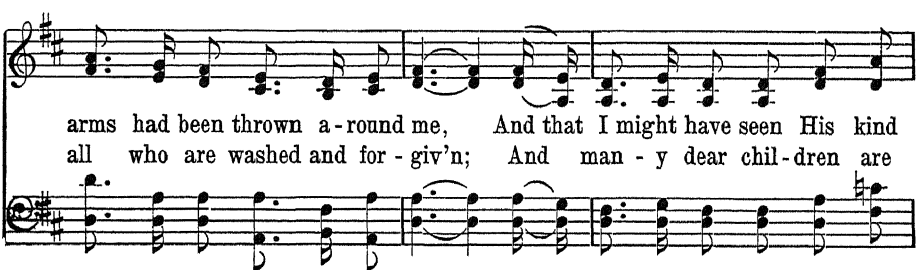
Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear - nest - ly



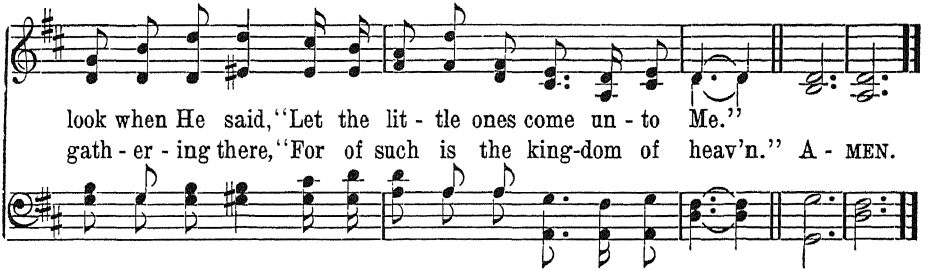
lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.



I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
In that beau - ti - ful home He has gone to pre - pare For



arms had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind
all who are washed and for - giv'n; And man - y dear chil - dren are



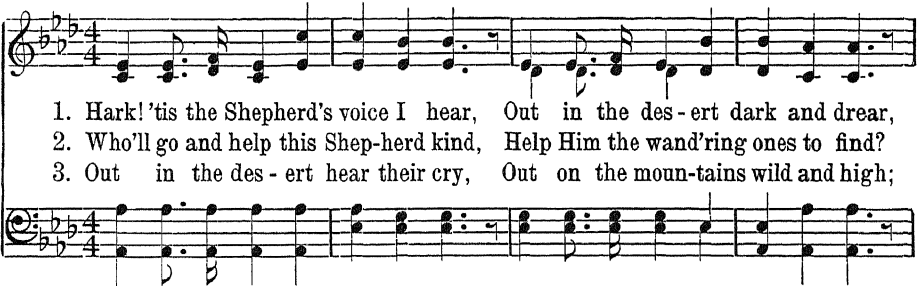
look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king-dom of heav'n." A - MEN.

535

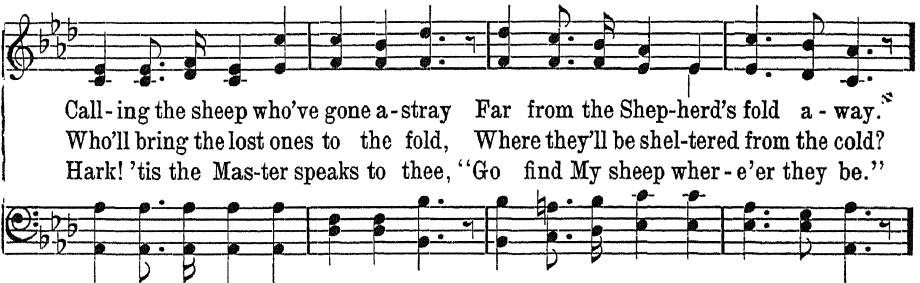
Bring Them In

Alexcenah Thomas.

W. A. Ogden.

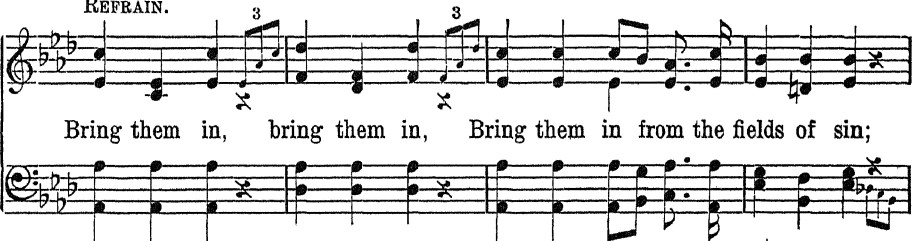


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shep-herd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry, Out on the moun-tains wild and high;

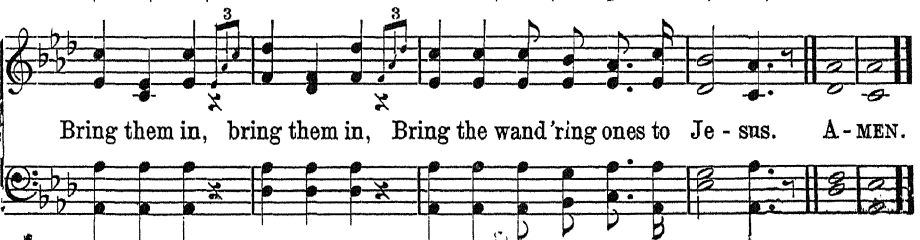


Call-ing the sheep who've gone a-stray Far from the Shep-herd's fold a-way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be shel-tered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go find My sheep wher-e'er they be."

REFRAIN.



Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;



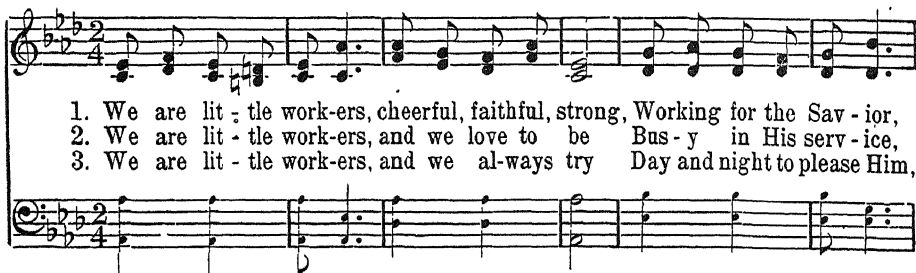
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je - sus. A - MEN.

536

Little Workers

Edith Sanford Tillotson.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

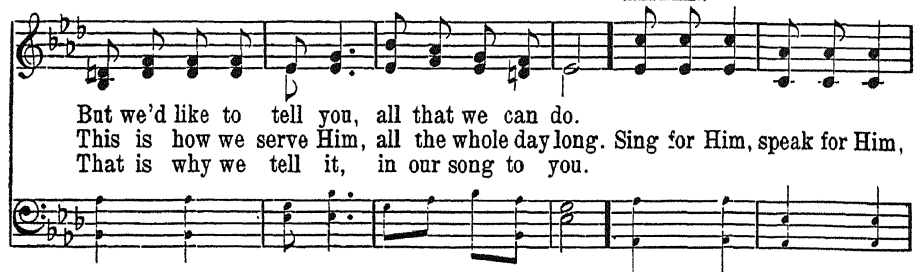


1. We are lit - tle work-ers, cheerful, faithful, strong, Working for the Sav - ior,
 2. We are lit - tle work-ers, and we love to be Bus - y in His serv - ice,
 3. We are lit - tle work-ers, and we al - ways try Day and night to please Him,

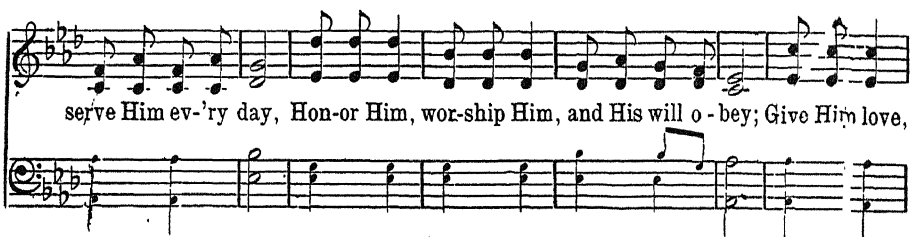


all the whole day long; Do you think us ti - ny? So we are, 'tis true,
 for our King is He; Dear - ly do we love Him, and our hearts are strong,
 Christ our King on high; Tho' we are so ti - ny, we have much to do,

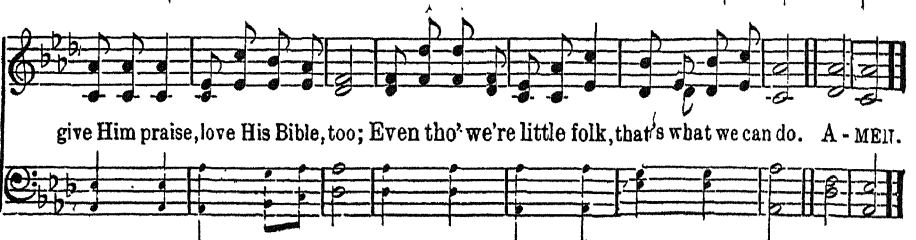
REFRAIN.



But we'd like to tell you, all that we can do.
 This is how we serve Him, all the whole day long. Sing for Him, speak for Him,
 That is why we tell it, in our song to you.



serve Him ev - ry day, Hon - or Him, wor - ship Him, and His will o - bey; Give Him love,



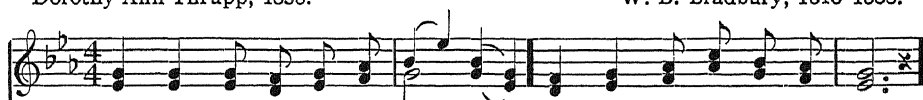
give Him praise, love His Bible, too; Even tho' we're little folk, that's what we can do. A - MEN.

537 Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

(SAVIOR, LIKE A SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s, 4s.)

Dorothy Ann Thrupp, 1838.

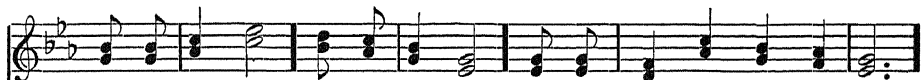
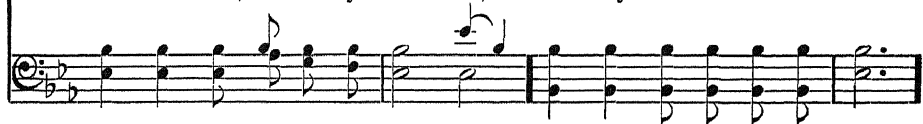
W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868.



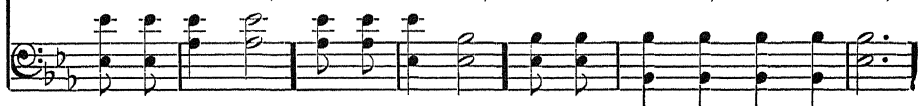
1. Sav - ior, like a Shap-herd lead us; Much we need Thy ten-d'rest care;
2. Thou hast prom-ised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful though we be;
3. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor; Ear - ly let us do Thy will;



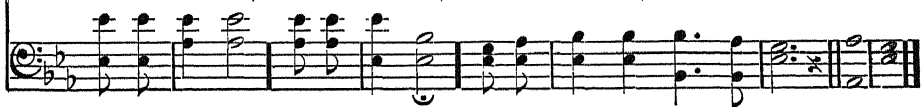
In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us; For our use Thy folds pre - pare:
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Bless-ed Lord, and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos - om fill:



Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are,
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee,
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still,



Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still. A-MEN.



538

Wonderful Love

Mabel J. Rosemon.
UNISON.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

1. Love, love, won-der-ful love hath the Fa ther shown; ..
 2. Love, love, love of our Shep-herd, so true and strong; ..
 3. Love, love, love ev-er-last-ing that crowns our way, ...

Heirs to His king-dom of glo-ry by grace a-lone, ...
 Love that hath sought us and found us, though wan-d'ring long; ...
 Safe-ly that love doth en-fold us from day to day; ...

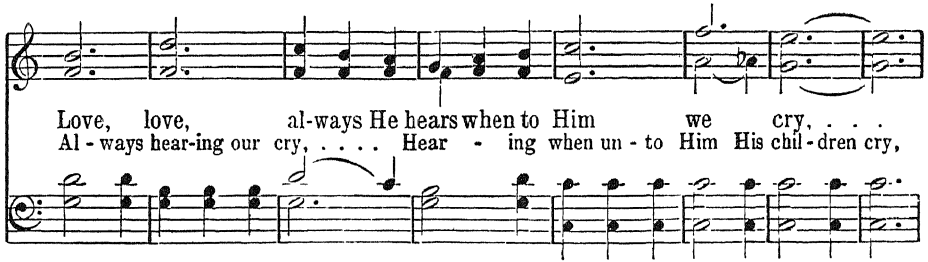
Man-sions bright He will give us in fair realms a-bove, ...
 Love en-dur-eth for-ev-er, though all else shall fail, ...
 Love hath brought us sal-va-tion, so full and free, ...

These are the gifts of His good-ness, His per-fect love...
 Naught is so might-y as love, and it must pre-vail...
 God's love will guide us and keep us e-ter-nal-ly...

REFRAIN. PARTS.

Love, love, won-der-ful love of the Lord most high, ...
 Love, 'tis won-der-ful love, Love, the won-der-ful love of the Lord most high,

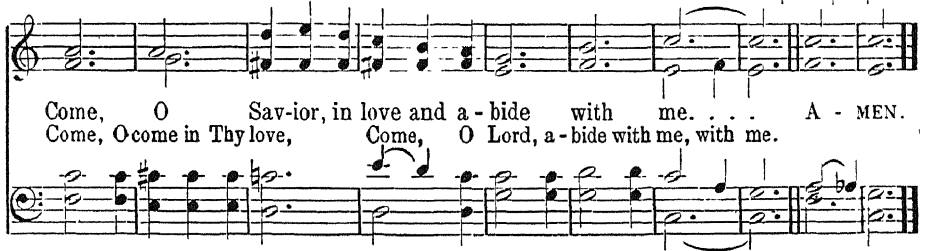
THE CHURCH—SUNDAY SCHOOL



Love, love, al-ways He hears when to Him we cry, . . .
Al-ways hear-ing our cry, . . . Hear - ing when un - to Him His chil-dren cry,



Love, love, love nev-er-fail-ing, so full and free; . . .
Love, 'tis won-der-ful love, Love, 'tis love, ne'er-fail-ing, full and free,



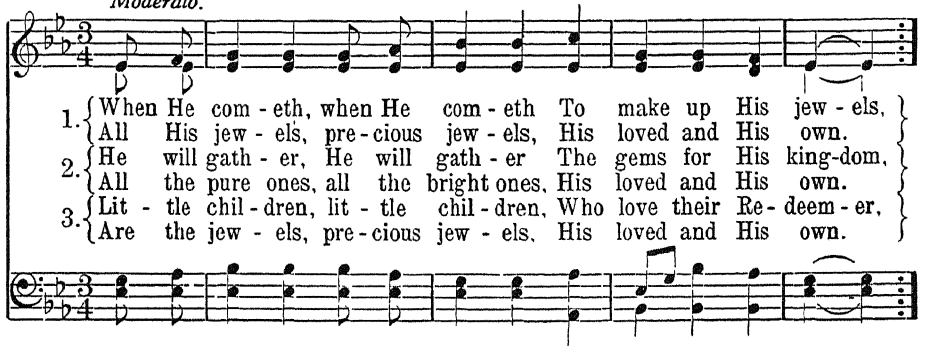
Come, O Sav-ior, in love and a-bide with me. . . . A - MEN.
Come, O come in Thy love, Come, O Lord, a-bide with me, with me.

539

Jewels

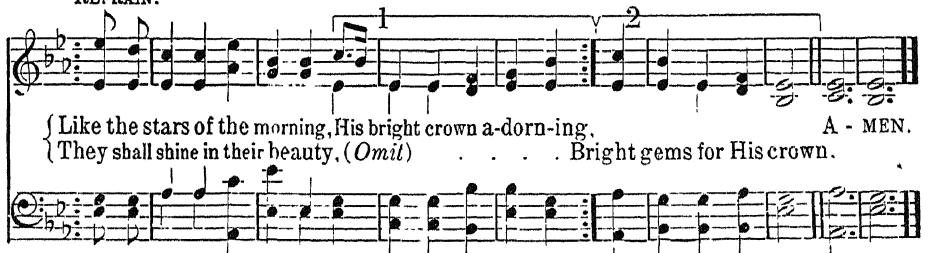
Rev. W. O. Cushing.
Moderato.

Geo. F. Root.



1. { When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew-els, }
2. { All His jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His own. }
3. { He will gath-er, He will gath-er The gems for His king-dom, }
4. { All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own. }
5. { Lit-tle chil-dren, lit-tle chil-dren, Who love their Re-deem-er, }
6. { Are the jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His own. }

REFRAIN.



{ Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown a-dorn-ing, } A - MEN.
{ They shall shine in their beauty, (Omit) } . . . Bright gems for His crown.

540 Faith is the Path to Power Divine

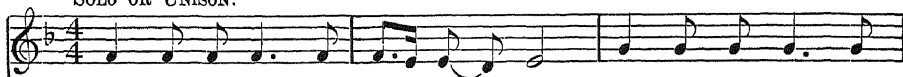
W. H. Main, D. D.

(HARVEST FRUITS.)

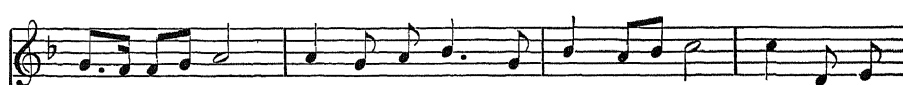
Molloy.

Arranged by Lucy C. Main.

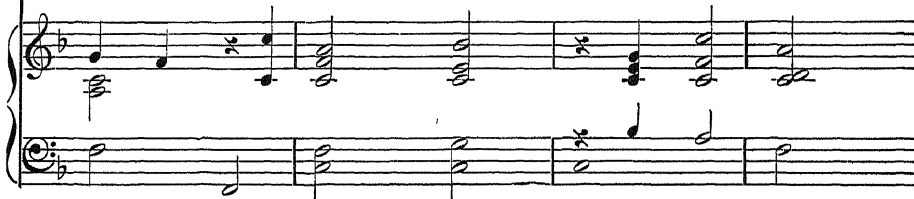
SOLO OR UNISON.



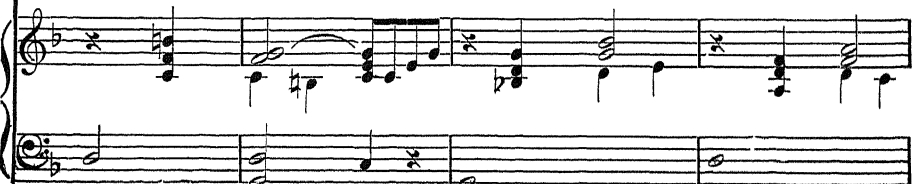
1. *Faith* is the path to pow'r di - vine, The Chris-tian's way to
2. *Hope* is the vi - sion of faith's suc-cess, The Chris-tian's way from
3. *Love*, in the world, is the great-est thing, The Chris-tian's way to



truth sub - lime; It is our an - chor in the storm, It is our
life's dis - tress; It is the an - chor of the soul, It is the
bless the King; It is the main-spring of the life, It is the

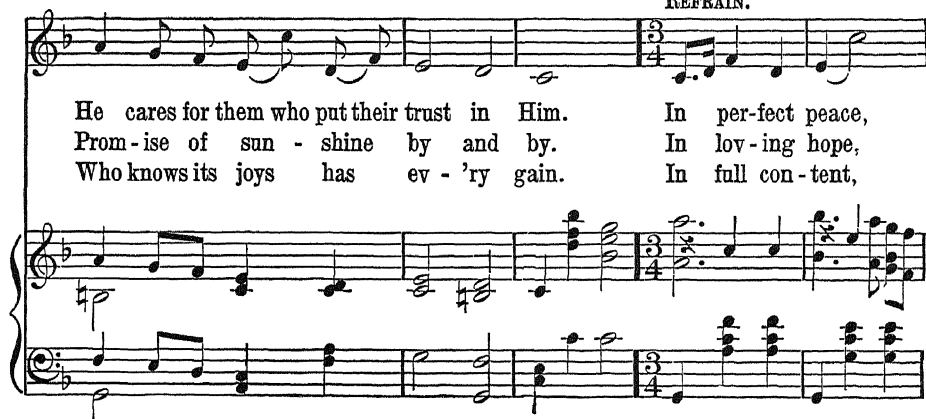


prom-ise of a bright-er morn, It is our strength in time of sin,
grace that makes us bold; It is the rain - bow in our sky,
way from earth - ly strife; It is a balm for ev - 'ry pain,

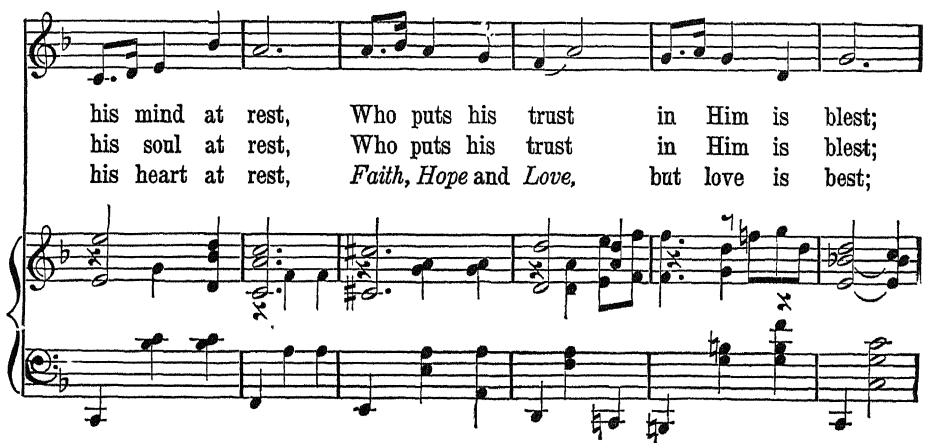


THE CHURCH—SUNDAY SCHOOL

REFRAIN.



He cares for them who put their trust in Him. In per-fect peace,
 Prom-ise of sun - shine by and by. In lov - ing hope,
 Who knows its joys has ev - 'ry gain. In full con - tent,



his mind at rest, Who puts his trust in Him is blest;
 his soul at rest, Who puts his trust in Him is blest;
 his heart at rest, *Faith, Hope and Love,* but love is best;

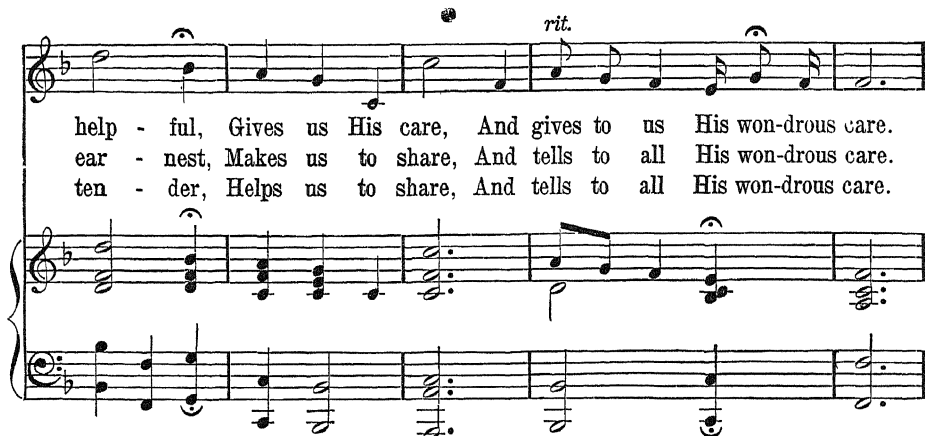
f Rapidly.



Har - vest time is joy - ful, Fruit of ear - nest prayer, And the *Faith* so
 Har - vest time is joy - ful, Fruit of ear - nest prayer, And the *Hope* so
 Har - vest time is joy - ful, Fruit of ear - nest prayer, And the *Love* so

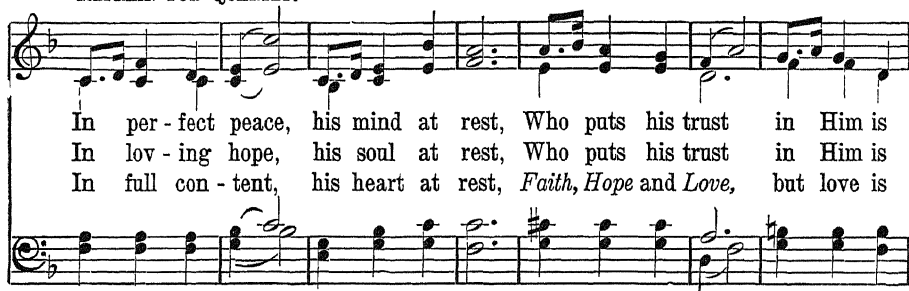
THE CHURCH—SUNDAY SCHOOL

rit.



help - ful, Gives us His care, And gives to us His won-drous care.
 ear - nest, Makes us to share, And tells to all His won-drous care.
 ten - der, Helps us to share, And tells to all His won-drous care.

REFRAIN FOR QUARTET.

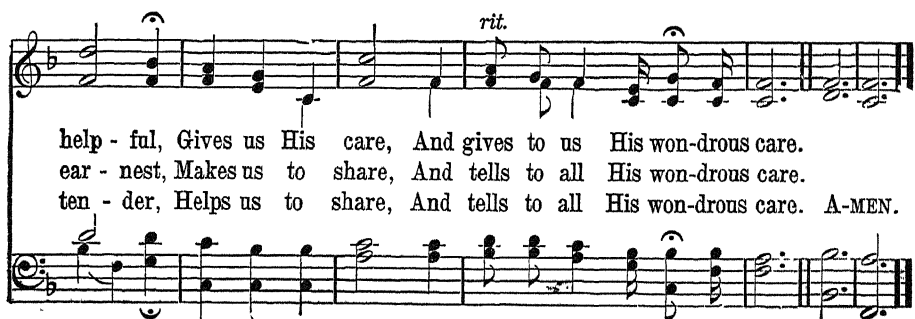


In per - fect peace, his mind at rest, Who puts his trust in Him is
 In lov - ing hope, his soul at rest, Who puts his trust in Him is
 In full con - tent, his heart at rest, *Faith, Hope and Love*, but love is



blest; Har - vest time is joy - ful, Fruit of ear - nest prayer, And the *Faith* so
 blest; Har - vest time is joy - ful, Fruit of ear - nest prayer, And the *Hope* so
 best; Har - vest time is joy - ful, Fruit of ear - nest prayer, And the *Love* so

rit.



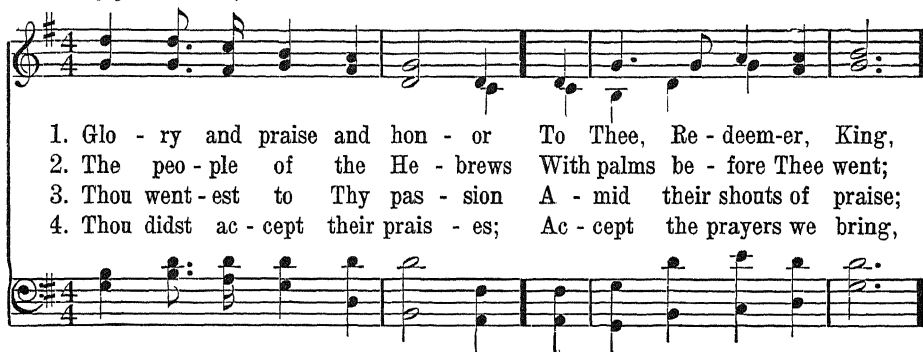
help - ful, Gives us His care, And gives to us His won-drous care.
 ear - nest, Makes us to share, And tells to all His won-drous care.
 ten - der, Helps us to share, And tells to all His won-drous care. A-MEN.

541

Glory and Praise and Honor

Theodulph, Bp. of Orleans, 821. (VALENS. 7s, 6s. D.)

Tr. by J. M. Neale, 1856.




1. Glo - ry and praise and hon - or To Thee, Re - deem-er, King,
 2. The peo - ple of the He - brews With palms be - fore Thee went;
 3. Thou went - est to Thy pas - sion A - mid their shouts of praise;
 4. Thou didst ac - cept their prais - es; Ac - cept the prayers we bring,



To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring.
 Our praise and prayer and an - thems Be - fore Thee we pre - sent.
 Thou reign - est now in glo - ry, While we our an - thems raise.
 Who in all good de - light - est, Thou good and gra - cious King!

REFRAIN.



Glo - ry and praise and hon - or To Thee, Re-deem - er, King,



To whom the lips of chil - dren Made sweet ho - san - nas ring. A - MEN.

542

Sing His Praises

Francis McKinnon Morton.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

UNISON.



1. Praise Him, praise Him, Lord of the earth and the sky! . . . Praise Him, praise Him,
 2. Trust Him, trust Him, trust His sweet promise of love, . . . For He guides us
 3. Serve Him, serve Him, serve Him in all that you do, . . . Al - ways help - ful,
 4. We will praise Him, praise Him with joy and with song, . . . Shout - ing, sing - ing,

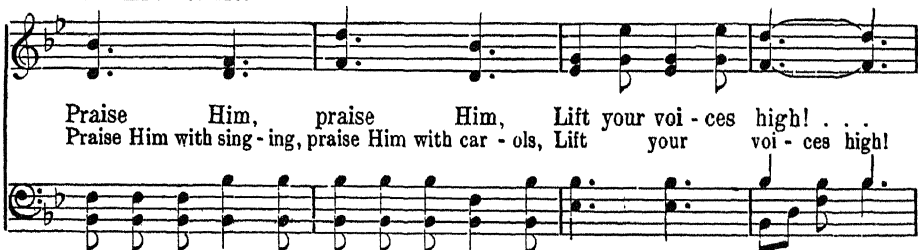


lift your glad an-thems on high! . . . Praise Him ev - er, Mas - ter and
 from His bright home up a - bove! . . . Trust Him, trust Him, lean on the
 faith-ful and lov - ing and true! . . . Serve Him, serve Him, bless - ing the
 marching with gladness a - long! . . . We will praise Him, praise Him with



Keep - er of all, . . . For He hears us when on His mer - cy we call.
 strength of His arm, . . . For His good - ness keep - eth His chil - dren from harm.
 world as you go, . . . For His serv - ice still is the sweet - est we know.
 serv - ice and love, . . . Till we en - ter in - to His glo - ry a - bove.

REFRAIN. PARTS.



Praise Him, praise Him, Lift your voi - ces high! . . .
 Praise Him with sing - ing, praise Him with car - ols, Lift your voi - ces high!

Copyright, 1915, by Samuel W. Beazley.

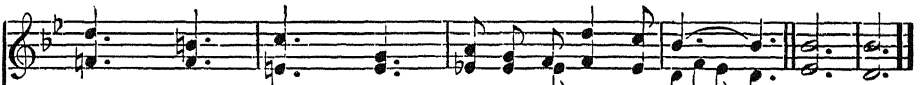
THE CHURCH - SUNDAY SCHOOL



Praise Him, praise Him, Lord of the earth and sky; . . .
Praise Him with an-thems, praise Him with glad-ness, Lord of earth and sky;



Sing His prais - - es all a - long the way, . . .
Sing forth His prais - es, glo - ri - ous prais - es, all a - long the beau-ti - ful way,




For His mer - cy keep-eth us day by day. . . A - MEN.
Mer-cy un-dy-ing, mer-cy un-dy-ing, day by day.

543 Great God, and Wilt Thou Condescend

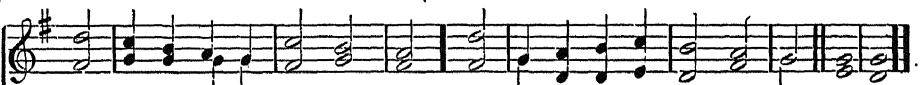
Ann Taylor Gilbert, 1809.

(UPTON. L. M.)

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



1. Great God, and wilt Thou con - de - scend To be my Fa - ther and my Friend?
2. Art Thou my Fa - ther? Let me be A meek, o - be - dient child to Thee;
3. Art Thou my Fa - ther? I'll de - pend Up - on the care of such a Friend;
4. Art Thou my Fa - ther? Then, at last, When all my days on earth are past,



I, a poor child, and Thou, so high, The Lord of earth and air and sky?
And try in word and deed and tho't, To serve and please Thee as I ought.
And on - ly wish to do and be What - ev - er seem-eth good to Thee.
Send down and take me in Thy love, To be Thy bet - ter child a - bove. A-MEN.

544

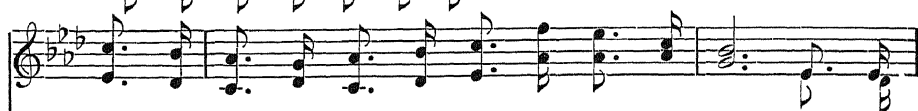
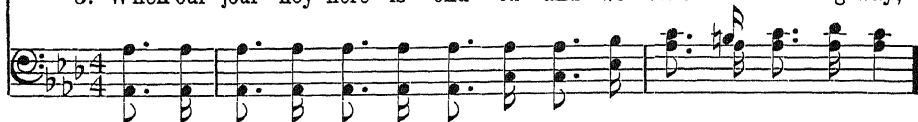
Sing

T. W. J. T.

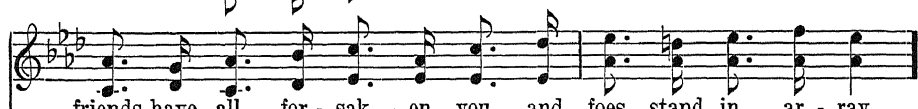
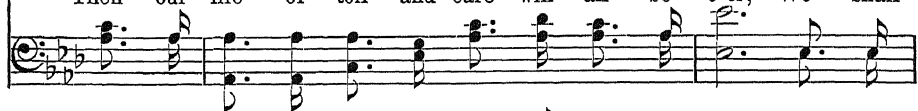
T. W. J. Tobias.



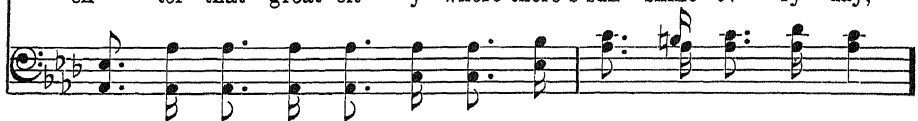
1. If you keep your heart a - sing - ing as you jour - ney day by day,
2. You'll be hap - py on life's jour - ney though 'tis filled with toil and woe,
3. When our jour - ney here is end - ed and we view the shin - ing way,



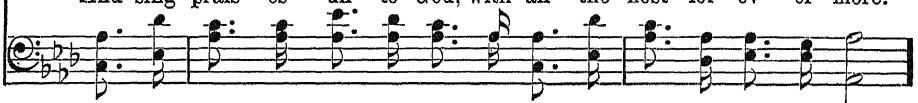
Though the whole world may to you seem ver - y cold; When your
Tri - als, pain and dis - ap - point - ment be your part; If you'll
Then our life of toil and care will all be o'er; We shall



friends have all for - sak - en you, and foes stand in ar - ray,
keep the joy - bells ring - ing in your soul as on you go,
en - ter that great cit - y where there's sun - shine ev - 'ry day,



Let your heart break forth in sing - ing, 'twill bring glad - ness in your soul.
Tho' the day be dark be - fore you, there'll be sun - shine in your heart.
And sing prais - es un - to God, with all the host for - ev - er - more.



REFRAIN.—Sing,

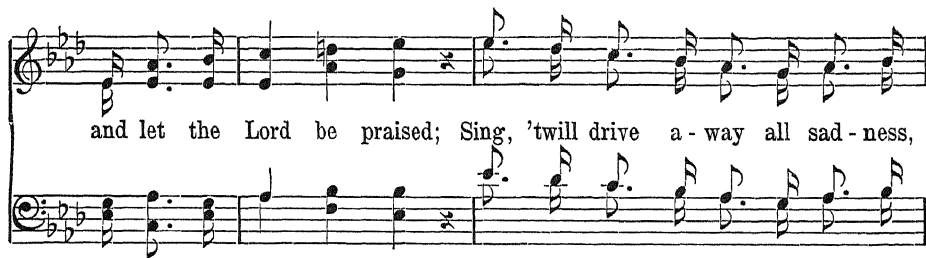
Sing,



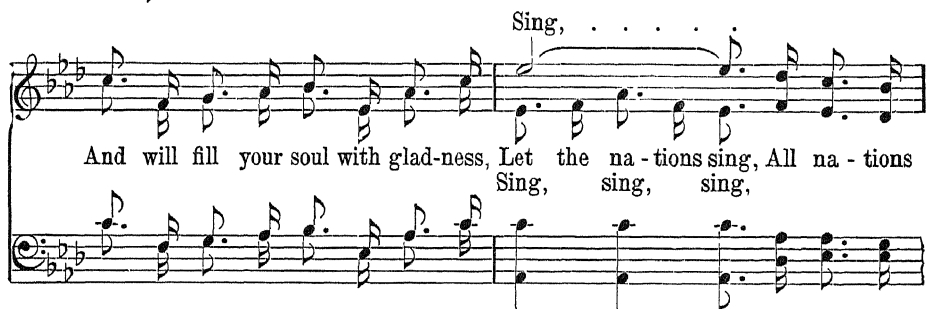
Let the mu - sic ring, Let ev - 'ry voice be raised, Come, and let us sing,
Sing, sing, sing, Sing, sing, sing,



THE CHURCH—SUNDAY SCHOOL



and let the Lord be praised; Sing, 'twill drive a-way all sad-ness,



Sing,
And will fill your soul with glad-ness, Let the na-tions sing, All na-tions
Sing, sing, sing,



join and sing, O sing ye praise un-to the Lord. A-MEN.

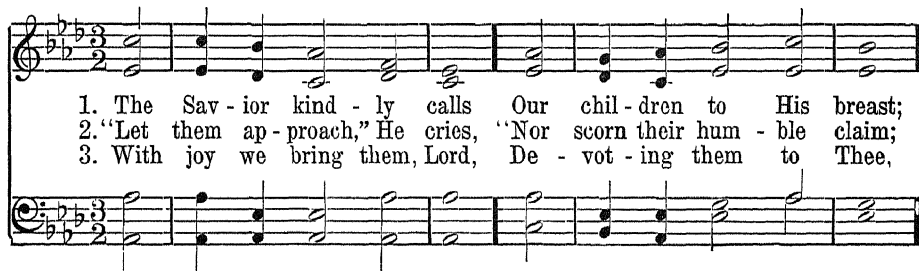
545

The Savior Kindly Calls

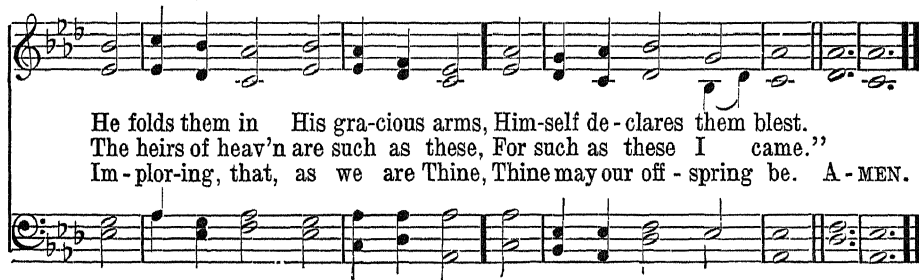
H. U. Onderdonk, 1826.

(STATE STREET. S. M.)

J. C. Woodman.



1. The Sav-ior kind-ly calls Our chil-dren to His breast;
2. "Let them ap-proach," He cries, "Nor scorn their hum-ble claim;
3. With joy we bring them, Lord, De-vot-ing them to Thee,



He folds them in His gra-cious arms, Him-self de-claims them blest.
The heirs of heav'n are such as these, For such as these I came."
Im-plor-ing, that, as we are Thine, Thine may our off-spring be. A-MEN.

546 Are You Living a Life That Counts?

James Rowe.

James H. Ruebush.

1. Are you meet-ing with a smile all your tri - als, friend? Are you read - y
 2. Do you spread the gos-pel grand as you go a - long? Are you help-ing
 3. Are you sure of life a - bove and a fade - less crown, When the Lord shall

all the while bless-ings true to send? Is the love of God with-in? are you
 souls to stand, with a cheer-ing song? Are you do - ing all you can for your
 say with love, "Lay your bur - den down?" When you meet Je-ho-vah's Son will you

REFRAIN.

brave-ly fight-ing sin? Are you liv-ing a life that counts?
 weak - er fel - low-man? Are you liv-ing a life that counts? Are you liv-ing a
 hear His sweet "Well done?" Are you liv-ing a life that counts?

life that counts? Are you liv-ing a life that counts? Have you treasures laid a-
 that counts? that counts?

bove in the storehouse of His love? Are you liv-ing a life that counts? A - MEN.
 that counts?

547 Hear Us, Father, When We Pray

W. H. M., D. D.

(OUR PRAYER.)

W. H. Main, D. D.

Quietly.

1. Hear us, Fa - - ther, when we pray; Bless us
2. Bless us, Sav - - ior, while we sing; Prais - es
3. Ho - ly Spir - - it, bless to - day; Keep us

all this Ho - ly Day; May Thy truth most pre - cious
to our gra - cious King. Tune our hearts to love di -
in the nar - row way; Hon - or, praise, and glo - ry

be; May we live to hon - or Thee!
vine; May we all be whol - ly Thine!
be To the bless - ed Trin - i - ty. A - MEN.

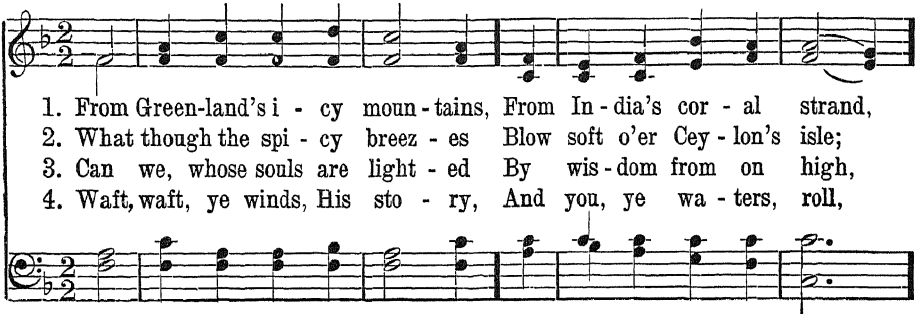
548

From Greenland's Icy Mountains

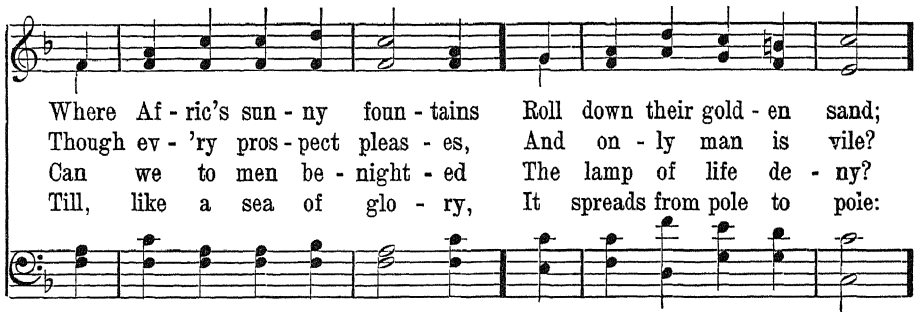
(MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s, 6s. D.)

Reginald Heber, 1819.

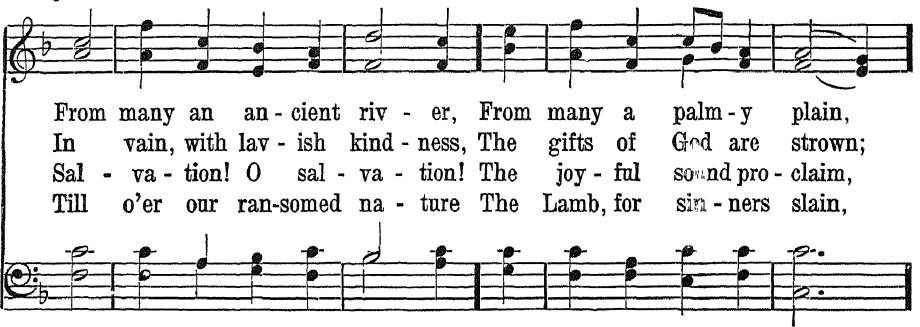
Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



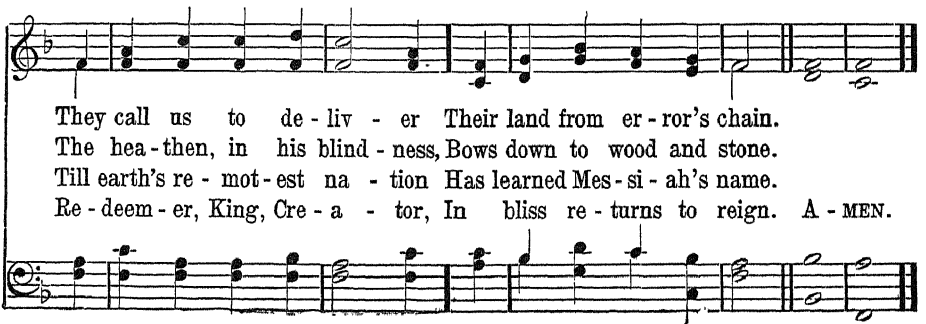
1. From Green-land's i - cy moun - tains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
 2. What though the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;
 3. Can we, whose souls are light - ed By wis - dom from on high,
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand;
 Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?
 Can we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
 Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole:



From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
 In vain, with lav - ish kind - ness, The gifts of God are strown;
 Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
 Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture The Lamb, for sin - ners slain,



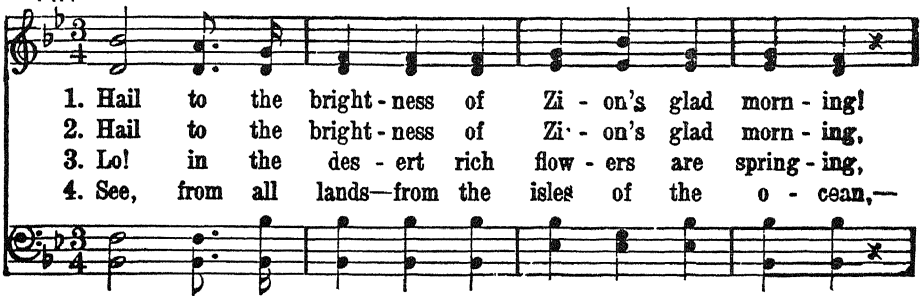
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 The hea - then, in his blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone.
 Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes - si - ah's name.
 Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign. A - MEN.

549 Hail to the Brightness of Zion's Glad Morning

(HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS. 11s, 10s.)

Thomas Hastings, 1830.

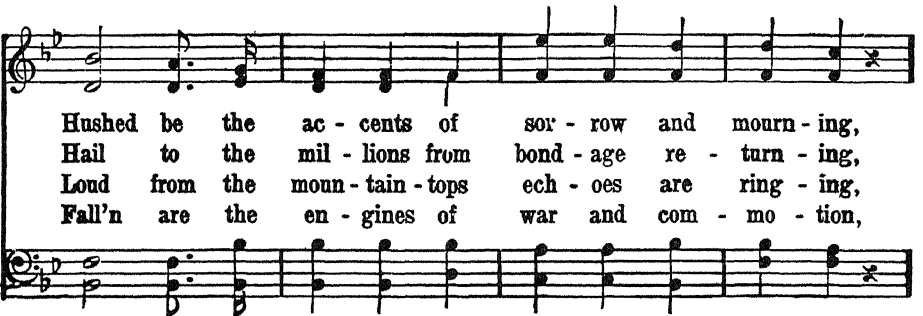
Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



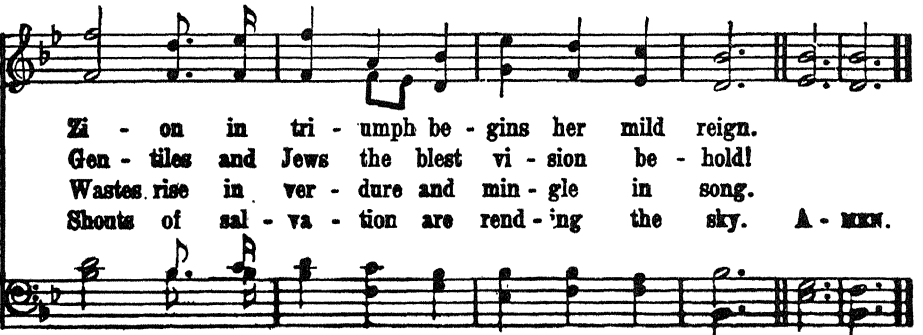
1. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing!
 2. Hail to the bright-ness of Zi-on's glad morn-ing,
 3. Lo! in the des-ert rich flow-ers are spring-ing,
 4. See, from all lands—from the isles of the o-cean,—



Joy to the lands that in dark-ness have lain!
 Long by the proph-ets of Is-rael fore-told!
 Streams ev-er co-pious are glid-ing a-long;
 Praise to Je-ho-vah as-cend-ing on high;



Hushed be the ac-cents of sor-row and mourn-ing,
 Hail to the mil-lions from bond-age re-turn-ing,
 Loud from the moun-tain-tops ech-oes are ring-ing,
 Fall'n are the en-gines of war and com-mo-tion,



Zi-on in tri-umph be-gins her mild reign.
 Gen-tiles and Jews the blest vi-sion be-hold!
 Wastes rise in ver-dure and min-gle in song.
 Shouts of sal-va-tion are rend-ing the sky. A-MEN.

550

The Morning Light is Breaking

S. F. SMITH, 1843.

(WEBB. 7S, 6S. D.)

G. J. WEBB.



1. The morn - ing light is break - ing; The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us In man - y a gen - tle show'r,
3. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God we love,



The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
 And bright - er scenes be - fore us Are ope - ning ev - 'ry hour;
 And thou - sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;



Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti - dings from a - far
 Each cry, to heav - en go - ing, A - bun - dant an - swers brings,
 While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The gos - pel call o - bey,



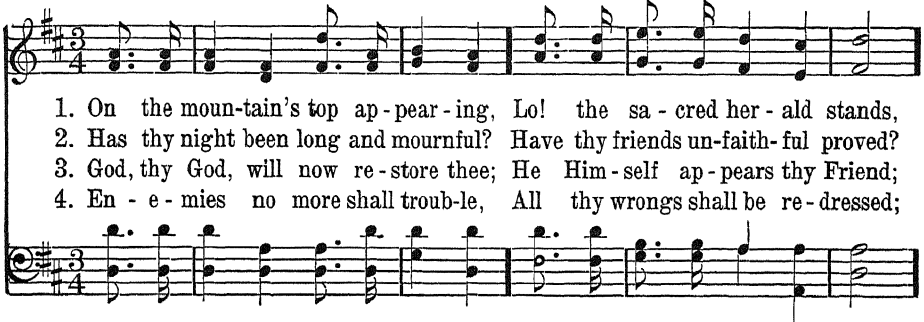
Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.
 And heav'n - ly gales are blow - ing, With peace up - on their wings.
 And seek the Sav - ior's bless - ing, — A na - tion in a day. A-MEN.



551 On the Mountain's Top Appearing

Thomas Kelly, 1804.

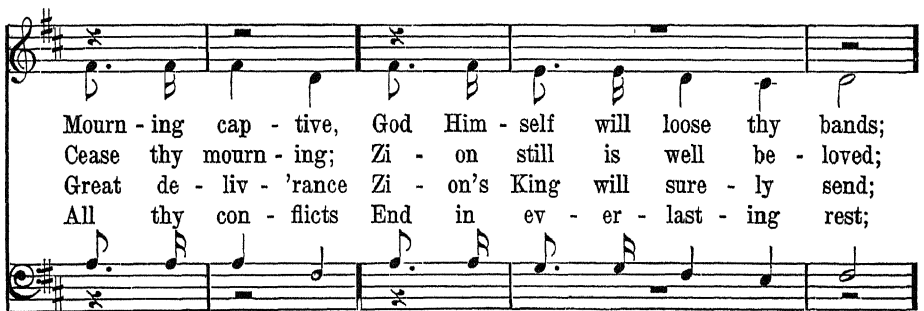
(Zion. 8s, 7s, 4s.) Dr. Thos. Hastings, 1784-1872.



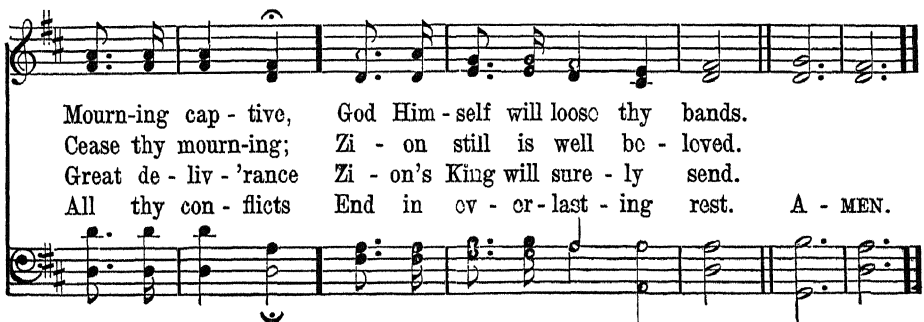
1. On the moun-tain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sa-cred her-ald stands,
 2. Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends un-faith-ful proved?
 3. God, thy God, will now re-store thee; He Him-self ap-pears thy Friend;
 4. En-e-mies no more shall troub-le, All thy wrongs shall be re-dressed;



Wel-come news to Zi-on bear-ing, Zi-on, long in hos-tile lands;
 Have thy foes been proud and scorn-ful, By thy sighs and tears un-moved?
 All thy foes shall flee be-fore thee; Here their boasts and tri-umphs end;
 For thy shame thou shalt have dou-ble; In thy Mak-er's fa-vor blessed;



Mourn-ing cap-tive, God Him-self will loose thy bands;
 Cease thy mourn-ing; Zi-on still is well be-loved;
 Great de-liv-'rance Zi-on's King will sure-ly send;
 All thy con-flicts End in ev-er-last-ing rest;



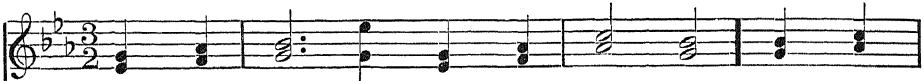
Mourn-ing cap-tive, God Him-self will loose thy bands.
 Cease thy mourn-ing; Zi-on still is well be-loved.
 Great de-liv-'rance Zi-on's King will sure-ly send.
 All thy con-flicts End in ev-er-last-ing rest. A - MEN.

552 - O'er the Gloomy Hills of Darkness



William Williams, 1772.

(ADELLE. 8s, 7s, 4s.)

J. M. North.





1. O'er the gloom - y hills of dark - ness, Look, my
 2. Let the dark, be - night - ed pa - gan, Let the
 3. King - doms wide that sit in dark - ness, Grant them,
 4. Fly a - broad, thou might - y gos - pel; Win and






soul, be still and gaze; See the prom - is - es ad -
 rude bar - bar - ian see That di - vine and glo - rious
 Lord, the glo - rious light; Now, from east - ern coast to
 con - quer, —nev - er cease; May thy last - ing, wide do -

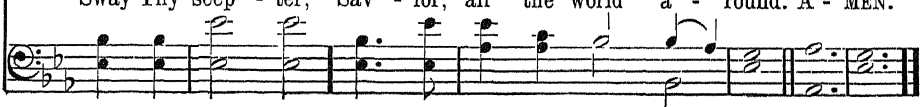
1. Look, my soul,

vanc - ing To a glo - rious day of grace; Bless - ed ju - bilee,
 con - quest Once ob - tained on Cal - va - ry: Let the gos - pel,
 west - ern, May the morn - ing chase the night: Let re - demp - tion,
 min - ions Mul - ti - ply and still in - crease: Sway Thy scep - ter,

Bless - ed ju - bilee, Let thy glo - rious morn - ing dawn.
 Let the gos - pel, Loud re - sound from pole to pole.
 Let re - demp - tion, Free - ly pur - chased, win the day.
 Sway Thy scep - ter, Sav - ior, all the world a - round. A - MEN.



THE CHURCH—MISSIONS

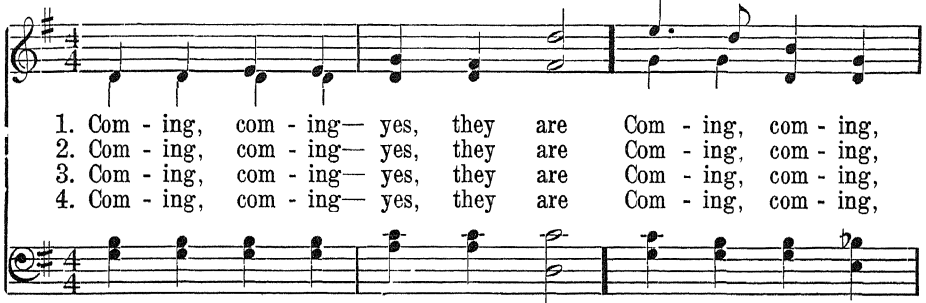
553

Coming, Coming—Yes, They Are

(COMING. 7, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.)

J. W. MacGill, 1895.

Edward Husband, 1880.



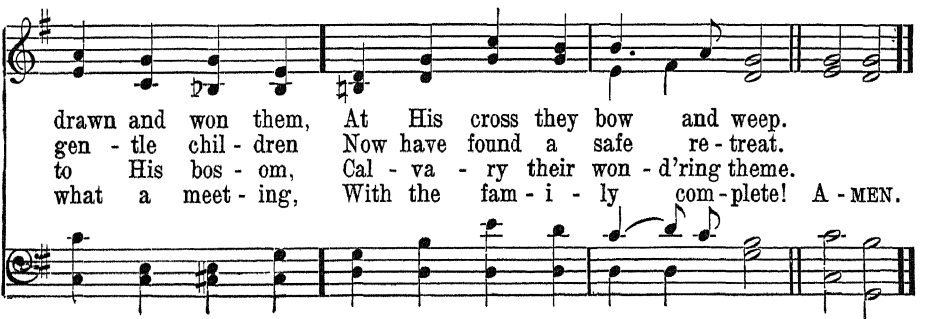
1. Com - ing, com - ing— yes, they are Com - ing, com - ing,
 2. Com - ing, com - ing— yes, they are Com - ing, com - ing,
 3. Com - ing, com - ing— yes, they are Com - ing, com - ing,
 4. Com - ing, com - ing— yes, they are Com - ing, com - ing,



from a - far— From the wild and scorch - ing des - ert,
 from a - far— From the fields and crowd - ed cit - ies,
 from a - far— From the In - dus and the Gan - ges
 from a - far— All to meet in plains of glo - ry,



Af - ric's sons of col - or deep; Je - sus' love has
 Chi - na gath - ers at His feet; In His love Siam's
 Stead - y flows the liv - ing stream, To love's o - cean,
 All to sing His prais - es sweet; What a cho - rus,



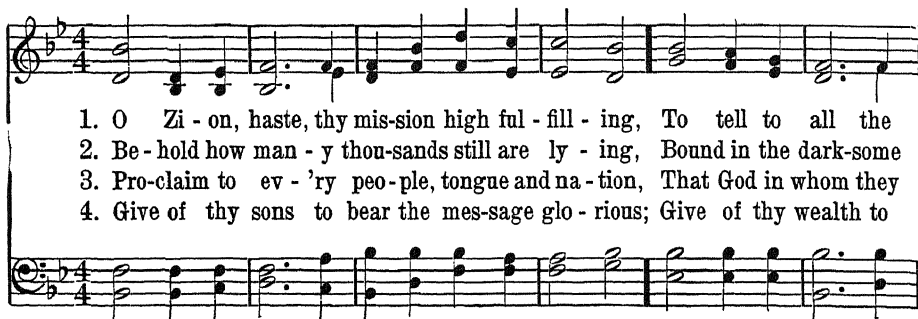
drawn and won them, At His cross they bow and weep.
 gen - tle chil - dren Now have found a safe re - treat.
 to His bos - om, Cal - va - ry their won - d'ring theme.
 what a meet - ing, With the fam - i - ly com - plete! A - MEN.

554 O Zion, Haste, Thy Mission High Fulfilling

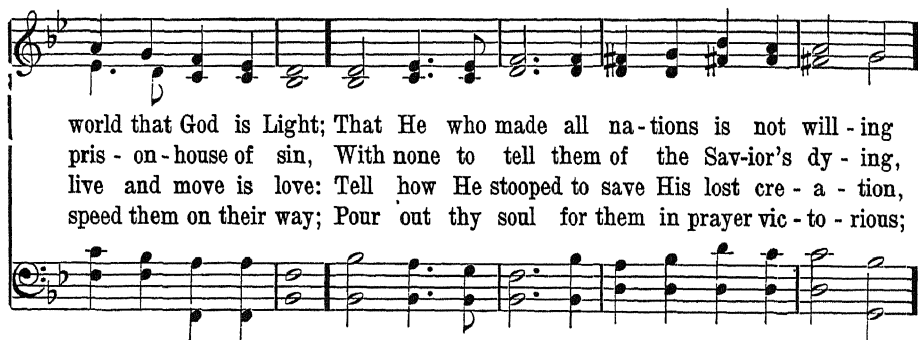
Mary A. Thomson

(TIDINGS. P. M.)

James Walcú.

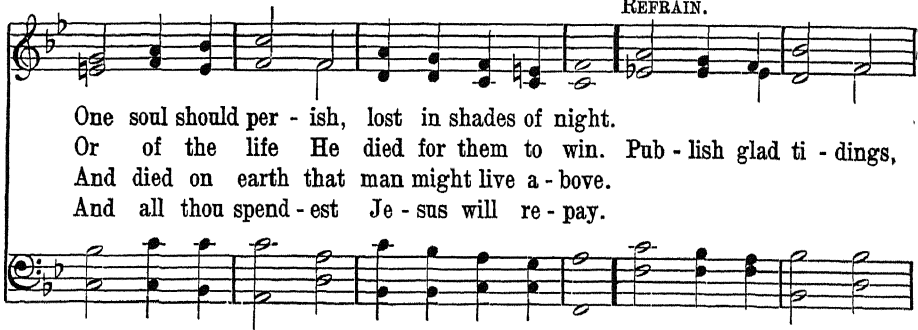


1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
 2. Be - hold how man - y thou-sands still are ly - ing, Bound in the dark-some
 3. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na - tion, That God in whom they
 4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo - rious; Give of thy wealth to



world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
 pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
 live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
 speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;

REFRAIN.



One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
 Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
 And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
 And all thou spend - est Je - sus will re - pay.




Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Re-demp-tion and re-lease. A - MEN.

555 Brightly Beams Our Father's Mercy



P. P. B.

(LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING.)

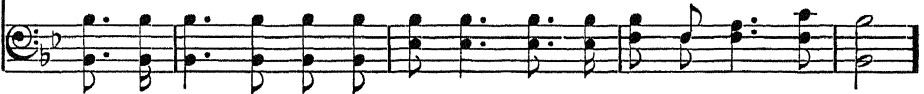
P. P. Bliss.




1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er - more,
 2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
 3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail - or tem-pest-tossed,

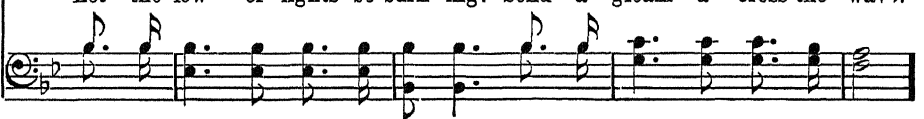
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
 Ea - ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
 Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.



REFRAIN.



Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!




Some poor faint-ing, struggling seaman You may res-cue, you may save. A - MEN.



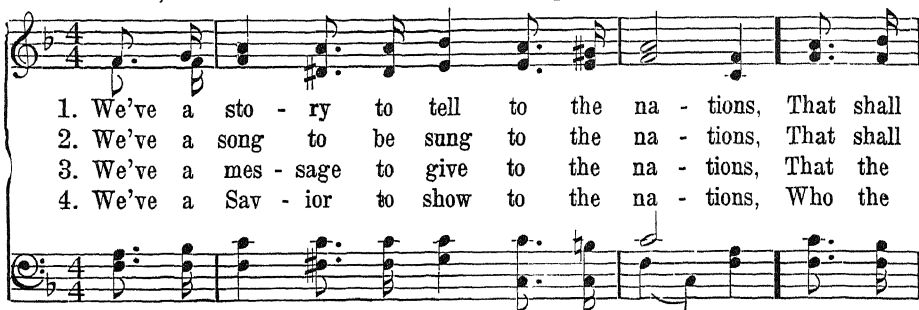
Used by permission.

556 We've a Story to Tell to the Nations

(MESSAGE. 10, 8, 8, 7, 7. With Refrain.)

Colin Sterne, 1896.

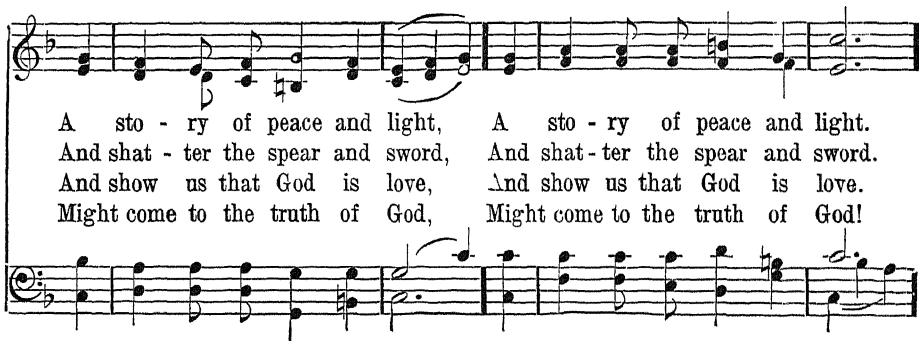
Adapted from H. Ernest Nichol, 1896.



1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall
 2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall
 3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the
 4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the

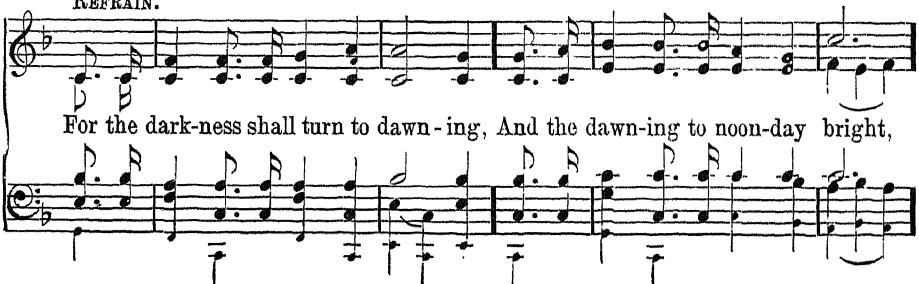


turn their hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and mer - cy,
 lift their hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con - quer e - vil,
 Lord who reign - eth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us,
 path of sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ples



A sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
 And shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
 And show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
 Might come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God!

REFRAIN.



For the dark - ness shall turn to dawn - ing, And the dawn - ing to noon - day bright,

And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The kingdom of Love and Light. A-MEN.

557 Come, Women, Wide Proclaim

Fannie E. S. Heck.

(ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.)

Felice de Giardini.

1. Come, wom - en, wide pro - claim Life thro' your Sav - ior slain;
 2. Come, clasp - ing chil - dren's hands, Sis - ters from man - y lands,
 3. Work with your cour - age high, Sing of the day - break nigh,
 4. Then when the gar - nered field Shall to our Mas - ter yield

Sing ev - er - more. Christ, God's ef - ful - gence bright, Christ, who a -
 Teach to a - dore, For the sin - sick and worn, The weak and
 Your love out - pour; Stars shall your brow a - dorn, Your heart leap
 A boun-teous store, Christ, hope of all the meek, Christ, whom all

rose in might, Christ, who crowns you with light, Praise and a - dore.
 o - ver-borne, All who in dark-ness mourn, Pray, work, yet more.
 with the morn, And, by His love up - borne, Hope and a - dore.
 earth shall seek, Christ, your re - ward shall speak, Joy ev - er - more. A - MEN.


THE CHURCH—MISSIONS

558 Over the Ocean Wave, Far, Far Away


Anon.

(OVER THE OCEAN WAVE.)


William B. Bradbury.



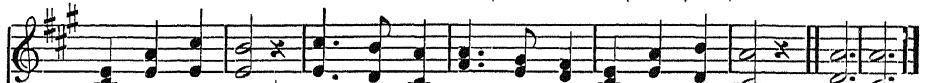
1. O - ver the o - cean wave, far, far a - way, There the poor hea - then live,
 2. Here in this hap - py land we have the light Shin - ing from God's own word,
 3. Then, while the mis - sion ships glad ti - dings bring, List! as that hea - then band



wait - ing for day; Grop - ing in ig - no - rance, dark as the night,
 free, pure, and bright; Shall we not send to them Bi - bles to read,
 joy - ful - ly sing, "O - ver the o - cean wave, O, see them come,



No bless - ed Bi - ble to give them the light. Pit - y them, pit - y them,
 Teach - ers, and preach - ers, and all that they need? Pit - y them, pit - y them,
 Bring - ing the bread of life, guid - ing us home." Pit - y them, pit - y them,




Chris - tians at home, Haste with the bread of life, has - ten and come. A - MEN.

559 Jesus Shall Reign Where'er the Sun

Isaac Watts, 1719.

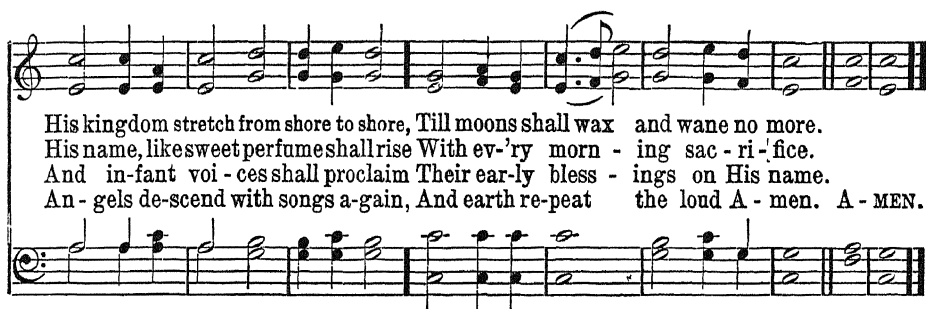
(SESSIONS. L. M.)

L. O. Emerson.



1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
 2. For Him shall end - less prayer be made, And end - less prais - es crown His head;
 3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet - est song;
 4. Let ev - 'ry crea - ture rise and bring Pe - cu - liar hon - ors to our King;

THE CHURCH—MISSIONS



His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
His name, like sweet perfumes shall rise With ev-'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
And in - fant voi - ces shall proclaim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.
An - gels de - scend with songs a - gain, And earth re - peat the loud A - men. A - MEN.

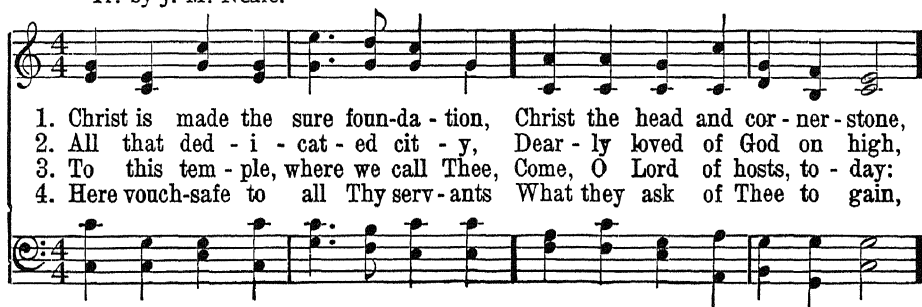
560 Christ is Made the Sure Foundation

(REGENT SQUARE. 8s, 7s. 61.)

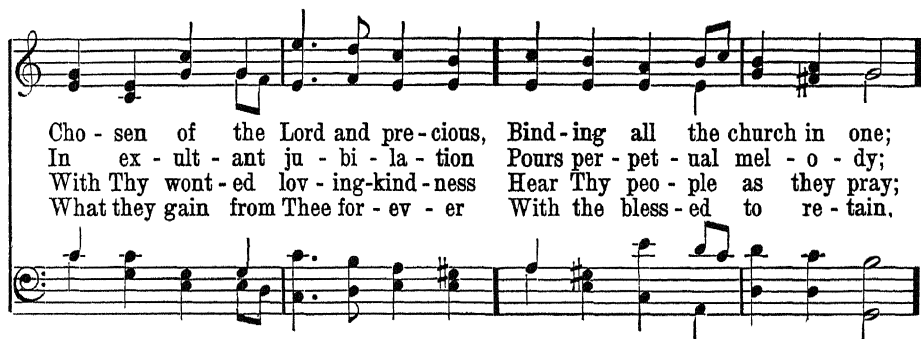
Anon. (Latin, 6th or 7th Cent.)

H. Smart, 1867.

Tr. by J. M. Neale.



1. Christ is made the sure foun - da - tion, Christ the head and cor - ner - stone,
2. All that ded - i - cat - ed cit - y, Dear - ly loved of God on high,
3. To this tem - ple, where we call Thee, Come, O Lord of hosts, to - day:
4. Here vouch - safe to all Thy serv - ants What they ask of Thee to gain,



Cho - sen of the Lord and pre - cious, Bind - ing all the church in one;
In ex - ult - ant ju - bi - la - tion Pours per - pet - ual mel - o - dy;
With Thy wont - ed lov - ing - kind - ness Hear Thy peo - ple as they pray;
What they gain from Thee for - ev - er With the bless - ed to re - tain,



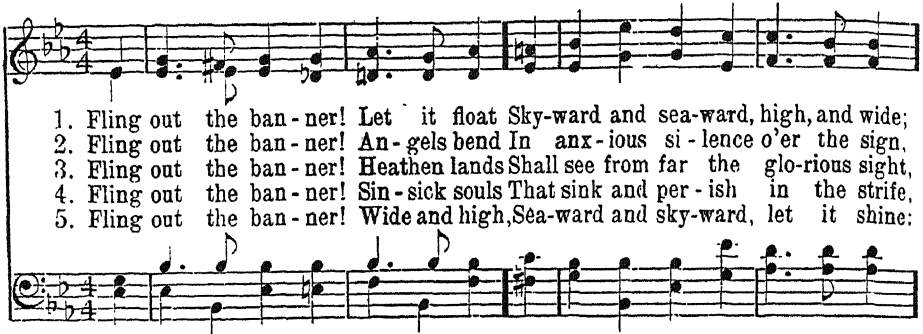
Ho - ly Zi - on's help for - ev - er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone.
God the One in Three a - dor - ing In glad hymns e - ter - nal - ly.
And Thy full - est ben - e - dic - tion Shed with - in its walls al - way.
And here - aft - er in Thy glo - ry Ev - er - more with Thee to reign. A - MEN.

561 Fling Out the Banner! Let It Float

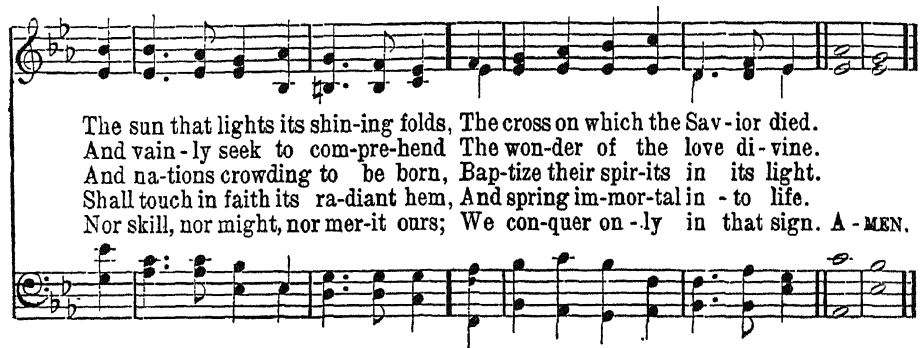
George W. Doane.

(DOANE. L. M.)

J. Baptiste Calkin.



1. Fling out the ban-ner! Let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high, and wide;
 2. Fling out the ban-ner! An-gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign,
 3. Fling out the ban-ner! Heathen lands Shall see from far the glo-rious sight,
 4. Fling out the ban-ner! Sin-sick souls That sink and per-ish in the strife,
 5. Fling out the ban-ner! Wide and high, Sea-ward and sky-ward, let it shine:



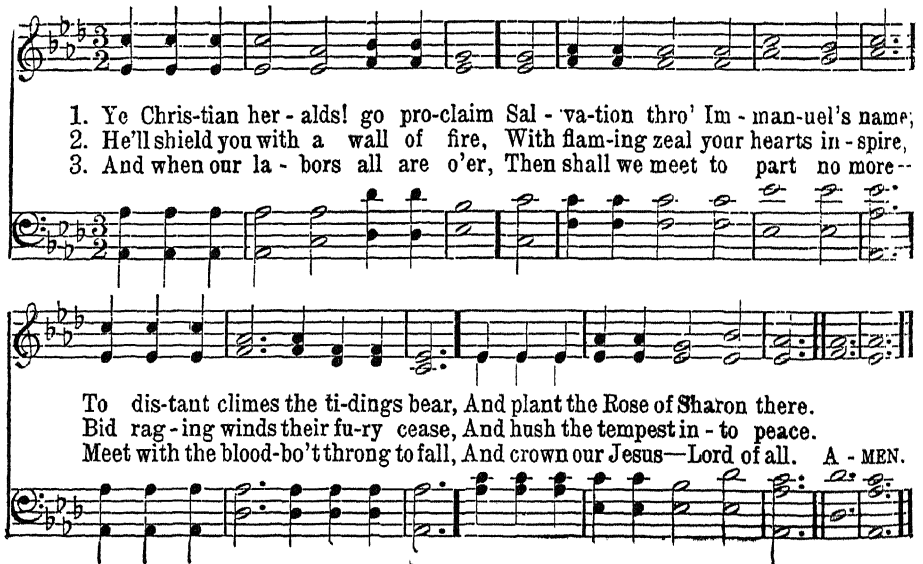
The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-ior died.
 And vain-ly seek to com-pre-hend The won-der of the love di-vine.
 And na-tions crowding to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.
 Shall touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in - to life.
 Nor skill, nor might, nor mer-it ours; We con-quer on -ly in that sign. A - MEN.

562 Ye Christian Heralds!

B. H. Draper.

(MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.)

H. C. Zeuner.



1. Ye Chris-tian her-alds! go pro-claim Sal - va-tion thro' Im - man-uel's name;
 2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flam-ing zeal your hearts in - spire,
 3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more--

To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
 Bid rag-ing winds their fu-ry cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.
 Meet with the blood-bo'thron to fall, And crown our Jesus—Lord of all. A - MEN.

563

Speed Away

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel."—MARK. 16: 15.

Fanny J. Crosby.

I. B. Woodbury. Arr.

1. Speed a - way, speed a - way on your mis - sion of light,
 2. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the life - giv - ing Word,
 3. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes - sage of rest,

To the lands that are ly - ing in dark - ness and night; 'Tis the
 To the na - tions that know not the voice of the Lord; Take the
 To the souls by the tempt - er in bond - age op-pressed; For the

Mas - ter's com-mand; go ye forth in His name, The won - der - ful
 wings of the morn - ing and fly o'er the wave, In the strength of your
 Sav - ior has pur-chased their ran - som from sin, And the ban - quet is

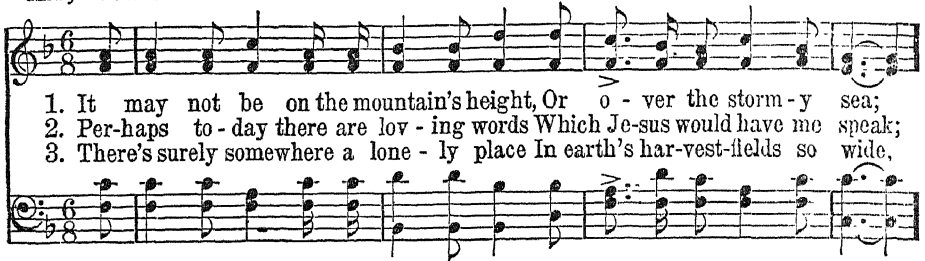
Gos - pel of Je - sus pro-claim; Take your lives in your hand, to the
 Mas - ter the lost ones to save; He is call - ing once more, not a
 read - y, O gath - er them in; To the res - cue make haste, there's no

work while 'tis day, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.
 mo - ment's de - lay, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.
 time for de - lay, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way. A - MEN.

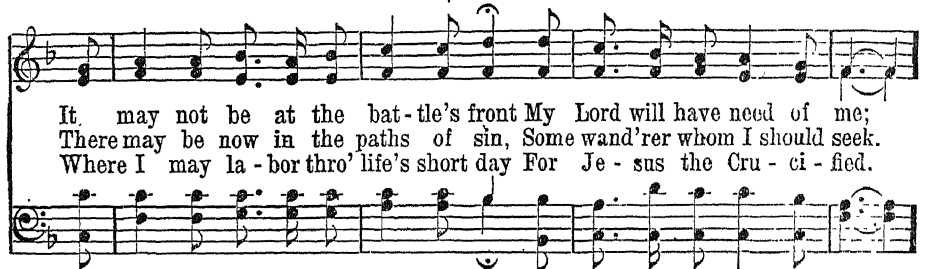
564 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go

Mary Brown.

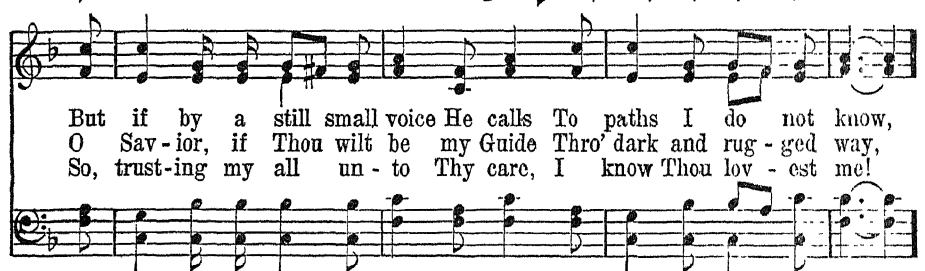
Carrie E. Rounsefell.



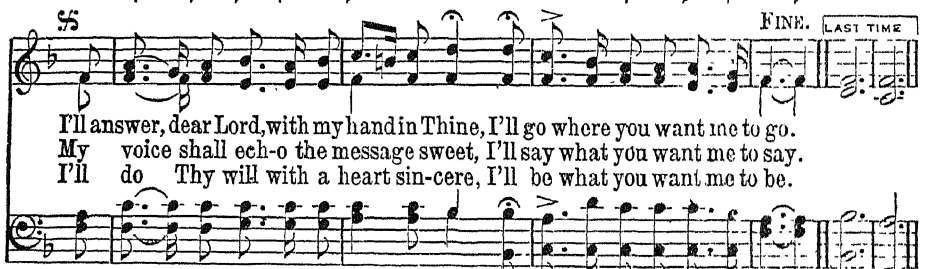
1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm - y sea;
 2. Per-haps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Je - sus would have me speak;
 3. There's surely somewhere a lone - ly place In earth's har-vest-fields so wide,



It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
 Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied.



But if by a still small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
 O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide Thro' dark and rug - ged way,
 So, trust - ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!



SS **FINE. LAST TIME**
 I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D. S.—I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be. A - MEN.
REFRAIN.



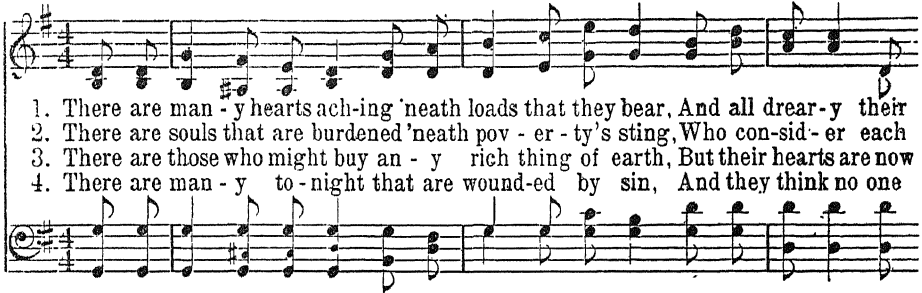
D. S.
 I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

565

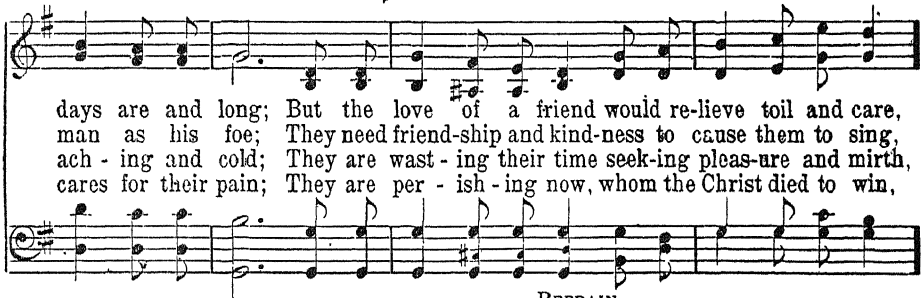
What the Old World Needs

Rev. C. R. Piety.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

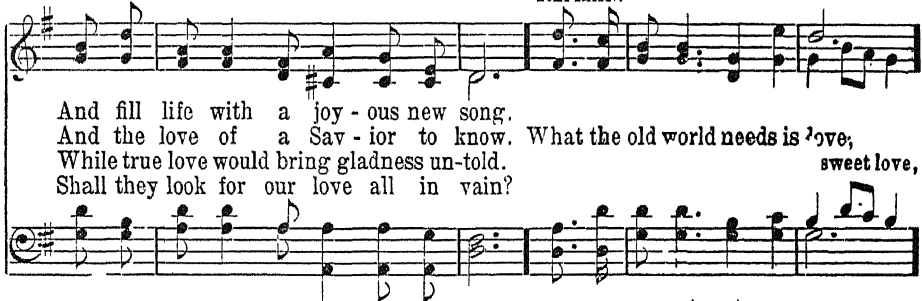


1. There are man - y hearts ach-ing 'neath loads that they bear, And all drear-y their
 2. There are souls that are burdened 'neath pov - er - ty's sting, Who con-sid - er each
 3. There are those who might buy an - y rich thing of earth, But their hearts are now
 4. There are man - y to - night that are wound-ed by sin, And they think no one

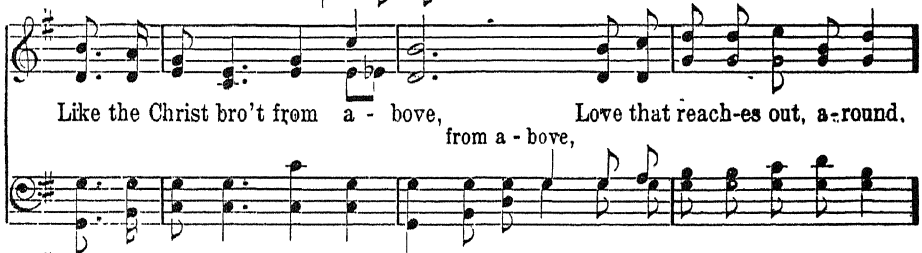


days are and long; But the love of a friend would re-lieve toil and care,
 man as his foe; They need friend-ship and kind-ness to cause them to sing,
 ach - ing and cold; They are wast - ing their time seek-ing pleas-ure and mirth,
 cares for their pain; They are per - ish - ing now, whom the Christ died to win,

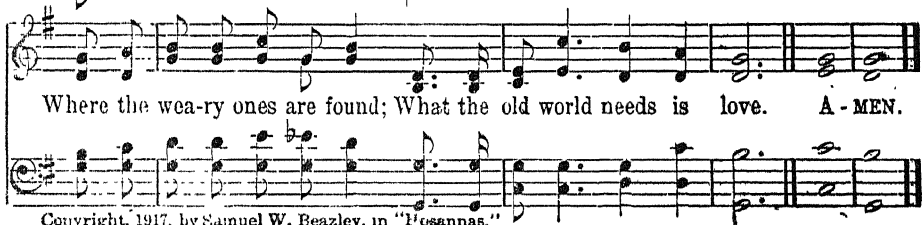
REFRAIN.



And fill life with a joy - ous new song.
 And the love of a Sav - ior to know. What the old world needs is love,
 While true love would bring gladness un-told. sweet love,
 Shall they look for our love all in vain?



Like the Christ bro't from a - bove, Love that reach-es out, a-round.
 from a - bove,



Where the wea-ry ones are found; What the old world needs is love. A - MEN.

566

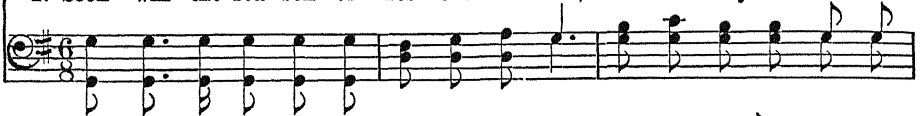
Throw Out the Life-Line

Rev. E. S. Ufford.

Rev. E. S. Ufford.



1. Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar - ry, why
3. Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in an-guish where
4. Soon will the sea-son of res - cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-



some one should save: Some-bod - y's broth-er! oh, who then will dare To
lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing, oh, has - ten to - day And
you've ev - er been: Winds of temp - ta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste, then, my broth-er, no time for de - lay, But



REFRAIN.



throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
out with the Life-boat, a - way, then a - way! Throw out the Life-Line!
soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
throw out the Life-Line and save them to - day.



Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the Life-Line!



Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day. A - MEN.



567 Jesus, Where'er Thy People Meet

William Cowper, 1762, ab.

(HEBRON. L. M.)

Lowell Mason, 1830.

1. Je - sus, wher-e'er Thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold Thy mer - cy-seat;
 2. For Thou, with-in no walls con-fined, In - hab - it - est the hum-ble mind;
 3. Yet ev-'ry-where Thou guid'st Thine own, To raise for Thee an earth-ly throne;
 4. Here may we prove the pow'r of prayer To strengthen faith and sweet-en care,
 5. Be - hold, at Thy com-mand-ing word, We stretch the cur-tain and the cord;

Where'er they seek Thee, Thou art found, And ev-'ry place is hallowed ground.
 Such ev-er bring Thee where they come, And, going, take Thee to their home.
 And where Thy name Thou dost re-cord, There Thou wilt come and bless them, Lord.
 To teach our faint de-sires to rise, And bring all heav'n before our eyes.
 Come, with Thy glo - ry fill the place, And bless us with a large in-crease. A - MEN.

568 Builder of Mighty Worlds On Worlds

(LAYING A CORNER STONE—MANOAH. C. M.)

From Rossini.

1. Build-er of might - y worlds on worlds, How poor the house must be,
 2. O Christ, Thou art our Cor - ner-stone, On Thee our hopes are built;
 3. In Thy blest name we gath - er here, And con - se-crate the ground;
 4. May many a soul, from death re-deemed In heav'n-ly re - gions fair,

That with our hu-man, sin - ful hands We may e - rect for Thee!
 Thou art our Lord, our light, our life, Our sac - ri - fice for guilt.
 The walls that on this rock shall rise Thy prais-es shall re - sound.
 With joy ex-claim, "I learned the path To God and glo - ry there." A - MEN.

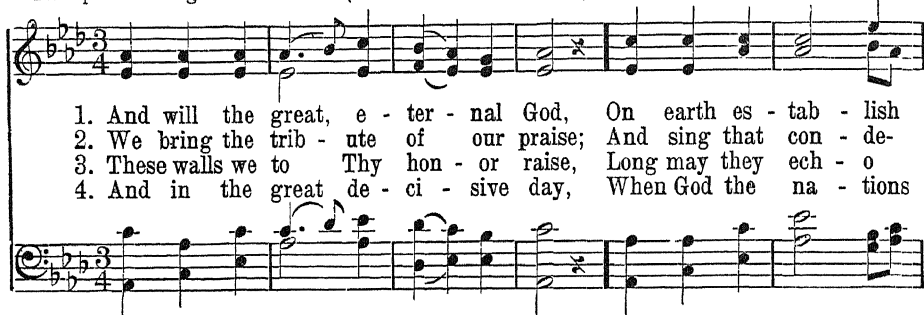
THE CHURCH—ERECTION AND DEDICATION

569 And Will the Great, Eternal God

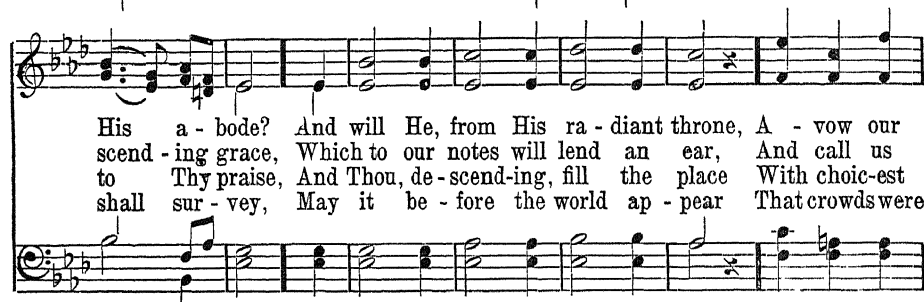
Philip Doddridge.

(PARK STREET. L. M.)

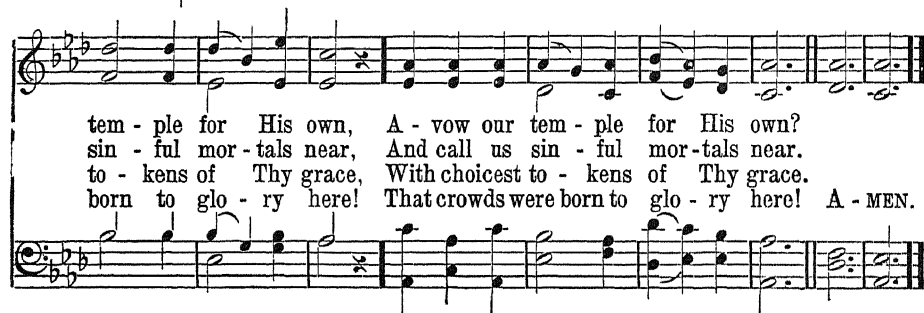
F. M. A. Venna, 1816.



1. And will the great, e - ter - nal God, On earth es - tab - lish
 2. We bring the trib - ute of our praise; And sing that con - de -
 3. These walls we to Thy hon - or raise, Long may they ech - o
 4. And in the great de - ci - sive day, When God the na - tions



His a - bode? And will He, from His ra - dian't throne, A - vow our
 scend - ing grace, Which to our notes will lend an ear, And call us
 to Thy praise, And Thou, de - scend - ing, fill the place With choic - est
 shall sur - vey, May it be - fore the world ap - pear That crowds were

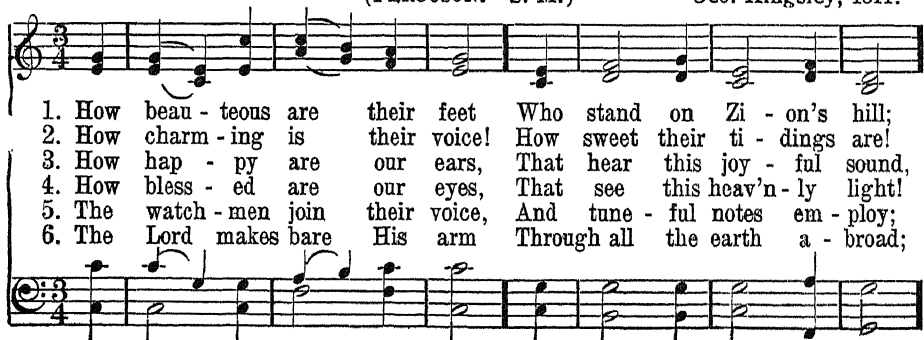


tem - ple for His own, A - vow our tem - ple for His own?
 sin - ful mor - tals near, And call us sin - ful mor - tals near.
 to - kens of Thy grace, With choicest to - kens of Thy grace.
 born to glo - ry here! That crowds were born to glo - ry here! A - MEN.

570 How Beauteous Are Their Feet

[First Tune]
 (FERGUSON. S. M.)

Geo. Kingsley, 1811.

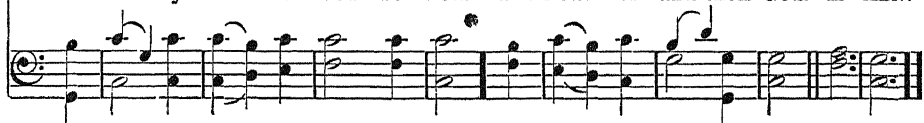


1. How beau - teous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill;
 2. How charm - ing is their voice! How sweet their ti - dings are!
 3. How hap - py are our ears, That hear this joy - ful sound,
 4. How bless - ed are our eyes, That see this heav'n - ly light!
 5. The watch - men join their voice, And tune - ful notes em - ploy;
 6. The Lord makes bare His arm Through all the earth a - broad;

THE CHURCH—ERECTION AND DEDICATION



Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal!
 "Zi - on, be - hold thy Sav - ior King; He reigns and tri-umphs here."
 Which kings and proph-ets wait - ed for, And sought, but nev - er found!
 Proph-ets and kings de - sired it long, But died with - out the sight.
 Je - ru - sa - lem breaks forth in songs, And des - erts learn the joy.
 Let ev - 'ry na - tion now be - hold Their Sav - ior and their God. A - MEN.



571 How Beauteous Are Their Feet

[Second Tune]

(St. THOMAS. S. M.)

G. F. Handel, 1685-1759.



1. How beau-teous are their feet Who stand on Zi - on's hill;
 2. How charm-ing is their voice! How sweet their ti - dings are!
 3. How hap - py are our ears, That hear this joy - ful sound,
 4. How bless - ed are our eyes, That see this heav'n - ly light!
 5. The watch-men join their voice, And tune - ful notes em - ploy;
 6. The Lord makes bare His arm Through all the earth a - broad;



Who bring sal - va - tion on their tongues, And words of peace re - veal!
 "Zi - on, be - hold thy Sav - ior King; He reigns and tri-umphs here."
 Which kings and proph-ets wait - ed for, And sought, but nev - er found!
 Proph-ets and kings de - sired it long, But died with - out the sight.
 Je - ru - sa - lem breaks forth in songs, And des - erts learn the joy.
 Let ev - 'ry na - tion now be - hold Their Sav - ior and their God. A - MEN.



THE CHURCH—ERECTION AND DEDICATION

572 Lord of Hosts, to Thee We Raise

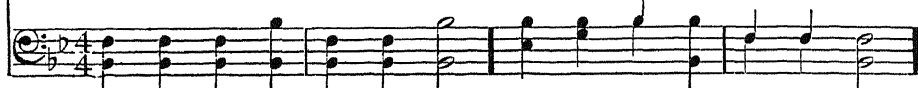
James Montgomery, 1821.

(WILMOT. 7s.)

C. M. Von Weber, 1786-1826.



1. Lord of hosts, to Thee we raise Here a house of prayer and praise;
2. Let the liv - ing here be fed With Thy word, the heav'n - ly bread;
3. Here to Thee a tem - ple stand While the sea shall gird the land;
4. Hal - le - lu - jah!—earth and sky To the joy - ful sound re - ply;



Thou Thy peo - ple's hearts pre - pare Here to meet for praise and prayer.
 Here, in hope of glo - ry blest, May the dead be laid to rest.
 Here re - veal Thy mer - cy sure While the sun and moon en - dure.
 Hal - le - lu - jah!—hence as - cend Prayer and praise till time shall end. A - MEN.



573

A House For God

(DEDICATION—ALL SAINTS. L. M.)

Isaac Watts.

William Knapp, 1698-1768.



1. Where shall I go to seek and find A hab - i - ta - tion for our God?
2. The God of Ja - cob chose the hill Of Zi - on for His an - cient rest;
3. Here will He meet the hun - gry poor, And fill their souls with liv - ing bread;
4. "Here will I fix My gra - cious throne, And reign for - ev - er," saith the Lord;



A dwel - ing for th' E - ter - nal Mind A - mong the sons of flesh and blood?
 And Zi - on is His dwell - ing still; His church is with His pres - ence blest.
 Here sin - ners, wait - ing at His door, With sweet pro - vi - sion shall be fed.
 "Here shall My pow'r's and love be known, And bless - ings shall at - tend My word." A - MEN.

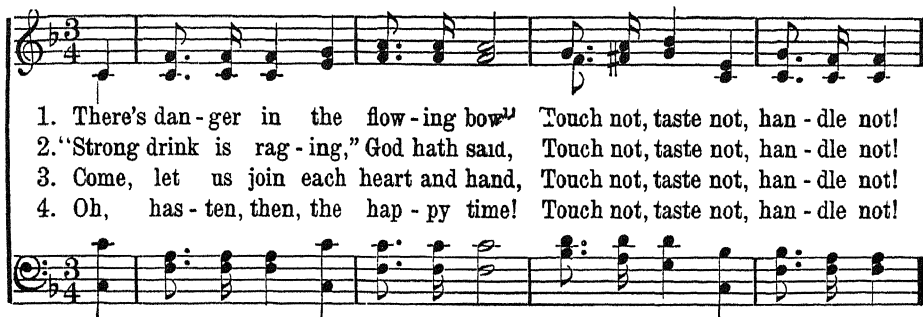


574

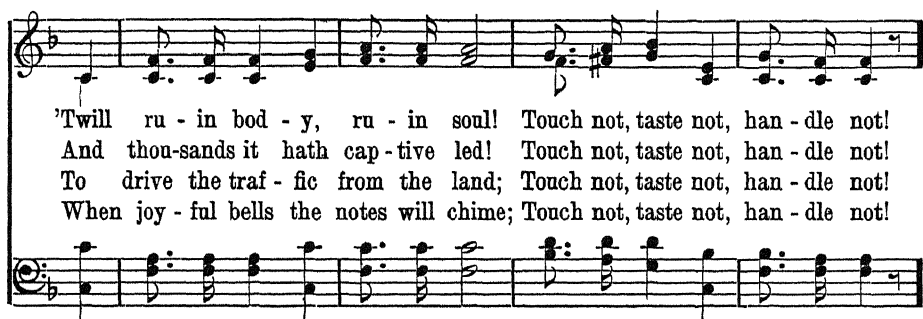
Touch Not, Taste Not

Dwight Williams.

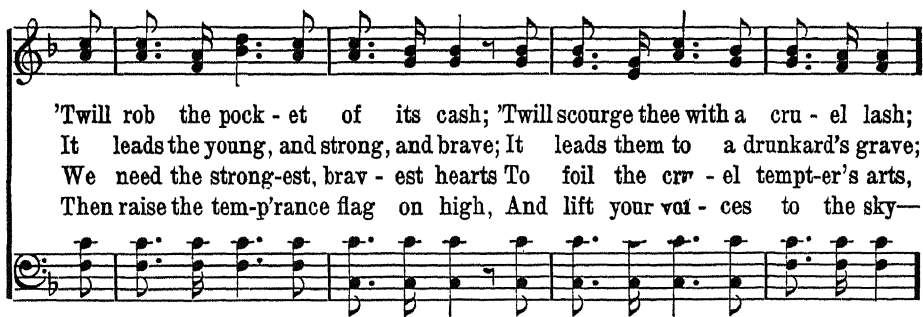
(MARYLAND.)



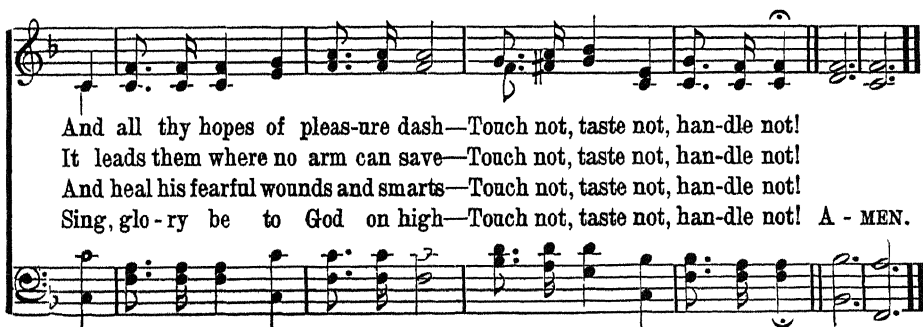
1. There's dan - ger in the flow - ing bow^u Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 2. "Strong drink is rag - ing," God hath said, Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 3. Come, let us join each heart and hand, Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 4. Oh, has - ten, then, the hap - py time! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!



'Twill ru - in bod - y, ru - in soul! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 And thou - sands it hath cap - tive led! Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 To drive the traf - fic from the land; Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 When joy - ful bells the notes will chime; Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!



'Twill rob the pock - et of its cash; 'Twill scourge thee with a cru - el lash;
 It leads the young, and strong, and brave; It leads them to a drunkard's grave;
 We need the strong - est, brav - est hearts To foil the crv - el tempt - er's arts,
 Then raise the tem - p'rance flag on high, And lift your voi - ces to the sky—



And all thy hopes of pleas - ure dash—Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 It leads them where no arm can save—Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 And heal his fearful wounds and smarts—Touch not, taste not, han - dle not!
 Sing, glo - ry be to God on high—Touch not, taste not, han - dle not! A - MEN.

TEMPERANCE

575

Standing By a Purpose True

"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank.
"So Daniel was taken up out of the den, and no manner of hurt was found upon him, because he believed in his God."

(DARE TO BE A DANIEL.)

P. P. Bliss.



1. Stand-ing by a pur- pose true, Heed- ing God's com-mand,
2. Man- y might- y men are lost, Dar- ing not to stand,
3. Man- y gi- ants great and tall, Stalk- ing thro' the land,
4. Hold the gos- pel ban- ner high, On to vic- t'ry grand!



Hon- or them, the faith- ful few, All hail to Dan-iel's band!
Who for God had been a host, By join- ing Dan-iel's band.
Head-long to the earth would fall, If met by Dan-iel's band.
Sa- tan and his host de- fy, And shout for Dan-iel's band.



REFRAIN.



Dare to be a Dan- iel! Dare to stand a- lone!



Dare to have a pur- pose firm, Dare to make it known. A- MEN.



TEMPERANCE

576 Ho! My Comrades, See the Signal

"That which ye have, hold fast till I come."—REV. 2: 25.

P. P. Bliss.

(HOLD THE FORT.)

P. P. Bliss.



1. Ho! my com-rades, see the sig - nal Wav - ing in the sky!
2. See the might - y host ad - vanc - ing, Sa - tan lead - ing on:
3. See the glo - rious ban - ner wav - ing, Hear the bu - gle blow;
4. Fierce and long the bat - tle rag - es, But our Help is near;



Re - in - force - ments now ap - pear - ing, Vic - to - ry is nigh!
 Might - y men a - round us fall - ing, Cour - age al - most gone.
 In our Lead - er's name we'll tri - umph O - ver ev - 'ry foe.
 On - ward comes our Great Com - mand - er, Cheer, my com - rades, cheer!



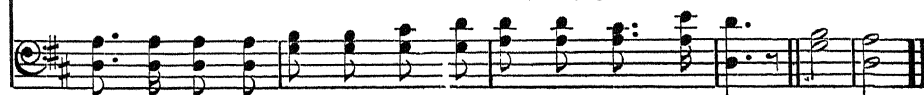
REFRAIN.



"Hold the fort, for I am com - ing," Je - sus sig - nals still,



Wave the an - swer back to heav - en,—"By Thy grace we will." A - MEN.



577

Yield Not to Temptation

H. R. P.

H. R. Palmer.



1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad lan-guage dis - dain, God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com - eth, God giv - eth a crown, Through faith we shall



help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,
rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear - nest,
con - quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior,



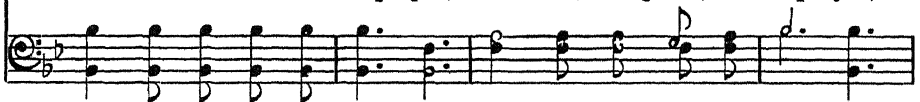
Dark pas-sions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.



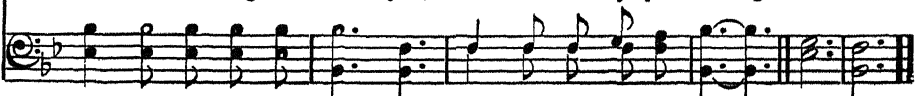
REFRAIN.



Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;



He is will-ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through. A - MEN.



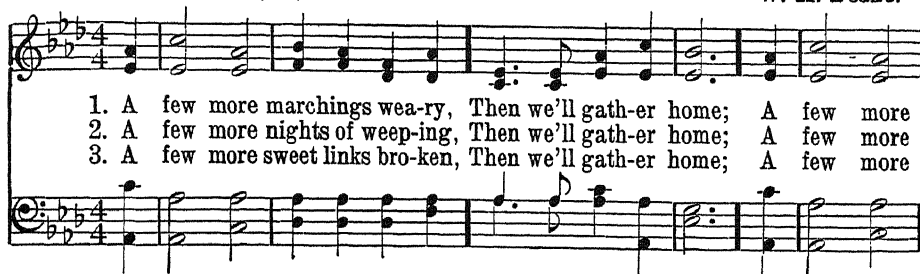
578

A Few More Marchings Weary

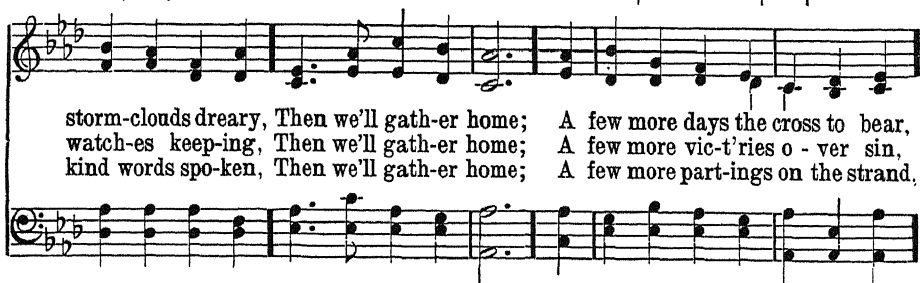
(A FEW MORE MARCHINGS. P. M.)

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1882.

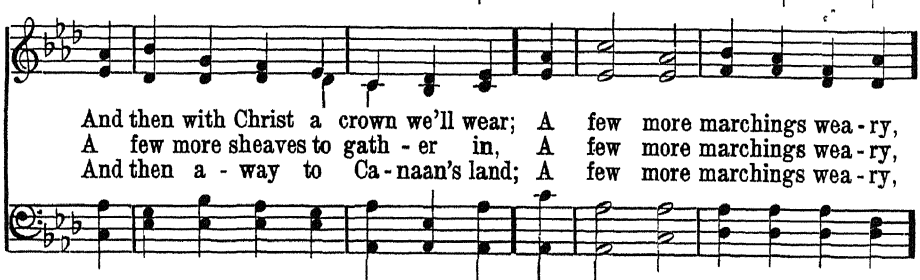
W. H. Doane.



1. A few more marchings wea-ry, Then we'll gath-er home; A few more
 2. A few more nights of weep-ing, Then we'll gath-er home; A few more
 3. A few more sweet links bro-ken, Then we'll gath-er home; A few more

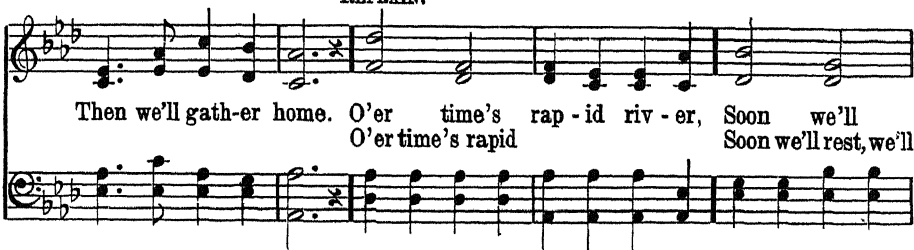


storm-clouds dreary, Then we'll gath-er home; A few more days the cross to bear,
 watch-es keep-ing, Then we'll gath-er home; A few more vic-t'ries o - ver sin,
 kind words spo-ken, Then we'll gath-er home; A few more part-ings on the strand.

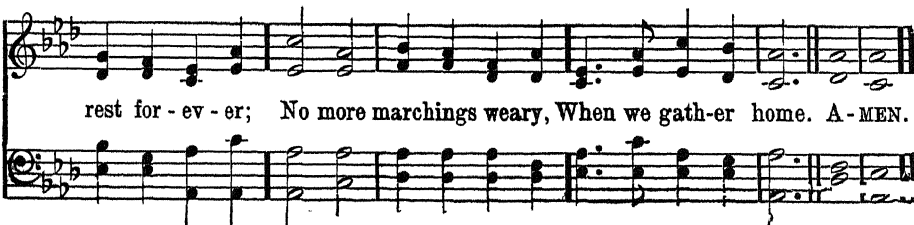


And then with Christ a crown we'll wear; A few more marchings wea-ry,
 A few more sheaves to gath - er in, A few more marchings wea-ry,
 And then a - way to Ca-naan's land; A few more marchings wea-ry,

REFRAIN.



Then we'll gath-er home. O'er time's rap-id riv-er, Soon we'll
 O'er time's rapid Soon we'll rest, we'll



rest for - ev - er; No more marchings weary, When we gath-er home. A-MEN.

579 Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping

(BEYOND THE SMILING.)

Horatius Bonar.

John Zundel.

INTRODUCTION. *Andante*.

1. Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing,
2. Be - yond the bloom - ing and the fad - ing,
3. Be - yond the part - ing and the meet - ing,

- Be - yond the wak - ing and the
- Be - yond the shin - ing and the
- Be - yond the fare - well and the

- sleep - ing, Be - yond the sow - ing and the reap - ing, I shall be soon.
- shad - ing, Be - yond the hop - ing and the dreading, I shall be soon.
- greeting, Be - yond the pulse's fe - ver beat - ing, I shall be soon.

TIME AND ETERNITY—LIFE AND DEATH

REFRAIN.

SOLO.

PARTS.

Love, rest and Home,

sweet

I shall be soon;

Home.

Lord, tar - ry

Love, rest, and Home, sweet Home,

FINE LAST TIME

not, Lord, tar - ry not, but come, but come. A - MEN.

Lord, tar - ry not, Lord, tar - ry not, but come, but come. A - MEN.

p INTERLUDE.

D. S.

580

Shall We Gather At the River?

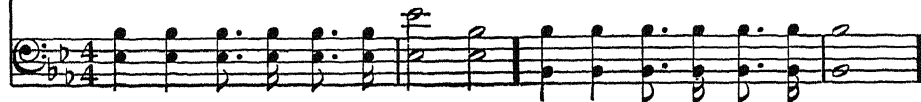
(SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER? 8s, 7s.)

Robert Lowry, 1864.

Rev. Robert Lowry.



1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod,
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Soon we'll reach the shin - ing riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease;



With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God?
 We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.



REFRAIN.



Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er—



Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God. A - MEN.



581

On Jordan's Stormy Banks

Samuel Stennett.

[First Tune]

Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

1. On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
 2. All o'er those wide-ex-tend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day;
 3. No chill-ing winds, nor pois-'nous breath, Can reach that healthful shore;
 4. When shall I reach that hap-py place, And be for-ev-er blest?

To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos-ses-sions lie.
 There God the Son for-ev-er reigns, And scat-ters night a-way.
 Sick-ness and sor-row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
 When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos-om rest?

REFRAIN.

I am bound for the promised land, I am bound for the prom-ised land;
 prom-ised land,

O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land. A-MEN.

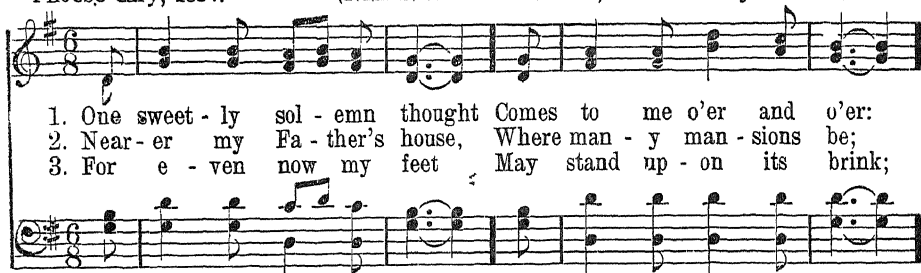
582

One Sweetly Solemn Thought

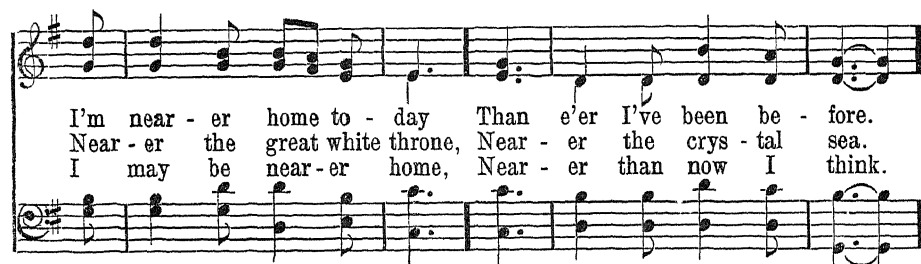
Phoebe Cary, 1854.

(NEARER MY HOME. 6s.)

John M. Evans.



1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er:
 2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where man - y man - sions be;
 3. For e - ven now my feet May stand up - on its brink;

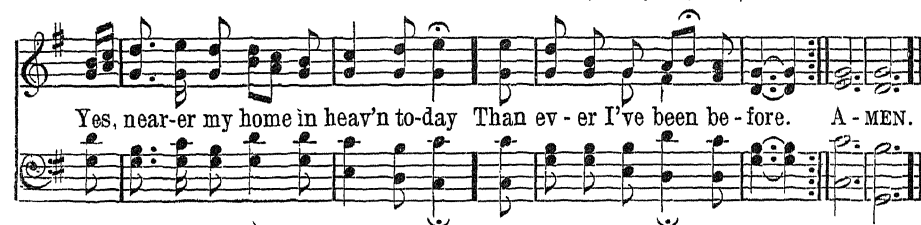


I'm near - er home to - day Than e'er I've been be - fore.
 Near - er the great white throne, Near - er the crys - tal sea.
 I may be near - er home, Near - er than now I think.

REFRAIN.



I'm near - er my home, near - er my home, Near - er my home to - day,



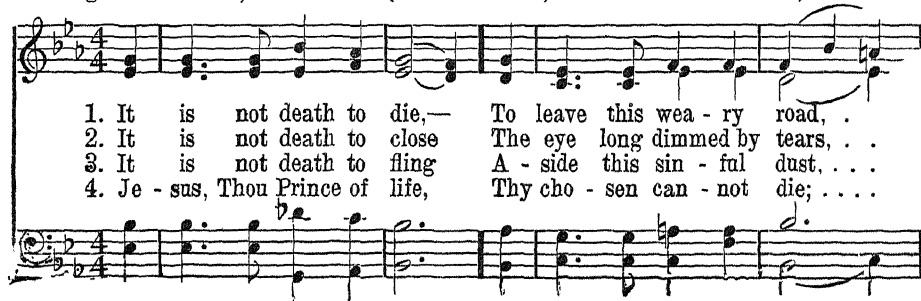
Yes, near - er my home in heav'n to - day Than ev - er I've been be - fore. A - MEN.

583

It is Not Death to Die

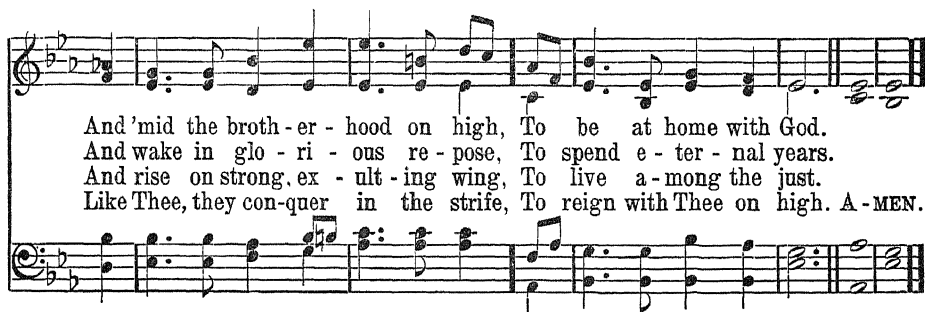
George W. Bethune, 1847.

(FESCA. S. M.) Arr. from A. E. Fesca, 1820-1849.



1. It is not death to die, — To leave this wea - ry road, .
 2. It is not death to close The eye long dimmed by tears, . .
 3. It is not death to fling A - side this sin - ful dust, . . .
 4. Je - sus, Thou Prince of life, Thy cho - sen can - not die; . . .

TIME AND ETERNITY—LIFE AND DEATH



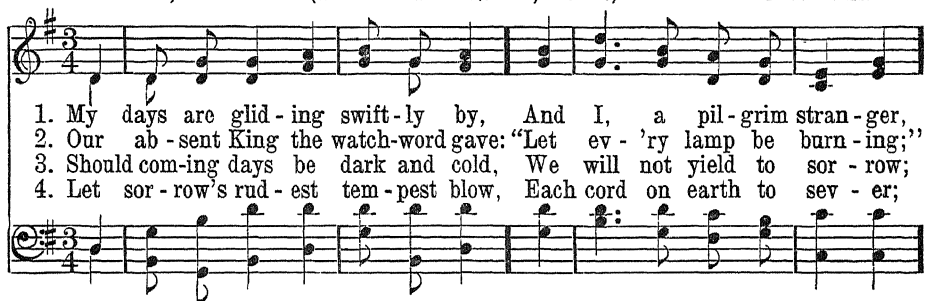
And 'mid the broth - er - hood on high, To be at home with God.
 And wake in glo - ri - ous re - pose, To spend e - ter - nal years.
 And rise on strong, ex - ult - ing wing, To live a - mong the just.
 Like Thee, they con-quer in the strife, To reign with Thee on high. A - MEN.

584 My Days Are Gliding Swiftly By

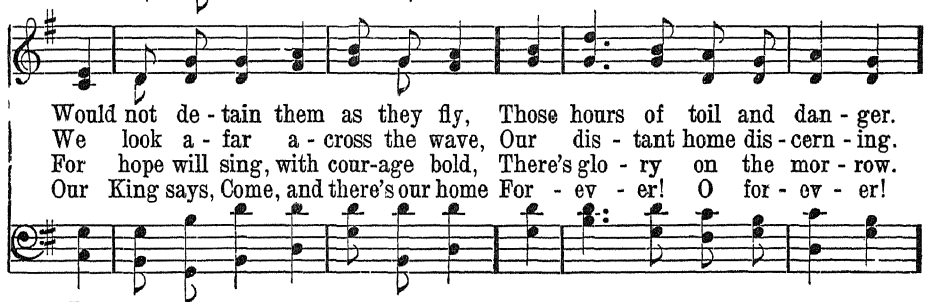
David Nelson, 1835.

(SHINING SHORE. 8s, 7s. D.)

Geo. F. Root.



1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pil - grim stran - ger,
 2. Our ab - sent King the watch - word gave: "Let ev - 'ry lamp be burn - ing;"
 3. Should com - ing days be dark and cold, We will not yield to sor - row;
 4. Let sor - row's rud - est tem - pest blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er;

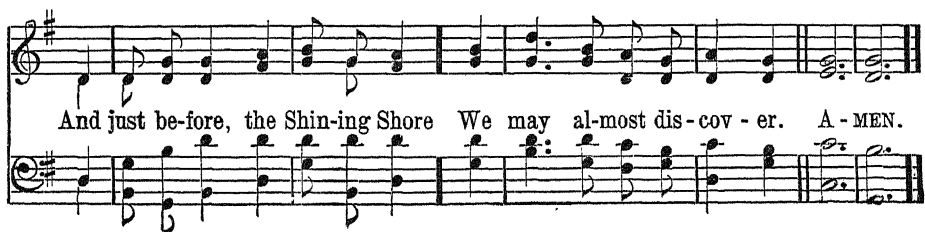


Would not de - tain them as they fly, Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
 We look a - far a - cross the wave, Our dis - tant home dis - cern - ing.
 For hope will sing, with cour - age bold, There's glo - ry on the mor - row.
 Our King says, Come, and there's our home For - ev - er! O for - ev - er!

REFRAIN.



For, O we stand on Jor - dan's strand, Our friends are pass - ing o - ver;



And just be - fore, the Shin - ing Shore We may al - most dis - cov - er. A - MEN.

585

In the Resurrection Morning

James Rowe.

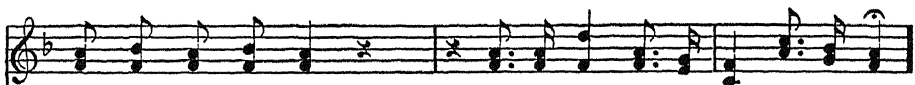
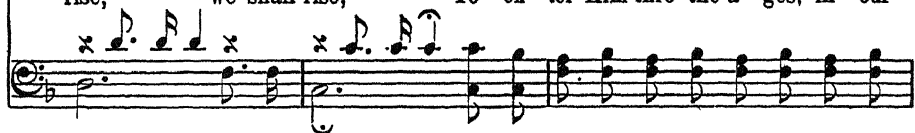
Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. When the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing makes the hills and val - leys bright, We shall
2. With our fa - ces bright with glo - ry in the pres - ence of the Lord, We shall
3. With our garments bright and spot - less and our souls made pure by grace, We shall
4. To a - bide with Him for - ev - er in the king - dom of the blest, We shall



We shall rise, We shall rise,
 rise, we shall rise; When the trump-et of the Lord shall sound o'er
 rise, we shall rise; To as-cend with Him to heav-en, there to
 rise, we shall rise; To be-hold Him in His beau-ty with the
 rise, we shall rise; To ex - tol Him thro' the a - ges, in our



ev - 'ry plain and height, We shall rise, we shall rise.
 have the true re - ward,
 ran-somed of the race, We shall rise, we shall rise.
 pal - ac - es - of rest,



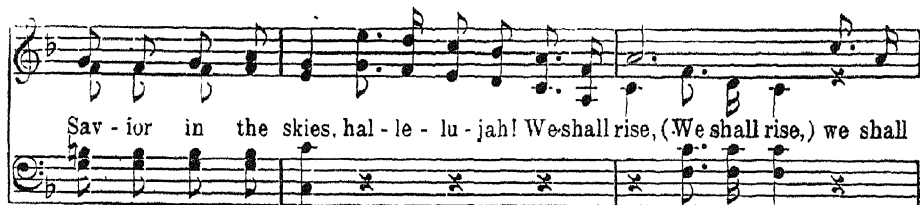
REFRAIN.



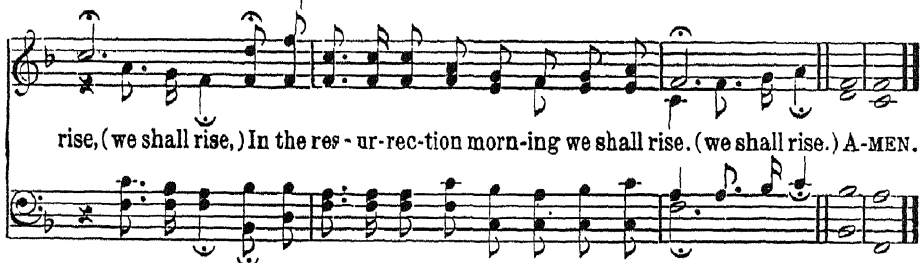
We shall rise, we shall rise, We shall rise to meet our
 We shall rise, we shall rise,



TIME AND ETERNITY—LIFE AND DEATH



Sav - ior in the skies, hal - le - lu - jah! We shall rise, (We shall rise,) we shall



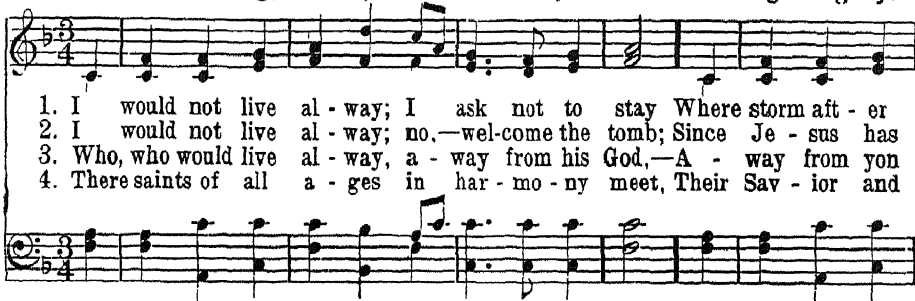
rise, (we shall rise,) In the res - ur-rec-tion morn-ing we shall rise. (we shall rise.) A-MEN.

586

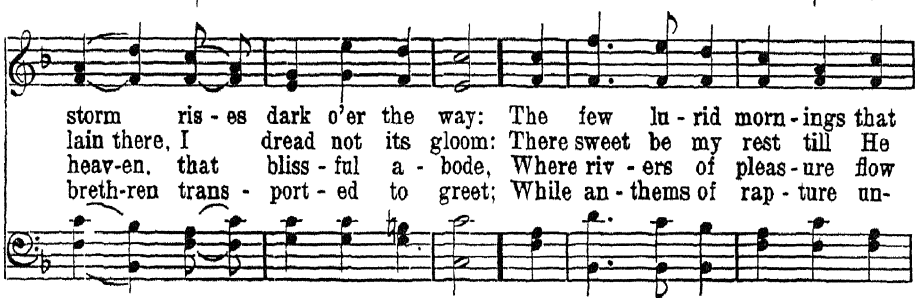
I Would Not Live Alway

William A. Muhlenberg, 1823. (FREDERICK. 11s.)

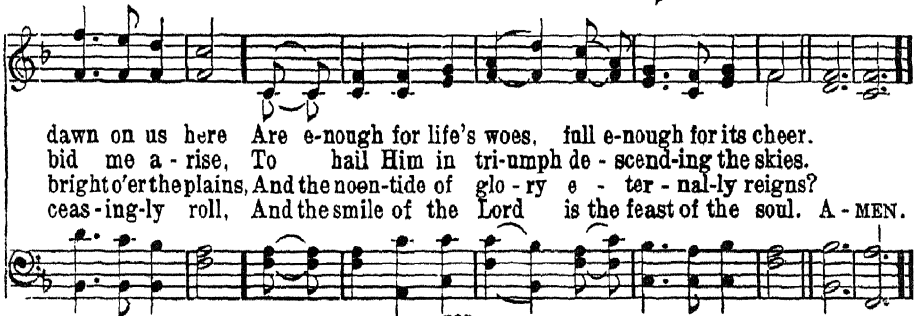
George Kingsley.



1. I would not live al - way; I ask not to stay Where storm aft - er
2. I would not live al - way; no, —wel-come the tomb; Since Je - sus has
3. Who, who would live al - way, a - way from his God, —A - way from yon
4. There saints of all a - ges in har - mo - ny meet, Their Sav - ior and



storm ris - es dark o'er the way: The few lu - rid morn - ings that
lain there, I dread not its gloom: There sweet be my rest till He
heav-en, that bliss - ful a - bode, Where riv - ers of pleas - ure flow
breth-ren trans - port - ed to greet; While an - thems of rap - ture un -

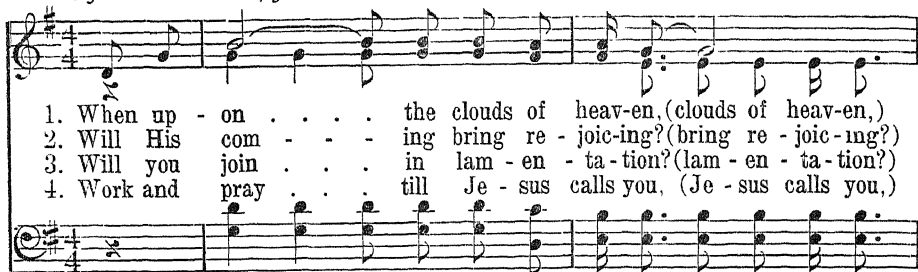


dawn on us here Are e-nough for life's woes, full e-nough for its cheer.
bid me a - rise, To hail Him in tri-umph de - scend-ing the skies.
bright o'er the plains, And the on-e-tide of glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly reigns?
ceas - ing - ly roll, And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul. A - MEN.

587 When Our Lord Shall Come Again

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

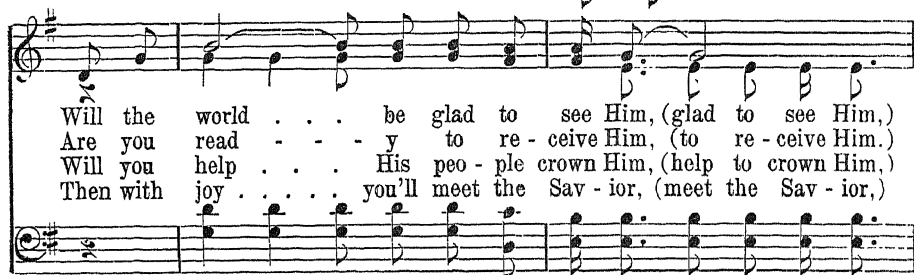
R. L. Ferguson.



1. When up - on . . . the clouds of heav-en, (clouds of heav-en,)
 2. Will His com - - - ing bring re - joic-ing? (bring re - joic-ing?)
 3. Will you join . . . in lam - en - ta - tion? (lam - en - ta - tion?)
 4. Work and pray . . . till Je - sus calls you, (Je - sus calls you,)



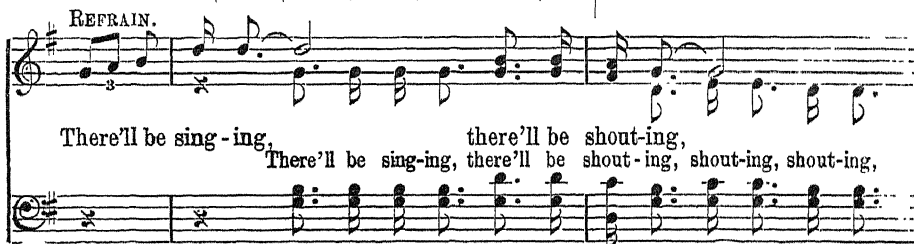
Christ shall come . . . to earth a - gain, (to earth a - gain,)
 Or will it . . . bring tears and pain? (bring tears and pain?)
 Or the an - - - gel's glad re - frain? (their glad re - frain?)
 Help to gath - - - er in the grain, (the gold - en grain,)



Will the world . . . be glad to see Him, (glad to see Him,)
 Are you read - - - y to re - ceive Him, (to re - ceive Him.)
 Will you help . . . His peo - ple crown Him, (help to crown Him,)
 Then with joy . . . you'll meet the Sav - ior, (meet the Sav - ior,)



When our Lord . . . shall come a - gain? (shall come a - gain?)



REFRAIN.
 There'll be sing-ing, there'll be shout-ing,
 There'll be sing-ing, there'll be shout-ing, shout-ing, shout-ing,

TIME AND ETERNITY—LIFE AND DEATH



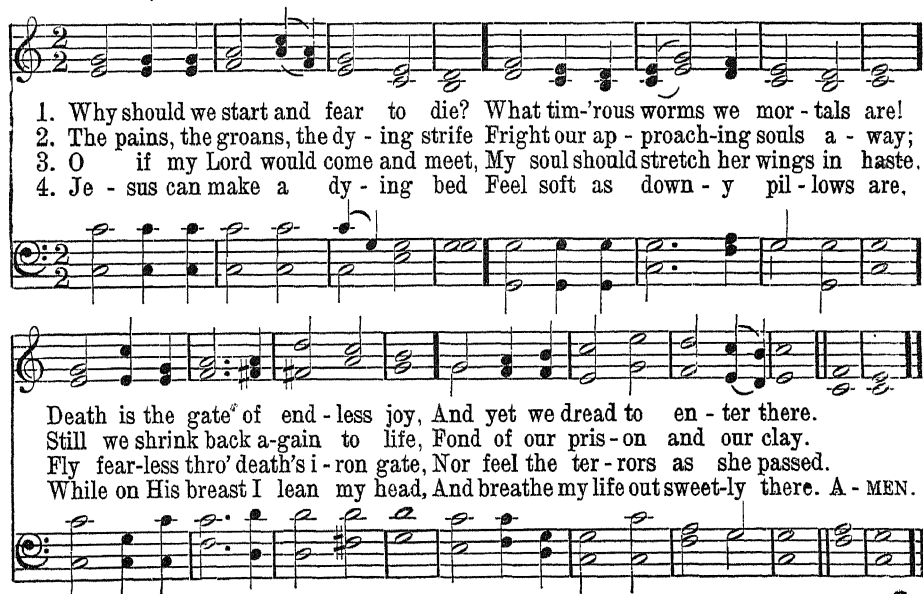
There'll be sor - row, there'll be pain;
 There'll be sor-row, there'll be pain, heart-rend - ing pain;
 There'll be weep-ing, there'll be pray - ing,
 There'll be weep-ing, there'll be pray - ing, there'll be pray-ing,
 When our Lord shall come a - gain. A - MEN.
 When our Lord shall come a - gain.

588 Why Should We Start and Fear to Die?

Isaac Watts, 1707.

(ZEPHYR. L. M.)

W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868.



1. Why should we start and fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mor - tals are!
 2. The pains, the groans, the dy - ing strife Fright our ap - proach-ing souls a - way;
 3. O if my Lord would come and meet, My soul should stretch her wings in haste.
 4. Je - sus can make a dy - ing bed Feel soft as down - y pil - lows are.
 Death is the gate of end - less joy, And yet we dread to en - ter there.
 Still we shrink back a - gain to life, Fond of our pris - on and our clay.
 Fly fear-less thro' death's i - ron gate, Nor feel the ter - rors as she passed.
 While on His breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweet - ly there. A - MEN.

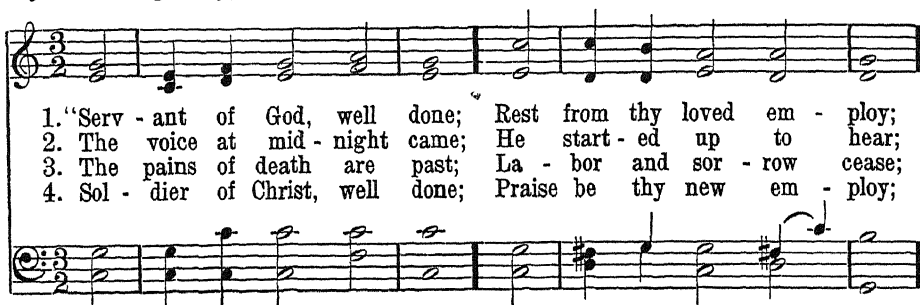
589

Servant of God, Well Done

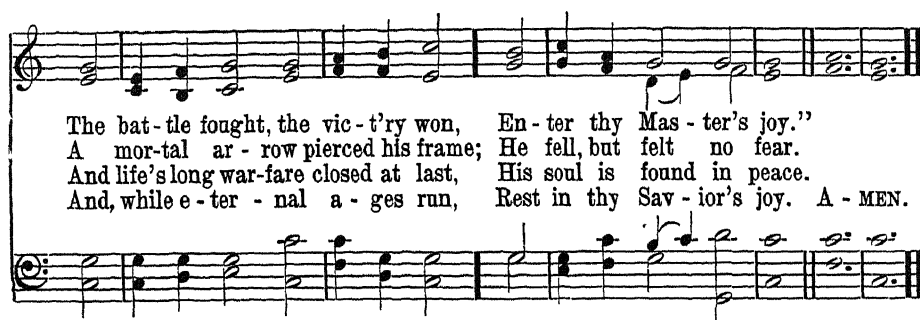
James Montgomery, 1825.

(BOYLSTON. S. M.)

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1832.



1. "Serv - ant of God, well done; Rest from thy loved em - ploy;
 2. The voice at mid - night came; He start - ed up to hear;
 3. The pains of death are past; La - bor and sor - row cease;
 4. Sol - dier of Christ, well done; Praise be thy new em - ploy;



The bat - tle fought, the vic - t'ry won, En - ter thy Mas - ter's joy."
 A mor - tal ar - row pierced his frame; He fell, but felt no fear.
 And life's long war - fare closed at last, His soul is found in peace.
 And, while e - ter - nal a - ges run, Rest in thy Sav - ior's joy. A - MEN.

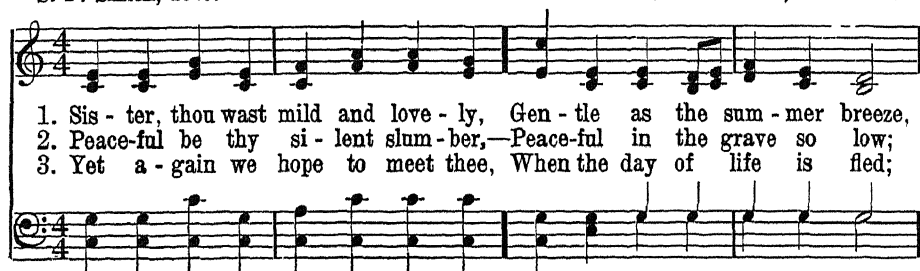
590

Sister, Thou Wast Mild and Lovely

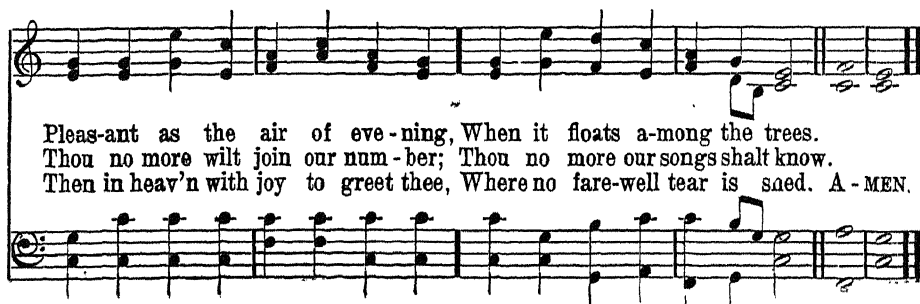
(MOUNT VERNON. 8s, 7s.)

S. F. Smith, 1843.

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



1. Sis - ter, thou wast mild and love - ly, Gen - tle as the sum - mer breeze,
 2. Peace - ful be thy si - lent slum - ber, — Peace - ful in the grave so low;
 3. Yet a - gain we hope to meet thee, When the day of life is fled;



Pleas - ant as the air of eve - ning, When it floats a - mong the trees.
 Thou no more wilt join our num - ber; Thou no more our song's shalt know.
 Then in heav'n with joy to greet thee, Where no fare - well tear is shed. A - MEN.

591 Why Do We Mourn Departing Friends?

Isaac Watts, 1707.

(EVAN. C. M.) Rev. W. H. Havergal, 1793-1870.

1. Why do we mourn de - part - ing friends, Or shake at death's a - larms?
 2. Are we not tend - ing up - ward, too, As fast as time can move?
 3. Why should we trem - ble to con - vey Their bod - ies to the tomb?
 4. The graves of all the saints He blessed, And soft - ened ev - 'ry bed;
 5. Thence He a - rose, as - cend - ing high, And showed our feet the way;

'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends, To call them to His arms.
 Nor would we wish the hours more slow, To keep us from our love.
 There the dear flesh of Je - sus lay, And scat - tered all the gloom.
 Where should the dy - ing mem - bers rest, But with the dy - ing Head?
 Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly At the great ris - ing day. A - MEN.

592

Asleep In Jesus

Margaret Mackay, 1832.

(RESTR. L. M.)

W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
 2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet, To be for such a slum - ber meet!
 3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peace - ful rest, Whose wak - ing is su - preme - ly blest:

A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.
 With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death has lost his venom - ed sting.
 No fear, no woe shall dim that hour That man - i - fest - s the Sav - ior's pow'r. A - MEN.

593

Death is Only a Dream

C. W. Ray.

(Good as a Solo.)

A. J. Buchanan.

Con espress.

1. Sad - ly we sing, and with trem - u - lous breath, As we
 2. Why should we weep when the wea - ry ones rest In the
 3. Naught in the riv - er the saints should ap - pall. Though it
 4. O - ver the tur - bid and on - rush - ing tide Doth the

stand by the mys - tic - al stream, In the val - ley and by the dark
 bos - om of Je - sus su - preme, In the man - sions of glo - ry pre -
 fright - ful - ly dis - mal may seem; In the arms of their Sav - ior no
 light of e - ter - ni - ty gleam; And the ran - somed the dark - ness and

rit.
 riv - er of death, And yet 'tis no more than a dream.
 pared for the blest? For death is no more than a dream.
 ill can be - fall, They find it no more than a dream.
 storm shall out - ride, To wake with glad smiles from their dream.

REFRAIN.

On - ly a dream, on - ly a dream, And glo - ry be - yond the dark stream; How

peace - ful the slumber, how happy the waking; For death is on - ly a dream. A - MEN.

594

Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

"Let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober."—1 THESS. 5: 6.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv - ants, Wheth - er it be
 2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch - ing, In His glo - ry

noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch - ing,
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
 do our best! If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us,
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,

REFRAIN.

With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
 Will He an - swer thee, "Well done?" Oh, can we say, we are read - y,
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.
 Will He find us watch - ing there?

broth - er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He find you and


me still watch - ing, Wait - ing, wait - ing when the Lord shall come? A - MEN.

595 Lo! He Comes, With Clouds Descending



(SICILIAN HYMN. 8s, 7s, 4s.)

Altered from J. Cennick, 1752.



Sicilian Melody.





1. Lo! He comes, with clouds de - scend-ing, Once for fa - vored
 2. Ev - 'ry eye shall now be - hold Him, Robed in dread - ful
 3. Now the Sav - ior, long ex - pect - ed, See, in sol - emn


sin - ners slain: Thou - sand thou - sand saints at - tend - ing
 maj - es - ty! Those who set at naught and sold Him,
 pomp ap - pear; All His saints, by man re - ject - ed,

Swell the tri - umph of His train: Hal - le - lu - jah!
 Pierced, and nailed Him to the tree, Deep - ly wail - ing,
 Now shall meet Him in the air: Hal - le - lu - jah!

hal - le - lu - jah! God ap - pears on earth to reign.
 Deep - ly wail - ing, Shall the true Mes - si - ah see.
 hal - le - lu - jah! See the day of God ap - pear. A - MEN.




596 Lo! What a Glorious Sight Appears


Isaac Watts, 1707.

(CAMBRIDGE. C. M.)



John Randall, 1715-1799.





1. Lo! what a glo - rious sight ap - pears, To our be-
 2. From the third heav'n, where God re - sides— That ho - ly,
 3. At - tend - ing an - gels shout for joy, And the bright
 4. "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears From ev - 'ry
 5. How long, dear Sav - ior, O how long Shall this bright




liev - ing eyes! The earth and seas are passed a-
 hap - py place, — The New Je - ru - sa - lem comes
 ar - mies sing, — "Mor - tals! be - hold the sa - cred
 weep - ing eye; And pains and groans and griefs and
 hour de - lay? Fly swift - er round, ye wheels of

way, And the old roll - ing skies. And the old
 down, A - dorned with shin - ing grace. A - dorned with
 seat Of your de - scend - ing King. Of your de-
 fears, And death it - self shall die. And death it-
 time, And bring the wel - come day. And bring the

roll - ing skies, And the old roll - ing skies.
 shin - ing grace, A - dorned with shin - ing grace.
 scend - ing King, Of your de - scend - ing King.
 self shall die, And death it - self shall die!
 wel - come day, And bring the wel - come day. A - MEN.

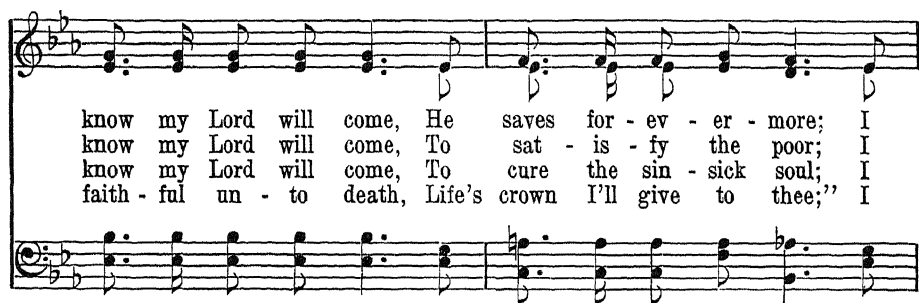


597

I Know My Lord Will Come

Words and Melody by
Chas. D. Douglass, D. D.Arranged by
B. W. Ferguson.


1. I know my Lord will come, His prom - ise is se - cure; I
 2. I know my Lord will come, The Bi - ble tells me so; I
 3. I know my Lord will come, To make the wound-ed whole; I
 4. I know my Lord will come, He says to you and me: "Be



know my Lord will come, He saves for - ev - er - more; I
 know my Lord will come, To sat - is - fy the poor; I
 know my Lord will come, To cure the sin - sick soul; I
 faith - ful un - to death, Life's crown I'll give to thee;" I



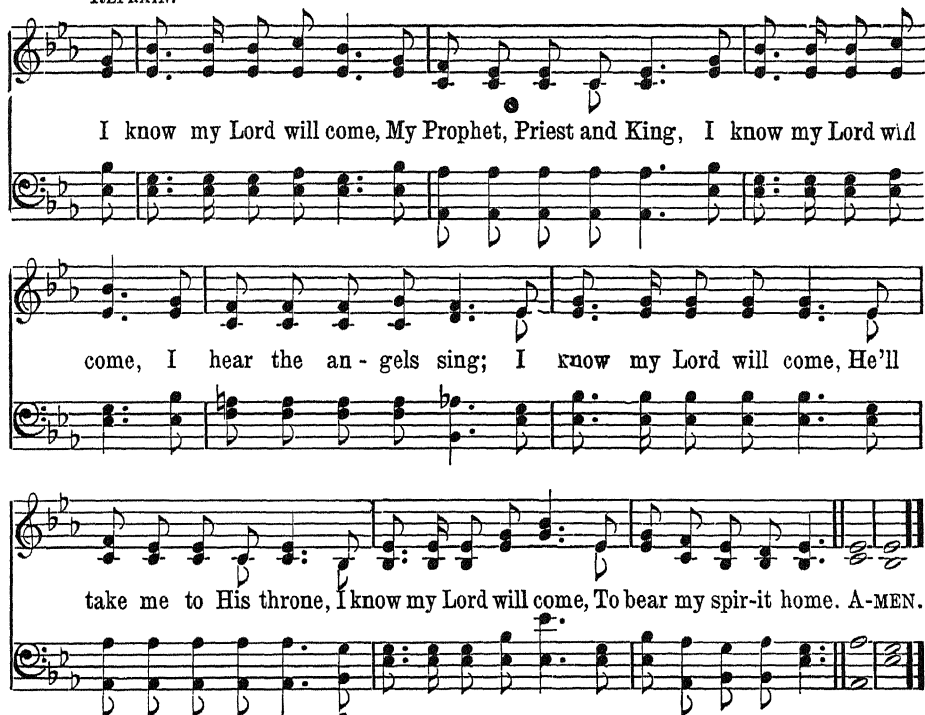
know my Lord will come, He died to set me free; I
 know my Lord will come, To set His loved ones free; I
 know my Lord will come, His prom - ise to ful - fill; I
 know my Lord will come, I love no more to roam; I



know my Lord will come, My Sav - ior's face shall see.
 know my Lord will come, To plead for you and me.
 know my Lord will come, Be - cause He loves me still.
 know my Lord will come, To take re - deemed ones home.

TIME AND ETERNITY—CHRIST'S SECOND COMING

REFRAIN.



I know my Lord will come, My Prophet, Priest and King, I know my Lord will
come, I hear the an - gels sing; I know my Lord will come, He'll
take me to His throne, I know my Lord will come, To bear my spir-it home. A-MEN.

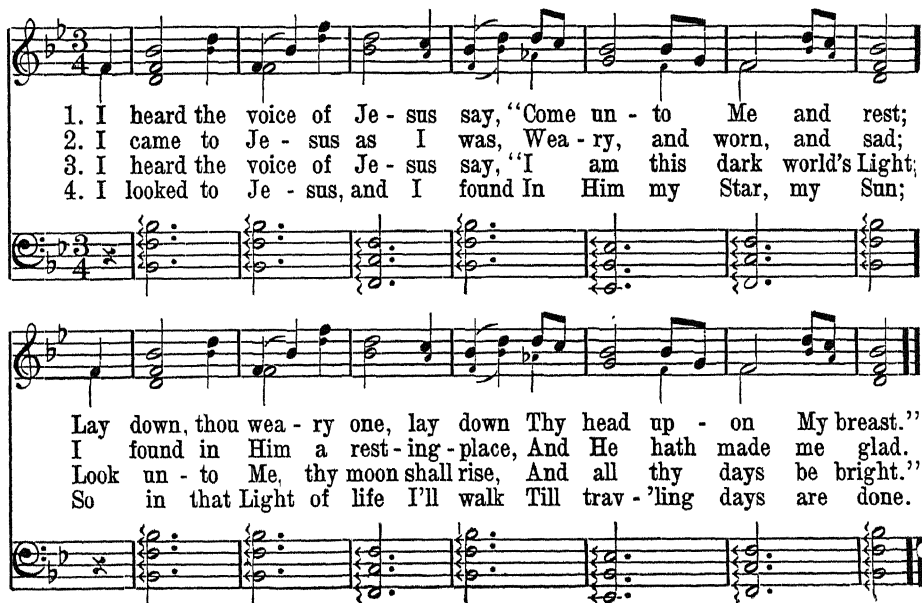
598

I Heard the Voice

H. Bonar, D. D.

(TEXAS.)

Arr. by J. D. Bushell, D. D.



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;
4. I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
I found in Him a rest-ing-place, And He hath made me glad.
Look un - to Me, thy moon shall rise, And all thy days be bright."
So in that Light of life I'll walk Till trav - 'ling days are done.

599

My Record Will Be There

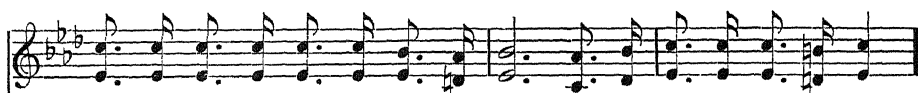
"For God shall bring every work into judgment with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil."—ECCL. 12: 14.

J. A. B.

J. A. Brown.



1. In a day that is not far, At the blaz-ing judg-ment bar, E - ven
2. I must meet each bro-ken vow, That I hold so light-ly now, Ev - 'ry
3. Ev - 'ry sin - ful deed and tho't, There shall be to judg-ment bro't, When the
4. I must meet my cankered gold, For whose greed my life was sold, It shall
5. Let me turn and seek the Lord, Let me trust His ho - ly word, Let us



now the aw - ful sum-mons I can hear; I must meet the might-y God,
heart-ache I have caused, each sigh, each tear; Things that time can-not e - rase,
Lord in all His glo - ry shall ap - pear; All the deeds of dark - est night
mock me in the judg-ment's lu - rid glare, Say - ing, Ye have sold for naught
bow and call up - on Him while He's near; Then when I my rec - ord face,



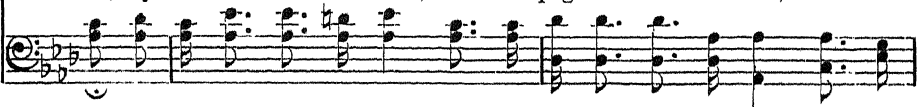
I must face His ho - ly word, I must stand be - fore the judg-ment bar.
I must meet them face to face, When I stand be - fore the judg-ment bar.
Shall come out to meet the light When I stand be - fore the judg-ment bar.
All the Sav-ior's blood had bought, And you stand be - fore the judg-ment bar.
He will an - swer in my place When I stand be - fore the judg-ment bar.



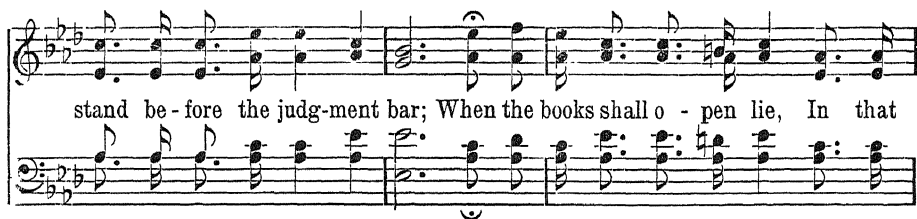
REFRAIN.



Oh, my rec - ord will be there, Be its pag - es dark or fair, When I



TIME AND ETERNITY—JUDGMENT AND RETRIBUTION



stand be - fore the judg - ment bar; When the books shall o - pen lie, In that



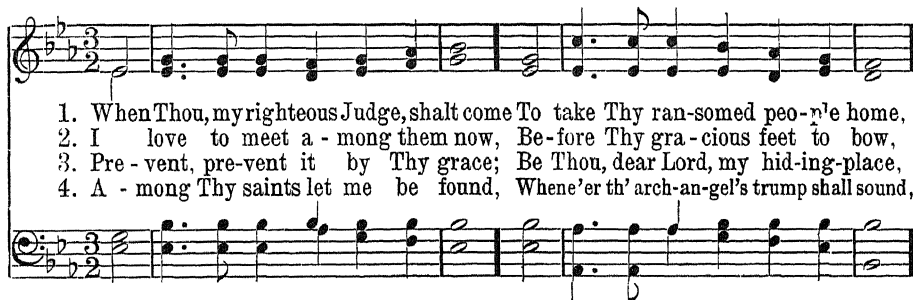
morn - ing by and by, Oh, my rec - ord, oh, my rec - ord will be there. A - MEN.

600 When Thou, My Righteous Judge, Shalt Come

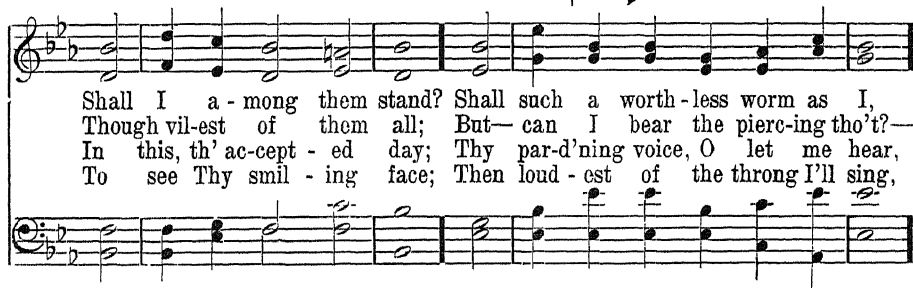
S. Shirley,
Countess of Huntington, 1772.

(MERIBAH. C. P. M.)

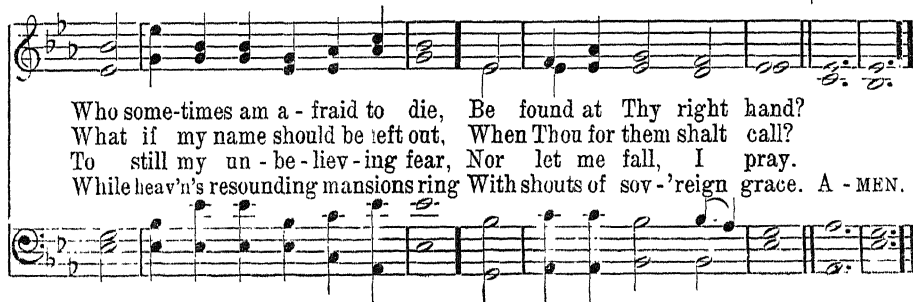
Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



1. When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take Thy ran-somed peo-ple home,
2. I love to meet a - mong them now, Be-fore Thy gra-cious feet to bow,
3. Pre-vent, pre-vent it by Thy grace; Be Thou, dear Lord, my hid-ing-place,
4. A - mong Thy saints let me be found, Whene'er th' arch-an-gel's trump shall sound,



Shall I a - mong them stand? Shall such a worth-less worm as I,
Though vil-est of them all; But—can I bear the pierc-ing tho't?—
In this, th' ac-cept-ed day; Thy par-d'ning voice, O let me hear,
To see Thy smil-ing face; Then loud-est of the throng I'll sing,



Who some-times am a - fraid to die, Be found at Thy right hand?
What if my name should be left out, When Thou for them shalt call?
To still my un-be-liev-ing fear, Nor let me fall, I pray.
While heav'n's resounding mansions ring With shouts of sov-'reign grace. A - MEN.

601

Where Shall I Be?

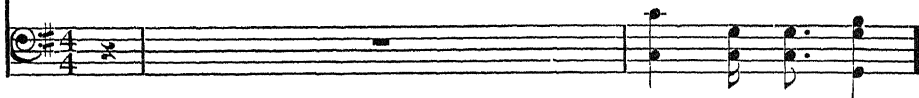
"For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God."—I THESS. 4: 16.

C. P. J.

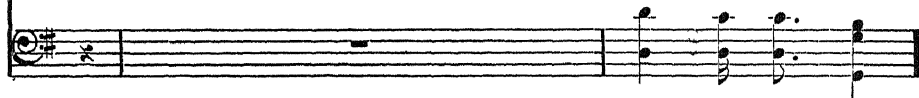
Chas. P. Jones.

Moderato.

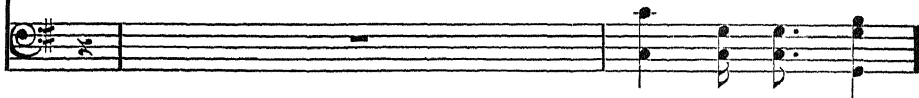
1. When judg - ment day is draw - ing nigh, Where shall I be?
2. When wick - ed men His wrath shall see, Where shall I be?
3. When heav'n and earth as some great scroll, Where shall I be?
4. All troub - le done, all con - flict past, Where shall I be?



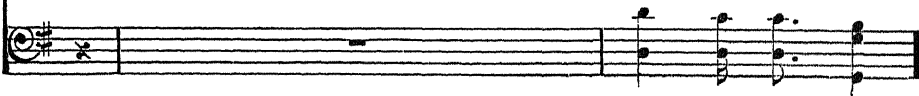
When God the works of men shall try, Where shall I be?
 And to the rocks and moun - tains flee, Where shall I be?
 Shall from God's an - gry pres - ence roll, Where shall I be?
 And old A - pol - yon bound at last, Where shall I be?



When east and west the fire shall roll, Where shall I be?
 When hills and moun - tains flee a - way, Where shall I be?
 When all the saints re - deemed shall stand, Where shall I be?
 When Christ shall reign from shore to shore, Where shall I be?



How will it be with my poor soul; Where shall I be?
 When all the works of men de - cay, Where shall I be?
 For - ev - er blest at God's right hand, Where shall I be?
 And peace a - bide for - ev - er - more, Where shall I be?



TIME AND ETERNITY—JUDGMENT AND RETRIBUTION

REFRAIN.

O where shall I be when the first trump - et sounds, O

where shall I be when it sounds so loud? When it sounds so loud as to

wake up the dead? O where shall I be when it sounds? A - MEN.

602

The Day of Wrath

"Dies Irae."

(WINDHAM. I. M.)

Tr. by Sir Walter Scott, 1805.

Daniel Read, 1750-1836.

1. The day of wrath, the dread-ful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass a-way!
2. When, shriv'ling like a parch-ed scroll, The flam-ing heav'ns to - geth-er roll,
3. O on that day, that wrath-ful day, When man to judg-ment wakes from clay,

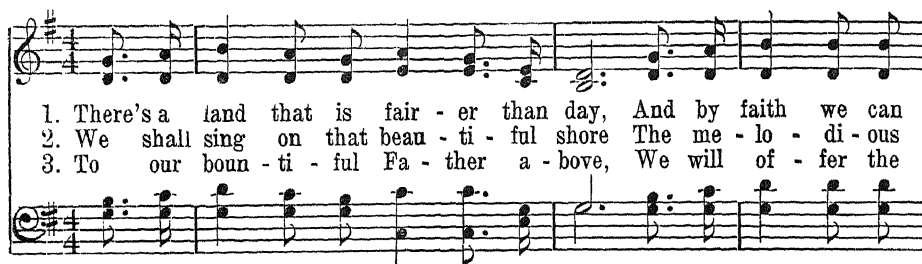
What pow'r shall be the sin-ner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day?
And loud - er yet, and yet more dread, Resounds the trump that wakes the dead?
Be Thou, O Christ, the sin-ner's stay, Tho' heav'n and earth shall pass away. A - MEN.

603 There's a Land That is Fairer Than Day

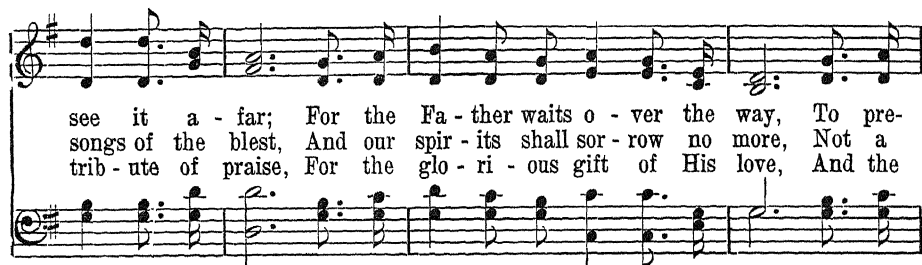
S. F. Bennett

(SWEET BY AND BY.)

J. P. Webster.

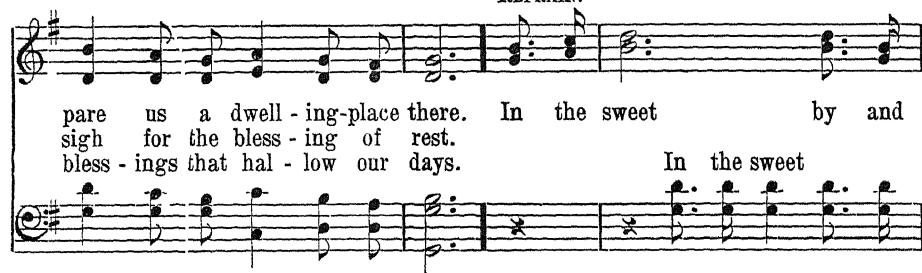


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the



see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
 songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
 trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the

REFRAIN.



pare us a dwell - ing - place there. In the sweet by and
 sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
 bless - ings that hal - low our days. In the sweet



by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
 by and by, by and by;



sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore. A - MEN.
 In the sweet by and by,

604 I've Reached the Land of Corn and Wine

Edgar Page.

(BEULAH LAND.)

Jno. R. Sweney.



1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. My Sav - ior comes and walks with me, And sweet com - mun - ion here have we;
3. A sweet per - fume up - on the breeze Is born from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heav - en's mel - o - dy,



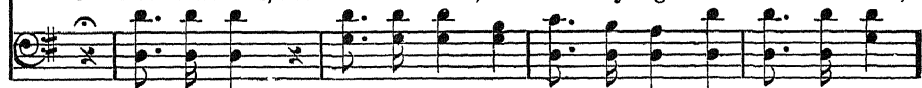
Here shines un - dimmed one bliss - ful day, For all my night has passed a - way.
 He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is heav - en's bor - der land.
 And flow'rs, that nev - er - fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
 As an - gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re - demp - tion song.



REFRAIN.



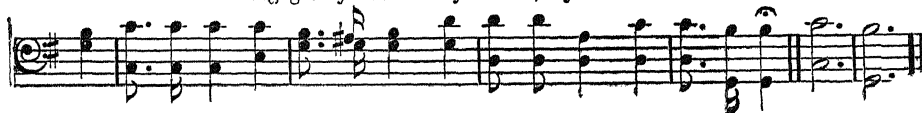
O Beau - lah Land, sweet Beau - lah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,



I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where man - sions are pre - pared for me,



And view the shin - ing glo - ry - shore—My heav'n, my home for - ev - er - more. A - MEN.



605


Over the River Faces I See

(LOOKING THIS WAY.)

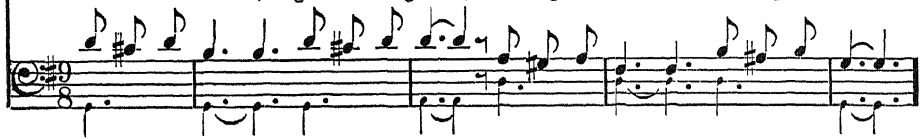

J. W. V.

J. W. Van De Venter.


DUET.



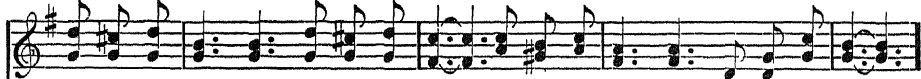
1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morn-ing, look-ing for me;
 2. Fa-ther and moth-er safe in the vale, Watch for the boat-man, wait for the sail;
 3. Brother and sis - ter gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers com-ing some-time;
 4. Sweet lit-tle dar-ling, light of the home, Look-ing for some-one, beck-on-ing come;
 5. Je - sus the Sav-ior, bright Morning Star, Look-ing for lost ones stray-ing a - far;


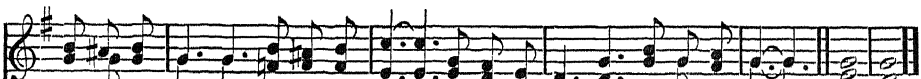
Free from their sor-row, grief, and de-spair, Waiting and watching pa-tient-ly there.
 Bear-ing the loved ones o - ver the tide In - to the har - bor, near to their side.
 Safe with the an - gels, whit-er than snow, Watching for dear ones waiting be - low.
 Bright as a sun - beam, pure as the dew, Anx-ious-ly look-ing, moth-er, for you.
 Hear the glad mes-sage, why will you roam? Je - sus is call - ing, "Sin-ner, come home."




REFRAIN.



Look-ing this way, yes, look-ing this way, Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;

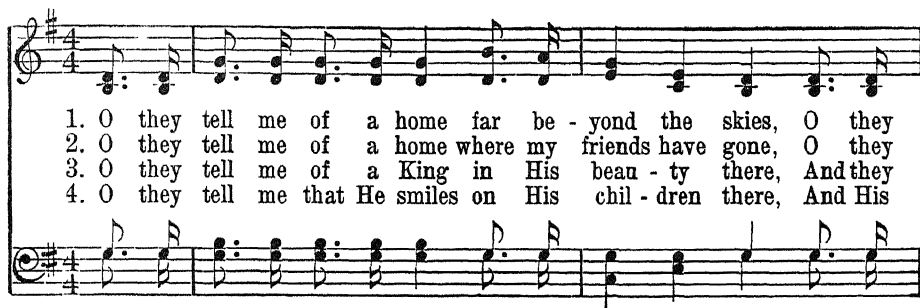
Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo-ry, looking this way. A - MEN.




606

The Unclouded Day

Words and Melody by Rev. J. K. Alwood.

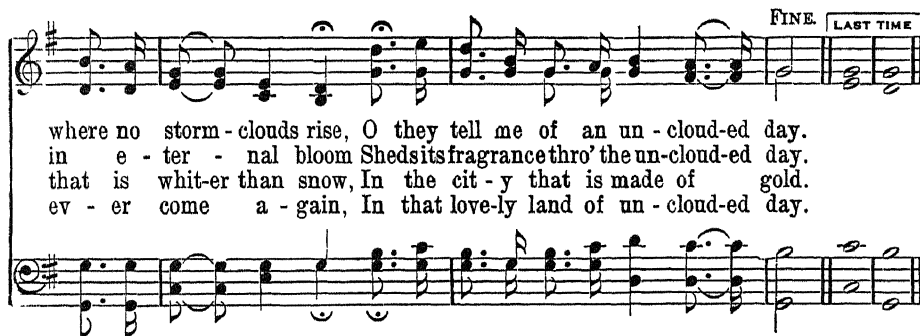


1. O they tell me of a home far be - yond the skies, O they
 2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they
 3. O they tell me of a King in His beau - ty there, And they
 4. O they tell me that He smiles on His chil - dren there, And His



tell me of a home far a - way; O they tell me of a home
 tell me of that land far a - way; Where the tree of life
 tell me that mine eyes shall be - hold, Where He sits on the throne
 smile drives their sor - rows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears

D. S.—O they tell me of a home

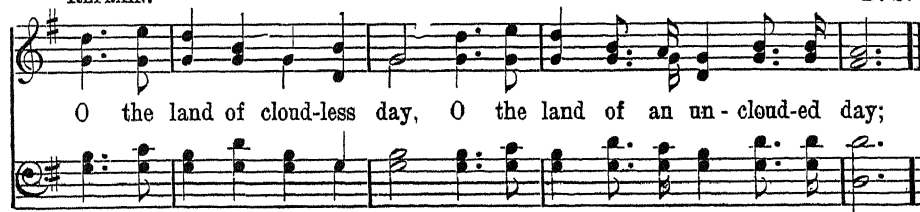


where no storm - clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud - ed day.
 in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fragrant thro' the un - cloud - ed day.
 that is whiter than snow, In the cit - y that is made of gold.
 ev - er come a - gain, In that love - ly land of un - cloud - ed day.

where no storm - clouds rise, O they tell me of an un - cloud - ed day. A - MEN.

REFRAIN.

D. S.



O the land of cloud - less day, O the land of an un - cloud - ed day;

607 O Think of the Home Over There

D. W. C. Huntington.

(THE HOME OVER THERE.)

Tullius C. O' Kane.



1. O think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light,
2. O think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney have trod,
3. My Sav - ior is now o - ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest,
4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I see;

o-ver there,



Where the saints, all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the pal - ace of God.
 Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest.
 Man - y dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are watch - ing and waiting for me.

o-ver there.



REFRAIN.

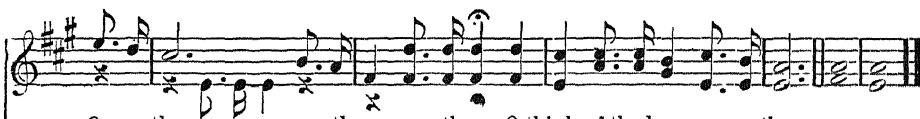


O - ver there,	o - ver there,	O think of the home o - ver there,
O - ver there,	o - ver there,	O think of the friends over there,
O - ver there,	o - ver there,	My Sav - ior is now o - ver there,
O - ver there,	o - ver there,	I'll soon be at home o - ver there,

O-ver there,

o - ver there,

o-ver there,



O - ver there,	over there, over there,	O think of the home o - ver there.
O - ver there,	over there, over there,	O think of the friends over there.
O - ver there,	over there, over there,	My Sav - ior is now o - ver there.
O - ver there,	over there, over there,	I'll soon be at home o - ver there. A - MEN.

O-ver there,



608

'Twill Be Glory

J. L. D.

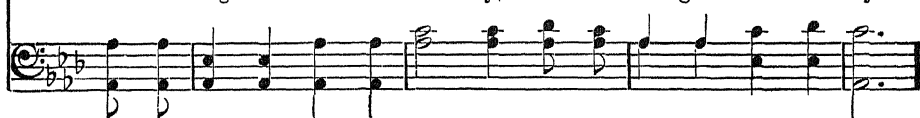
J. L. Dockery.



1. I am on my way to glo - ry, To that hap - py home a - bove;
 2. Thro' each danger He will lead me By His won-drous pow'r di-vine;
 3. I am on my way to glo - ry, Where with loved ones I shall stay;



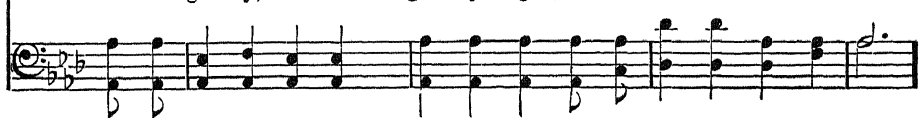
I be-lieve the bless - ed sto - ry Of the Sav - ior and His love.
 Man-na sweet He'll dai - ly feed me—All His bless-ings now are mine.
 I shall sing sal - va-tion's sto - ry, While the a - ges roll a - way.



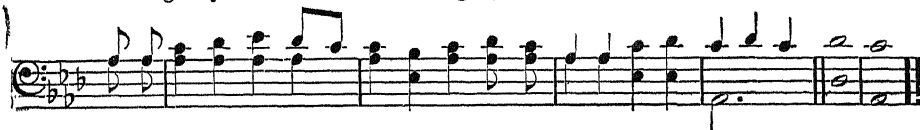
REFRAIN.



'Twill be glo - ry, won-drous glo - ry, When we reach the oth - er shore;
 'Twill be glo-ry, love and glo - ry bright,



'Twill be glo - ry, wondrous glo - ry, Praising Je-sus ev-er - more. A - MEN.
 'Twill be glo-ry where there comes no night, ev-er-more.



609

Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings.

Elihu S. Rice.



1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, When our storm - y voyage is o'er?
3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine?
4. Where the mu - sic of the ran-somed Rolls its har - mo - ny a - round,
5. Shall we meet there many a loved one That was torn from our em - brace?
6. Shall we meet with Christ our Sav - ior, When He comes to claim His own?



Where in all the bright for - ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the an - chor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work - man - ship di - vine.
 And cre - a - tion swells the cho - rus With its sweet me - lo - dious sound.
 Shall we lis - ten to their voi - ces, And be - hold them face to face?
 Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?



REFRAIN.



Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?



Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll? A - MEN.

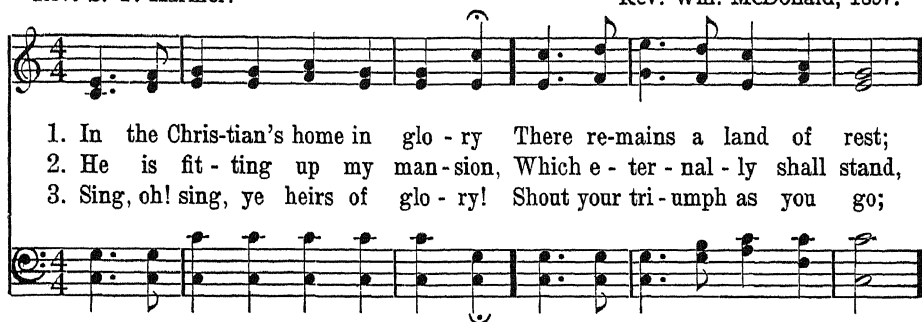


610 In the Christian's Home in Glory

(REST FOR THE WEARY.)

Rev. S. Y. Harmer.

Rev. Wm. McDonald, 1857.

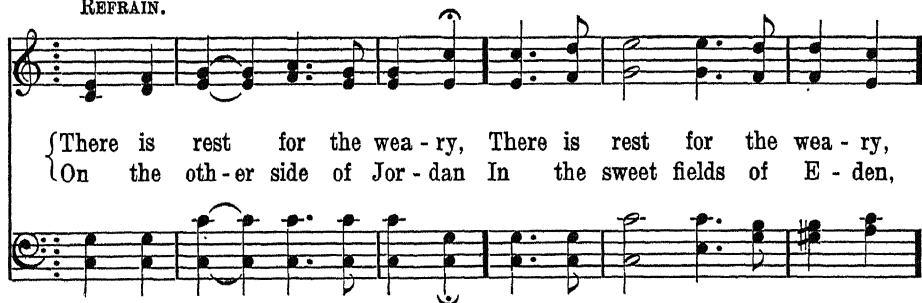


1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo - ry There re-mains a land of rest;
 2. He is fit - ting up my man-sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand,
 3. Sing, oh! sing, ye heirs of glo - ry! Shout your tri-umph as you go;

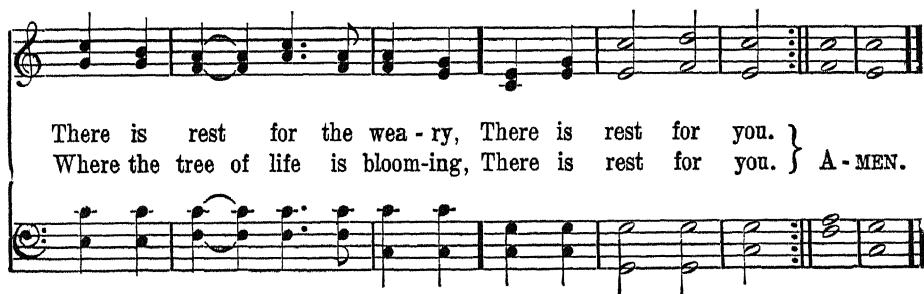


There my Sav - ior's gone be - fore me To ful-fill my soul's re - quest.
 For my stay shall not be tran-sient In that ho - ly, hap - py land.
 Zi - on's gate will o - pen for you, You shall find an en-trance through.

REFRAIN.



{ There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry,
 On the oth - er side of Jor - dan In the sweet fields of E - den,



There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you. }
 Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you. } A - MEN.

Jerusalem, the Glorious


(EWING. 7s, 6s. D.)

J. M. Neale, tr.


Alex. Ewing




1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the glo - rious! The glo - ry of th'e - lect,—
 2. The Cross is all thy splen - dor, The Cru - ci - fied, thy praise;
 3. O sweet and bless - ed Coun - try! Shall I e'er see thy face?



O dear and fu - ture vi - sion That ea - ger hearts ex - pect!
 His laud and ben - e - dic - tion Thy ran - somed peo - ple raise;—
 O sweet and bless - ed Coun - try! Shall I e'er win thy grace?



Ev'n now by faith I see thee, Ev'n here thy walls dis - cern;
 Je - ru - sa - lem! ex - ult - ing On that se - cur - est shore,
 Ex - ult, O dust and ash - es! The Lord shall be thy part;



To thee my tho'ts are kin - dled, And strive, and pant, and yearn!
 I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee, And love thee ev - er - more!
 His on - ly, His for - ev - er, Thou shalt be, and thou art! A-MEN.

612 There is a Land of Pure Delight

(VARINA. C. M. D.)

Isaac Watts, 1707.

Johann C. H Rink, 1770-1846.



1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
 3. Sweet fields be-yond the swell-ing flood, Stand dressed in liv-ing green;



- E - ter-nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban-ish pain.
 So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled be-tween.



2. There ev-er-last-ing spring a-bides, And nev-er-fad-ing flow'rs:
 4. Could we but climb where Mos-es stood, And view the land-scape o'er,—



- Death, like a nar-row sea, di-vides That heav'n-ly land from ours.
 Not Jor-dan's stream nor death's cold flood Should fright us from the shore. A - MEN.



613 Take Hold of the Life-Line

Eben E. Rexford.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

Marcato.

Introduction.

f

rit.

1. A storm is rag-ing up-on the deep, The wild windshowl and the mad waves leap;
2. The Pi - lot stands at the helm to guide The life - boat o - ver the wa - ters wide,
3. The souls that battle with wind and wave Are crying "We perish! O save, O save!"
4. Then haste to res-cue each sink-ing soul! Lay hold of the oar, tho' the thun-ders roll!

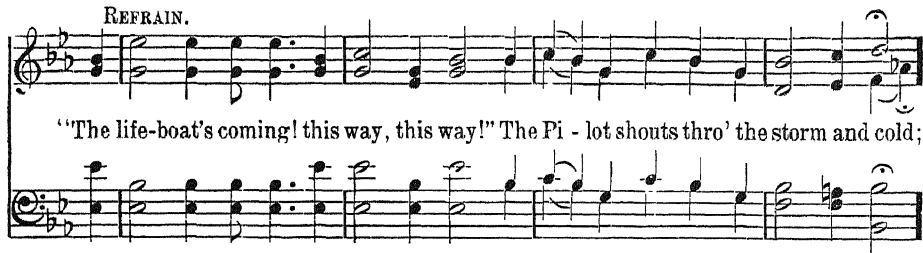
[illegible]

The clouds are hid-ing the sun from sight, But the life-boat's coming and the beacon's bright.
When cries from per-ish-ing souls come in A - cross the reefs and rocks of sin.
They must not call o'er the storm-swept main For help, from us, and call in vain.
Where storms are wildest, launch out to save The help-less ones from a yawning grave.

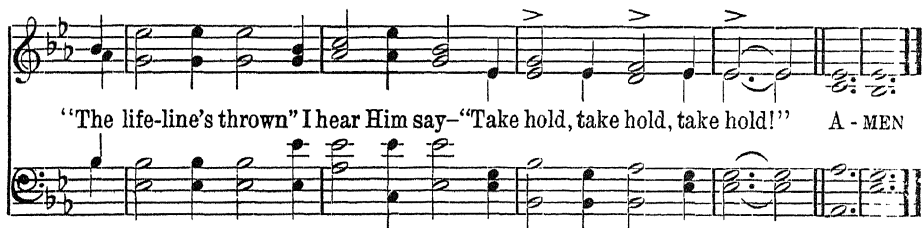
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TIME AND ETERNITY—HEAVEN

REFRAIN.



"The life-boat's coming! this way, this way!" The Pi - lot shouts thro' the storm and cold;



"The life-line's thrown" I hear Him say—"Take hold, take hold, take hold!" A - MEN

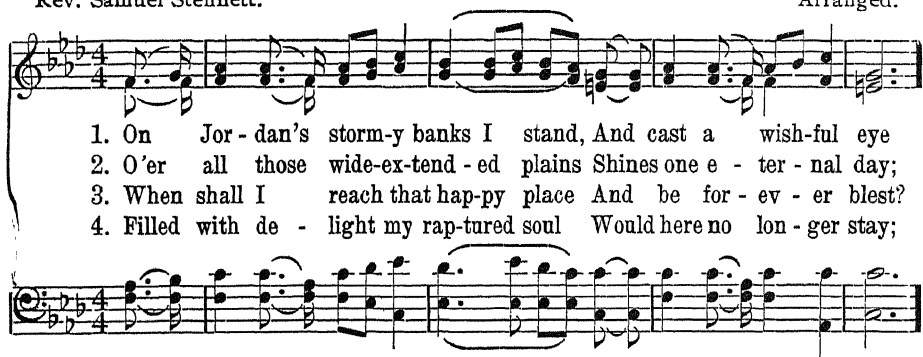
614 I Am Bound For the Promised Land

"And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, come down from God out of heaven."—REV. 21: 2.

Rev. Samuel Stennett.

[Second Tune]

Arranged.



1. On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye
2. O'er all those wide-ex-ten-d ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap-py place And be for - ev - er blest?
4. Filled with de - light my rap-tured soul Would here no lon - ger stay;

REF.—I am bound for the prom-ised land, . . . I am bound for the promised land,



Toward Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where my pos - ses-sions lie.
There God the Son for-ev - er reigns, And scat-ters night a - way.
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bos - om rest?
Though Jordan's waves around me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a - way.

who will come and go with me? I am bound for the promised land. A-MEN.


The Pearly White City

A. F. I.



Arthur F. Ingler.

Moderato.


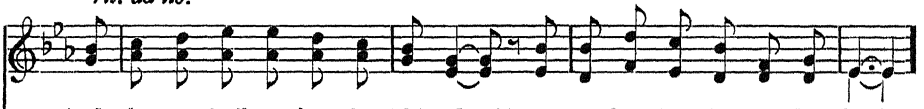

1. There's a ho - ly and beau - ti - ful cit - y, Whose builder and rul - er is God;
 2. No sin is al - lowed in that cit - y, And noth - ing de - fil - ing or mean;
 3. No heartaches are known in that cit - y, No tears ev - er moisten the eye;
 4. My loved ones are gath - er - ing yon - der, My friends, too, are pass - ing a - way;


John saw it de - scend - ing from heav - en, When Pat - mos, in ex - ile, he trod;
 No pain and no sick - ness can en - ter, No crape on the door - knob is seen;
 There's no dis - ap - point - ment in heav - en, No en - vy and strife in the sky;
 And soon I shall join their bright number, And dwell in e - ter - ni - ty's day;

Its high, mas - sive wall is of jas - per, The cit - y it - self is pure gold;
 Earth's sorrows and cares are for - got - ten, No tempt - er is there to an - noy;
 The saints are all sanc - ti - fied whol - ly, They live in sweet har - mo - ny there;
 They're safe now in glo - ry with Je - sus, Their tri - als and bat - tles are past;

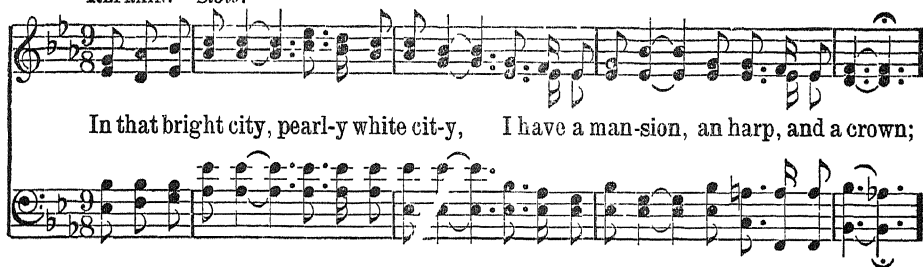

rit. ad lib.


And when my frail tent here is fold - ed, Mine eyes shall its glo - ry be - hold.
 No part - ing words ev - er are spo - ken, There's noth - ing to hurt or de - stroy.
 My heart is now set on that cit - y, And some day its bless - ings I'll share.
 They o - ver - came sin and the tempt - er, They've reached that fair city at last.

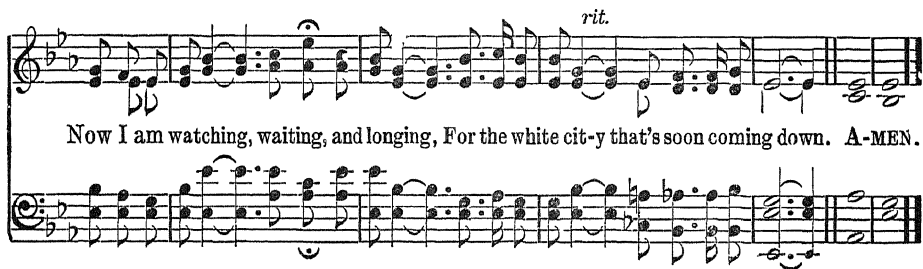


TIME AND ETERNITY—HEAVEN

REFRAIN. *Slow.*



In that bright city, pearl-y white cit-y, I have a man-sion, an harp, and a crown;



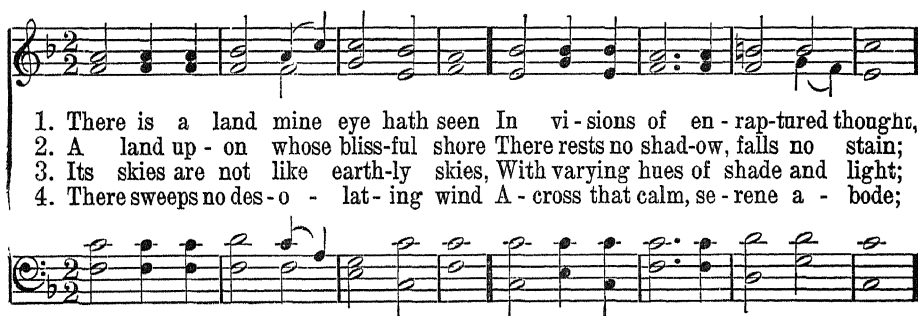
Now I am watching, waiting, and longing, For the white cit-y that's soon coming down. A-MEN.

616 There is a Land Mine Eye Hath Seen

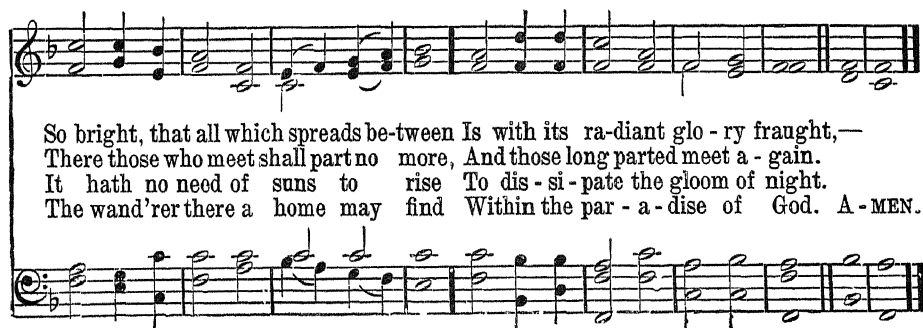
(FEDERAL STREET. L. M.)

Gardon Robins, 1843.

H. K. Oliver, 1800.



1. There is a land mine eye hath seen In vi-sions of en-rap-tured thought,
 2. A land up-on whose bliss-ful shore There rests no shad-ow, falls no stain;
 3. Its skies are not like earth-ly skies, With varying hues of shade and light;
 4. There sweeps no des-o-lat-ing wind A-cross that calm, se-re-ne a-bode;

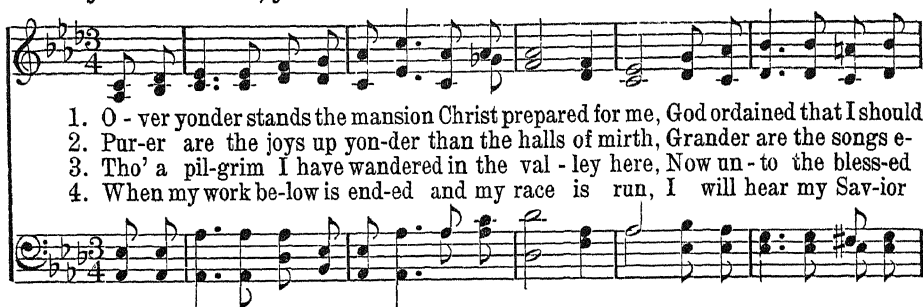


So bright, that all which spreads be-tween Is with its ra-diant glo-ry fraught,—
 There those who meet shall part no more, And those long parted meet a-gain.
 It hath no need of suns to rise To dis-si-pate the gloom of night.
 The wand'rer there a home may find Within the par-a-dise of God. A-MEN.

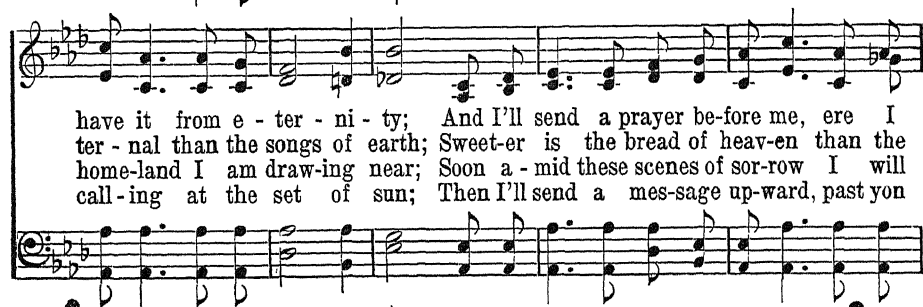
617 Angels, Get My Mansion Ready

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

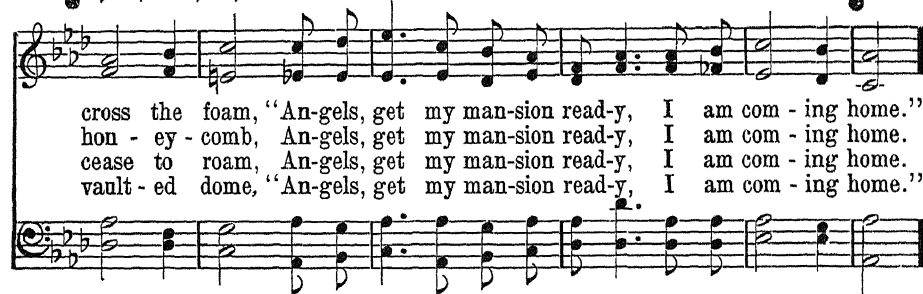
C. Austin Miles.



1. O - ver yon-der stands the mansion Christ prepared for me, God ordained that I should
 2. Pur-er are the joys up yon-der than the halls of mirth, Grander are the songs e-
 3. Tho' a pil-grim I have wandered in the val - ley here, Now un - to the bless-ed
 4. When my work be-low is end-ed and my race is run, I will hear my Sav-ior



have it from e - ter - ni - ty; And I'll send a prayer be-fore me, ere I
 ter - nal than the songs of earth; Sweet-er is the bread of heav-en than the
 home-land I am draw-ing near; Soon a - mid these scenes of sor-row I will
 call-ing at the set of sun; Then I'll send a mes-sage up-ward, past yon

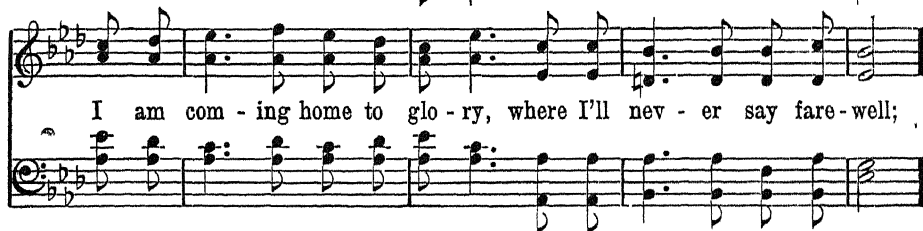


cross the foam, "An-gels, get my man-sion read-y, I am com - ing home."
 hon - ey - comb, An-gels, get my man-sion read-y, I am com - ing home.
 cease to roam, An-gels, get my man-sion read-y, I am com - ing home.
 vault - ed dome, "An-gels, get my man-sion read-y, I am com - ing home."

REFRAIN.



I am com - ing home to heav - en, with the an - gels there to dwell,



I am com - ing home to glo - ry, where I'll nev - er say fare-well;

TIME AND ETERNITY—HEAVEN

I am com - ing to that cit - y, nev - er - more to roam,

An - gels, get my man - sion read - y, I am com - ing home. A - MEN.

618 I'm But a Stranger Here

Thomas Rawson Taylor, 1835.

(OAK. 7s, 4s.)

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.

1. I'm but a stran - ger here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a
 2. What though the tem - pest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my
 3. There, at my Sav - ior's side,—Heav'n is my home; I shall be

des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home; Dan - ger and sor - row stand Round me on
 pil - grim - age, Heav'n is my home: Time's cold and win - try blast, Soon will be
 glo - ri - fied,—Heav'n is my home: There are the good and blest, Those I loved

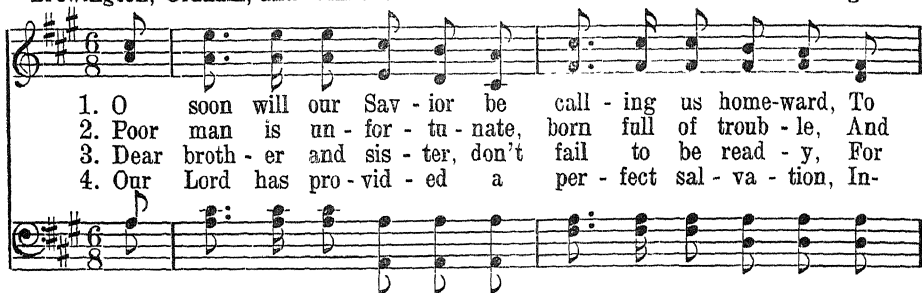
ev - 'ry hand, Heav'n is my Fa - ther - land, Heav'n is my home.
 o - ver - past; I shall reach home at last,—Heav'n is my home.
 most and best, And there I, too, shall rest, Heav'n is my home. A - MEN.

619

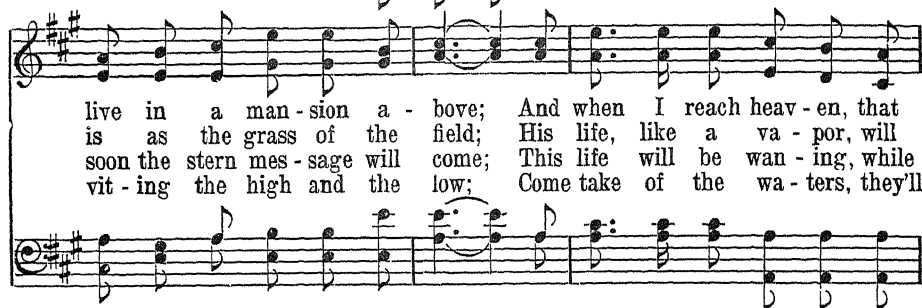
It Will Be Glory Up There

Brewington, Graham, and Winsett.

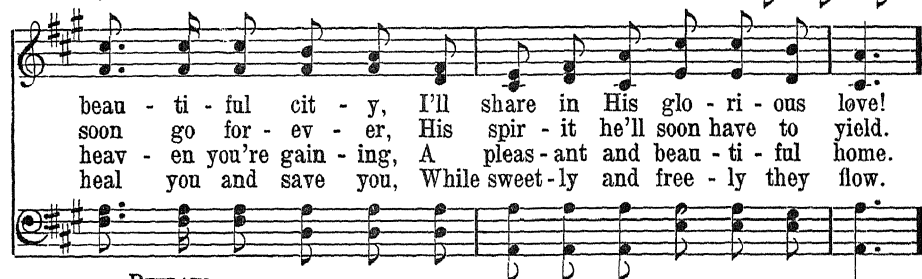
B. F. Brewington.



1. O soon will our Sav - ior be call - ing us home - ward, To
 2. Poor man is un - for - tu - nate, born full of troub - le, And
 3. Dear broth - er and sis - ter, don't fail to be read - y, For
 4. Our Lord has pro - vid - ed a per - fect sal - va - tion, In-

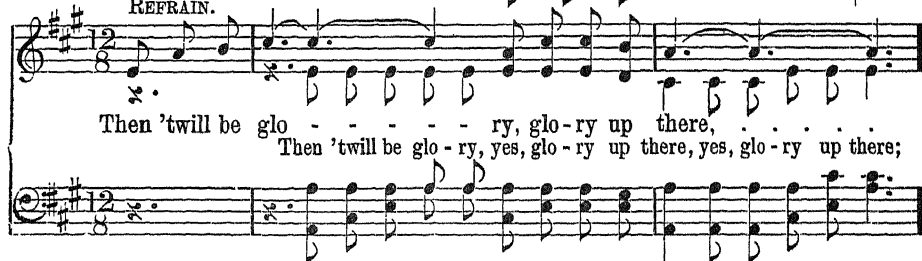


live in a man - sion a - bove; And when I reach heav - en, that
 is as the grass of the field; His life, like a va - por, will
 soon the stern mes - sage will come; This life will be wan - ing, while
 vit - ing the high and the low; Come take of the wa - ters, they'll

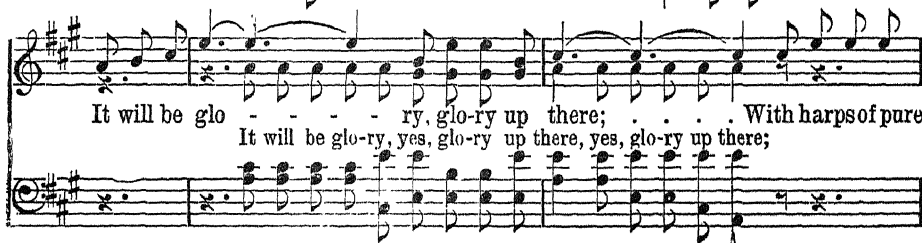


beau - ti - ful cit - y, I'll share in His glo - ri - ous love!
 soon go for - ev - er, His spir - it he'll soon have to yield.
 heav - en you're gain - ing, A pleas - ant and beau - ti - ful home.
 heal you and save you, While sweet - ly and free - ly they flow.

REFRAIN.



Then 'twill be glo - - - - ry, glo - ry up there,
 Then 'twill be glo - ry, yes, glo - ry up there, yes, glo - ry up there;



It will be glo - - - - ry, glo - ry up there; With harps of pure
 It will be glo - ry, yes, glo - ry up there, yes, glo - ry up there;

TIME AND ETERNITY--HEAVEN

gold we'll sing of His love, Then it will be
With harps of pure gold we'll sing of His love, we'll sing of His love,

glo - - - ry, glo - ry up there. A - MEN.
Then it will be glo - ry, glo - ry up there, yes, glo - ry up there.

620 Jerusalem, My Happy Home

Latin Hymn. 8th Cent. (JERUSALEM. C. M.)
Williams and Boden's Col., 1801.

F. Burgmuller, 1804.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Name ev - er dear to
2. O when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as -
3. There hap - pier bow'rs than E - den's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row
4. Je - ru - sa - lem, my glo - rious home, My soul still pants for

me! When shall my la - bors have an end, In
cend, Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And
know; Blest seats, through rude and storm - y scenes I
thee; Then shall my la - bors have an end When

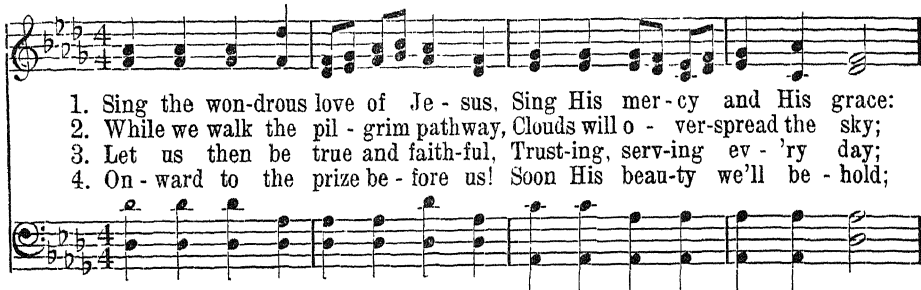
joy and peace, in thee? In joy and peace, in thee?
Sab - baths have no end? And Sab - baths have no end?
on - ward press to you, I on - ward press to you.
I thy joys shall see, When I thy joys shall see. A - MEN.

621 Sing the Wondrous Love of Jesus

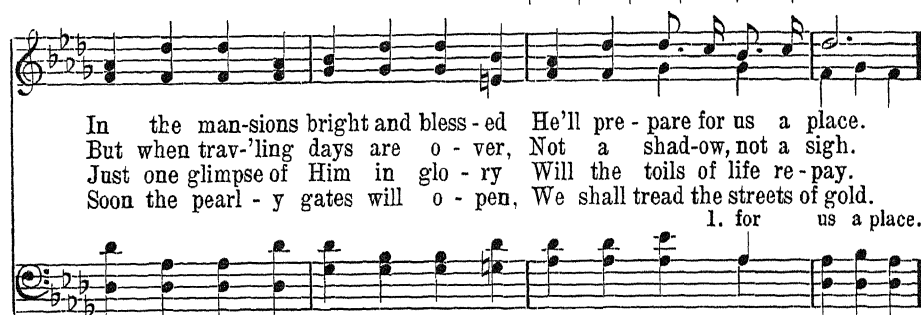
E. E. Hewitt.

(WHEN WE ALL GET TO HEAVEN.)

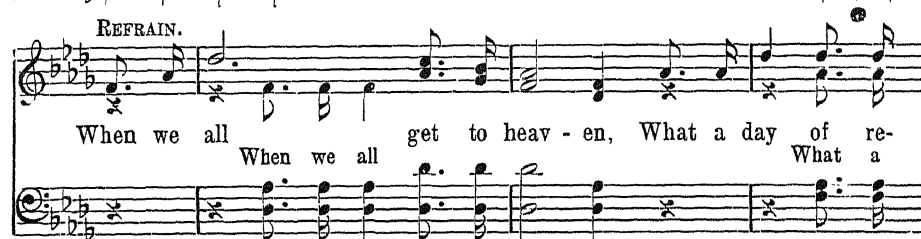
Mrs. J. G. Wilson.



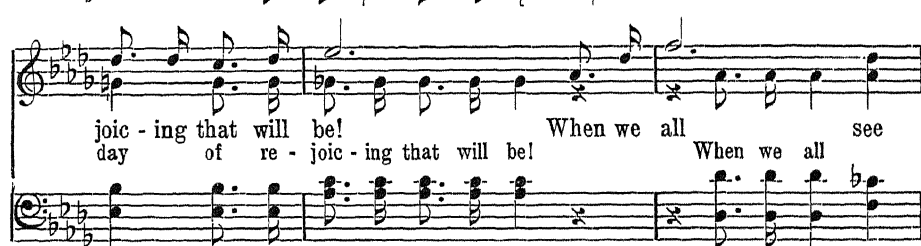
1. Sing the won-drous love of Je - sus, Sing His mer - cy and His grace:
 2. While we walk the pil - grim pathway, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
 3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trust-ing, serv-ing ev - 'ry day;
 4. On - ward to the prize be - fore us! Soon His beau-ty we'll be - hold;



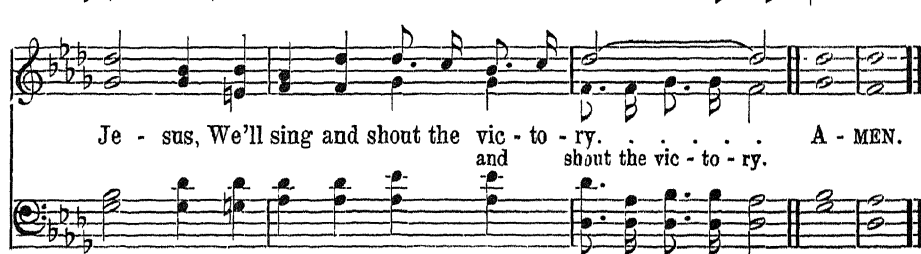
In the man-sions bright and bless-ed He'll pre - pare for us a place.
 But when trav-'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
 Just one glimpse of Him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
 Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
 1. for us a place.



REFRAIN.
 When we all get to heav - en, What a day of re-
 When we all What a



joic - ing that will be! When we all see
 day of re - joic - ing that will be! When we all



Je - sus, We'll sing and shout the vic - to - ry. A - MEN.
 and shout the vic - to - ry.

622

I'm Going Home

William Hunter.

Dr. A. M. Townsend.

Andante con espressione.

1. My heav'n-ly home is bright and fair, No pain, nor death can en - ter there;
 2. My Fa-ther's house is built on high, Far, far a - bove the star-ry sky;
 3. While here a stran-ger far from home, Af - flic-tion's waves may round me foam:
 4. Let oth - ers seek a home be - low, Which flames devour, or waves o'er-flow;

Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine, That heav'n-ly man-sion shall be mine.
 When from this earth-ly pris-on free, That heav'n-ly man-sion mine shall be.
 Al-though, like Laz - arus, sick and poor, My heav'n-ly man-sion is se - cure.
 Be mine the hap - pier lot to own A heav'n-ly man-sion near the throne.

REFRAIN.

I'm go-ing home, yes, go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more;

I'm go-ing home, yes, go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more. A - MEN.

623

There Remaineth a Rest

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."—HEB. 4: 9.

T. O. Chisholm.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

DUET.

1. "There re-main-eth a rest to the peo-ple of God," When this life with its
 2. "There re-main-eth a rest," all un-bro-ken by care. Where the wea-ry from
 3. "There re-main-eth a rest," 'tis a glo-ri-ous rest, Which with Christ His-re-
 4. Oh, ye serv-ants of God! la-bor faith-ful-ly on, Keep-ing ev-er this

la-bor is done, When the end has been reached of earth's last wea-ry mile,
 troub-ling will cease, Where the soul will be free from all sor-row and pain,
 deemed ones will share, In that world where no sin or temp-ta-tion may come,
 pros-pect in view, Tho' the cross which He gives may be heav-y to bear,

rit. REFRAIN.
 And the bat-tle long-fought has been won. . .
 Drink for-ev-er from foun-tains of peace. . . What matters the bur-den and
 And He wait-eth to wel-come them there. . .
 Sweet-er rest there re-main-eth for you. . .

toil of the day? What matters the wea-ri-some length of the way? The rest that re-

rit.
 main-eth for all will re-pay, Let us la-bor to en-ter that rest! A-MEN.

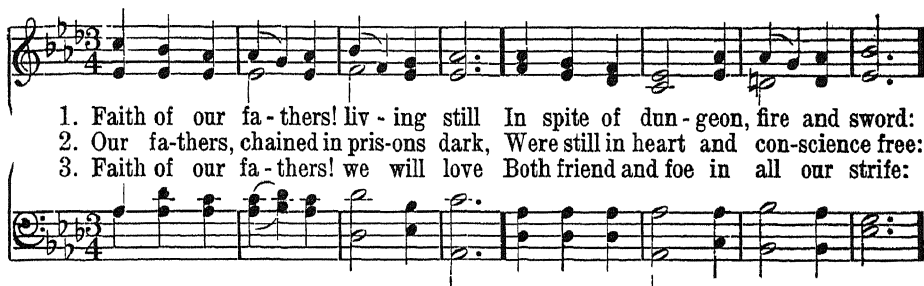
624

Faith of Our Fathers

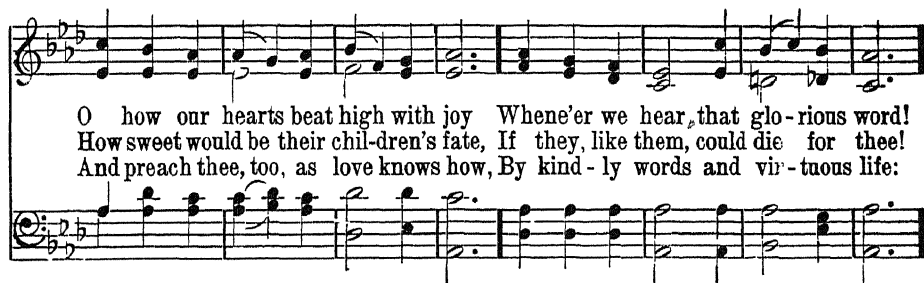
Frederick W. Faber.

(ST. CATHERINE.)

Adapted by J. G. Walton.



1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon, fire and sword:
 2. Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and con - science free:
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:



O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear, that glo - rious word!
 How sweet would be their chil - dren's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
 And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind - ly words and vir - tuous life:



Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
 Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
 Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death! A - MEN.

624½

Faith of Our Mothers, Living Yet

Hymn to Our Mothers.

(ST. CATHERINE.)

- 1 Faith of our Mothers, living yet
 In cradle song and bedtime prayer,
 In nursery love and fireside love,
 Thy presence still pervades the air:
 Faith of our Mothers, living faith,
 We will be true to thee till death.
- 2 Faith of our Mothers, lavish faith,
 The fount of childhood's trust and grace,
 O, may thy consecration prove
 The well-spring of a nobler race:
 Faith of our Mothers, lavish faith,
 We will be true to thee till death.
- 3 Faith of our Mothers, guiding faith,
 For youthful longing—youthful doubt,
 How blurred our vision, blind our way,
 Thy providential care without:
 Faith of our Mothers, guiding faith,
 We will be true to thee till death.
- 4 Faith of our Mothers, Christian faith,
 In truth beyond our man-made creeds,
 Still serve the home and save the church,
 And breathe thy spirit through our deeds:
 Faith of our Mothers, Christian faith,
 We will be true to thee till death.

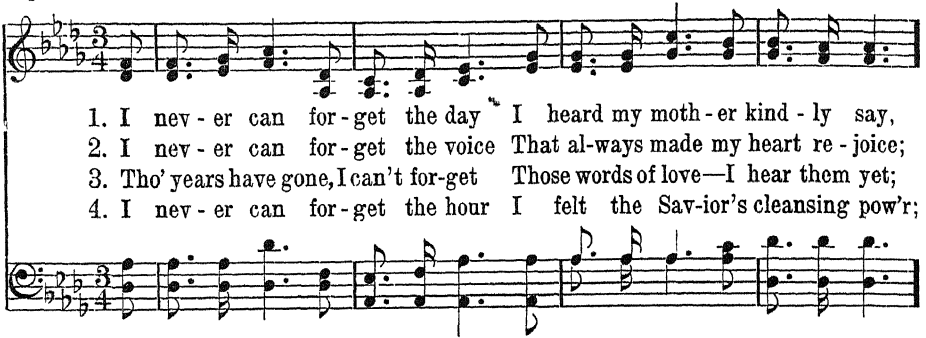
MOTHER'S DAY

625

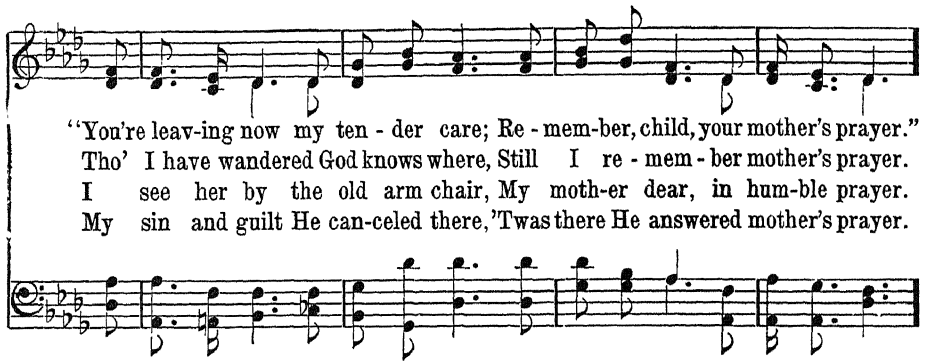
My Mother's Prayer

J. W. Van DeVenter.

W. S. Weedon.

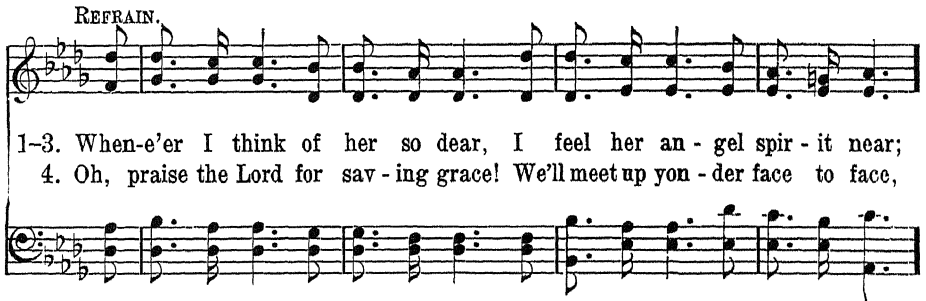


1. I nev - er can for - get the day " I heard my moth - er kind - ly say,
 2. I nev - er can for - get the voice That al - ways made my heart re - joice;
 3. Tho' years have gone, I can't for - get Those words of love—I hear them yet;
 4. I nev - er can for - get the hour I felt the Sav - ior's cleansing pow'r;

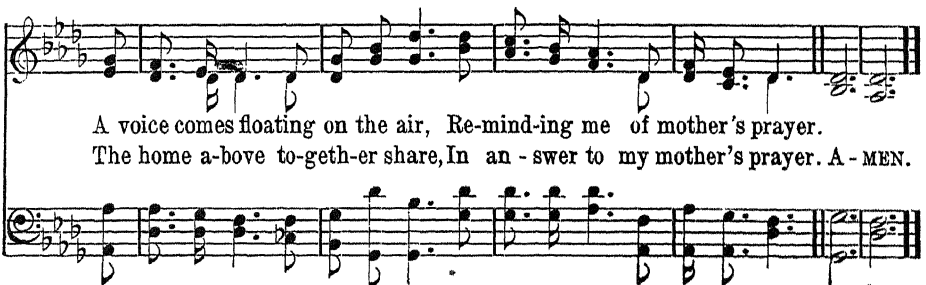


"You're leav - ing now my ten - der care; Re - mem - ber, child, your mother's prayer."
 Tho' I have wandered God knows where, Still I re - mem - ber mother's prayer.
 I see her by the old arm chair, My moth - er dear, in hum - ble prayer.
 My sin and guilt He can - celed there, 'Twas there He answered mother's prayer.

REFRAIN.



1-3. When - e'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir - it near;
 4. Oh, praise the Lord for sav - ing grace! We'll meet up yon - der face to face,



A voice comes floating on the air, Re - mind - ing me of mother's prayer.
 The home a - bove to - geth - er share, In an - swer to my mother's prayer. A - MEN.

626

Mother

Rev. D. H. King.

Robt. E. Clarke.

1. Can I ev - er for - get mother's beau - ti - ful face That re - flect - ed such
 2. Can I ev - er for - get mother's fond, trusting prayers Which as - cend - ed to
 3. Can I ev - er for - get mother's calm, peaceful death, How my heart with deep

heav - en - ly love, As I leaned on her breast with a ten - der em - brace,
 God thro' her tears; That her child might be kept from the tempter's dread snares,
 an - guish was riv'n; As she kissed me and said, with a quiv - er - ing breath,

REFRAIN.

Ere she passed to the man - sions a - bove?
 As the days rip - ened fast in - to years? No! no, I can nev - er for - get
 "Oh, my child, won't you meet me in heav'n?"

That dear name prized a - bove ev - 'ry oth - er; . . It's the key that un -

locks the glad scenes of the past, The beau - ti - ful name of moth - er. A - MEN.

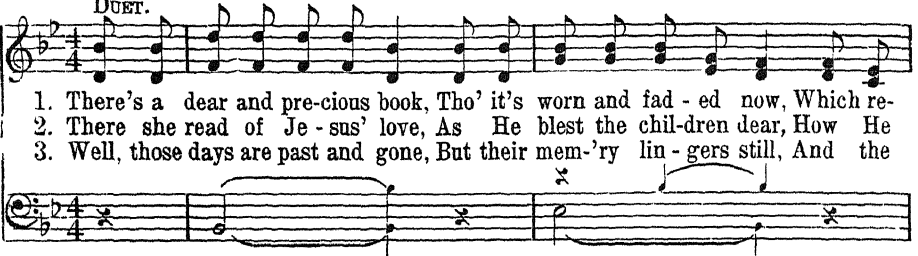
MOTHER'S DAY

627

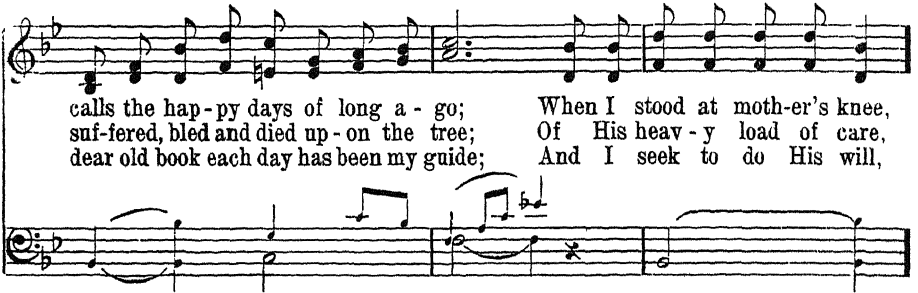
My Mother's Bible

M. B. Williams.
DUET.

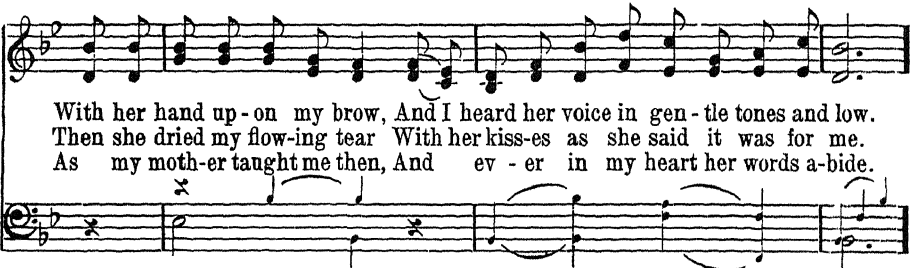
C. D. Tillman.



1. There's a dear and pre-cious book, Tho' it's worn and fad - ed now, Which re-
2. There she read of Je - sus' love, As He blest the chil-dren dear, How He
3. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'-ry lin - gers still, And the

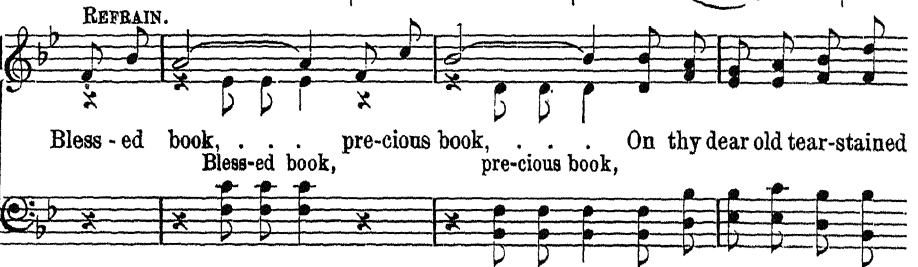


calls the hap-py days of long a - go; When I stood at moth-er's knee,
suf-ered, bled and died up - on the tree; Of His heav - y load of care,
dear old book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,

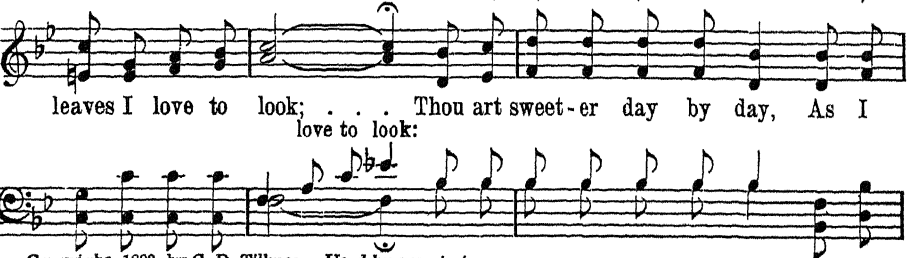


With her hand up - on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen - tle tones and low.
Then she dried my flow-ing tear With her kiss-es as she said it was for me.
As my moth-er taught me then, And ev - er in my heart her words a-bide.

REFRAIN.




Bless - ed book, . . . pre-cious book, On thy dear old tear-stained
Bless-ed book, pre-cious book,

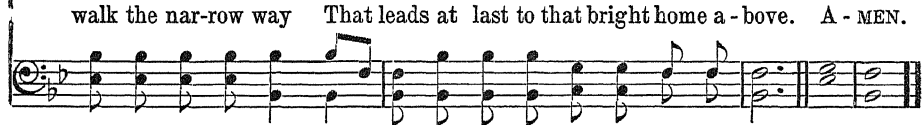


leaves I love to look; . . . Thou art sweet-er day by day, As I
love to look:

MOTHER'S DAY




walk the nar-row way That leads at last to that bright home a - bove. A - MEN.



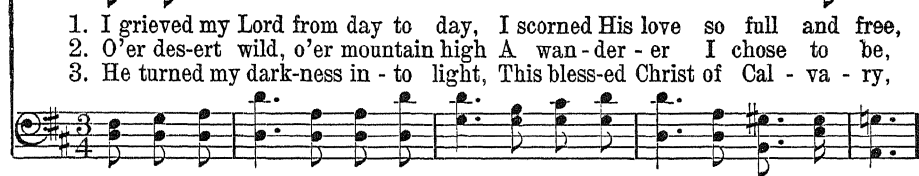

628 Mother's Prayers Have Followed Me

Lizzie DeArmond.

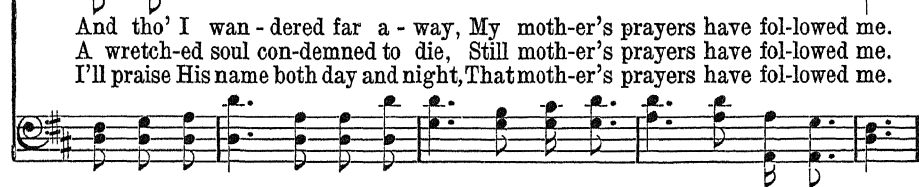
B. D. Ackley.




1. I grieved my Lord from day to day, I scorned His love so full and free,
2. O'er des-ert wild, o'er mountain high A wan-der-er I chose to be,
3. He turned my dark-ness in - to light, This bless-ed Christ of Cal - va - ry,

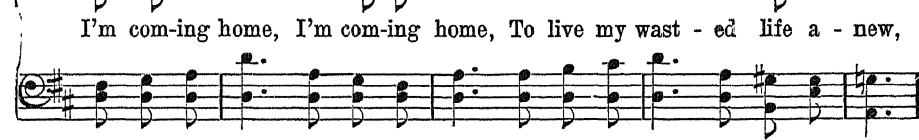
And tho' I wan-dered far a - way, My moth-er's prayers have fol-lowed me.
A wretch-ed soul con-demned to die, Still moth-er's prayers have fol-lowed me.
I'll praise His name both day and night, That moth-er's prayers have fol-lowed me.



REFRAIN.



I'm com-ing home, I'm com-ing home, To live my wast - ed life a - new,




For mother's prayers have followed me, Have followed me the whole world through. A - MEN.



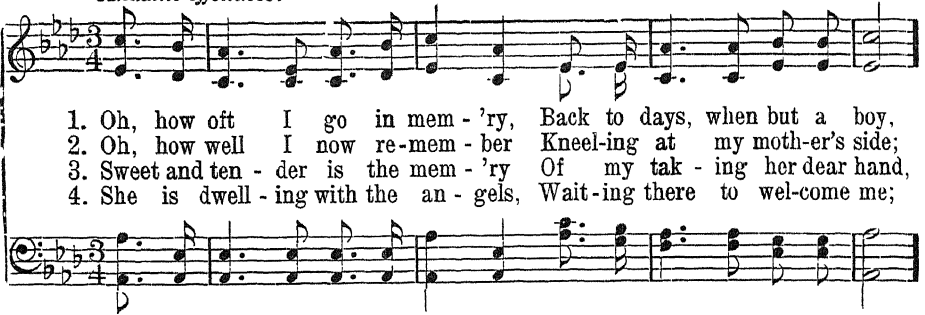
Copyright, 1912, by B. D. Ackley. Homer A. Rodeheaver, owner.

629

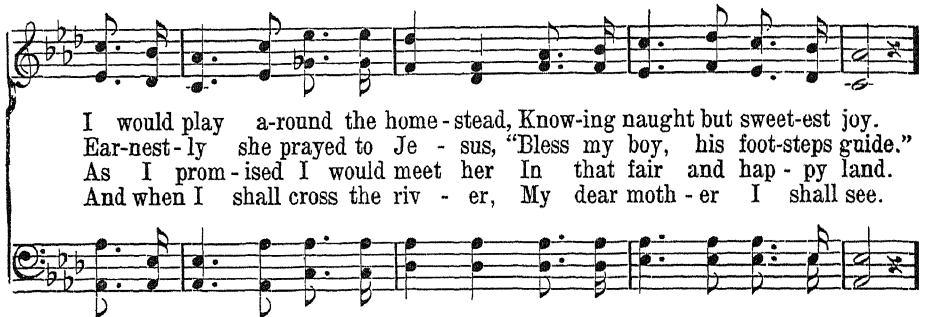
Memories of Mother

C. J. W.

Curtis J. Williams.

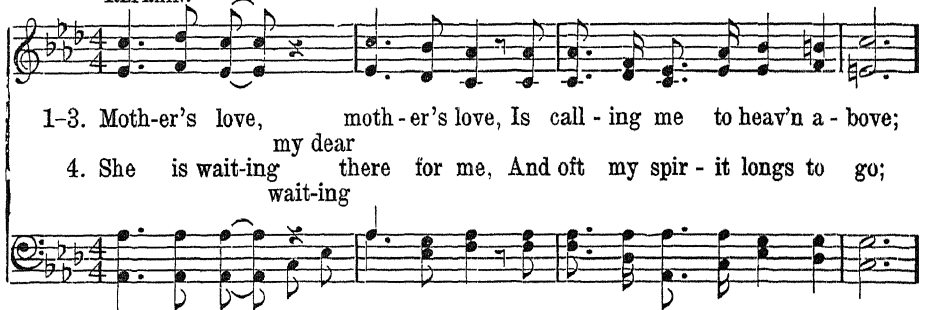
Andante effettuoso.


1. Oh, how oft I go in mem - 'ry, Back to days, when but a boy,
 2. Oh, how well I now re-mem - ber Kneel - ing at my moth - er's side;
 3. Sweet and ten - der is the mem - 'ry Of my tak - ing her dear hand,
 4. She is dwell - ing with the an - gels, Wait - ing there to wel - come me;

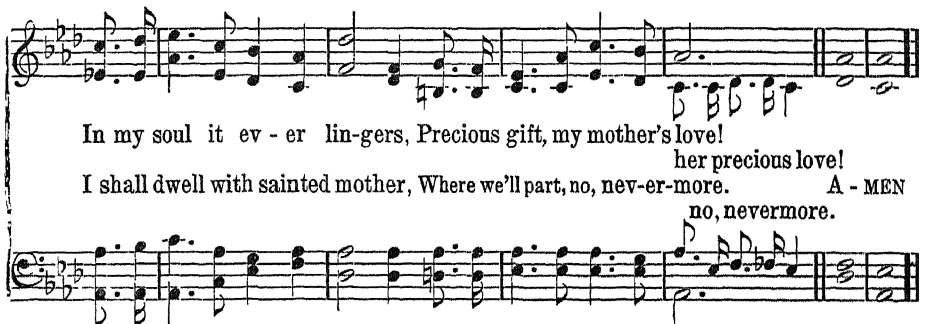


I would play a-round the home - stead, Know - ing naught but sweet - est joy.
 Ear - nest - ly she prayed to Je - sus, "Bless my boy, his foot - steps guide."
 As I prom - ised I would meet her In that fair and hap - py land.
 And when I shall cross the riv - er, My dear moth - er I shall see.

REFRAIN.



1-3. Moth - er's love, moth - er's love, Is call - ing me to heav'n a - bove;
 my dear
 4. She is wait - ing there for me, And oft my spir - it longs to go;
 wait - ing



In my soul it ev - er lin - gers, Precious gift, my mother's love!
 her precious love!
 I shall dwell with sainted mother, Where we'll part, no, nev - er - more. A - MEN
 no, nevermore.

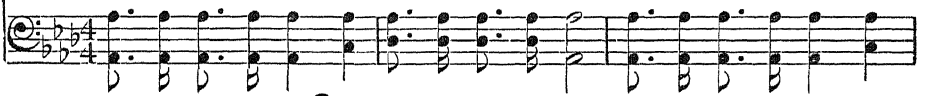
630

Meet Mother in the Skies

Arr. by W. S. Nickle.



1. In a lone-ly grave-yard, man-y miles a - way, Lies your dear old moth - er,
2. Now the old home, va-cant, has no charms for you; One dear form is ab - sent,
3. Now in true re-pent-ance to the Sav - ior flee; He who pardoned moth-er,



'neath the cold, cold clay; Mem-'ries oft re - turn - ing of her tears and sighs;
 moth - er, kind and true. Ev - er - more she dwells where pleas-ure nev-er dies;
 mer - cy has for thee; Now He waits to com - fort, He will not de-spise;



REFRAIN.



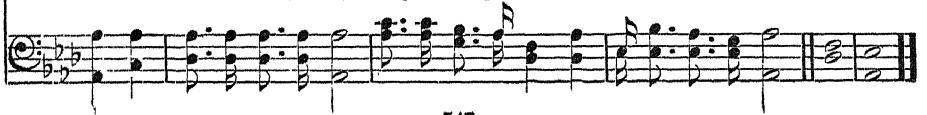
If you love your moth - er, meet her in the skies. Lis - ten to her plead-ing.



"Wand'ring boy, come home," Lov-ing-ly en-treat-ing, do not longer roam; Let your manhood



wak-en, heav'nward lift your eyes; If you love your mother, meet her in the skies. A-MEN.

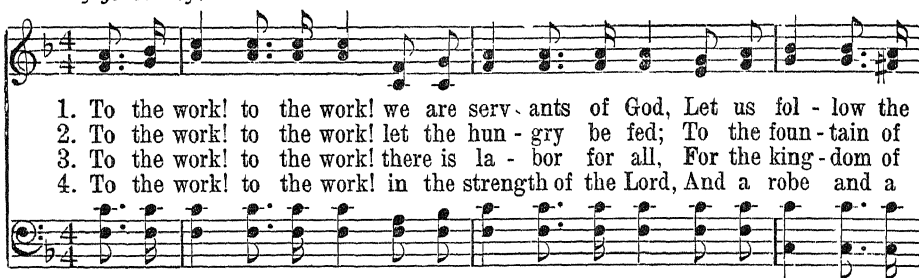


631

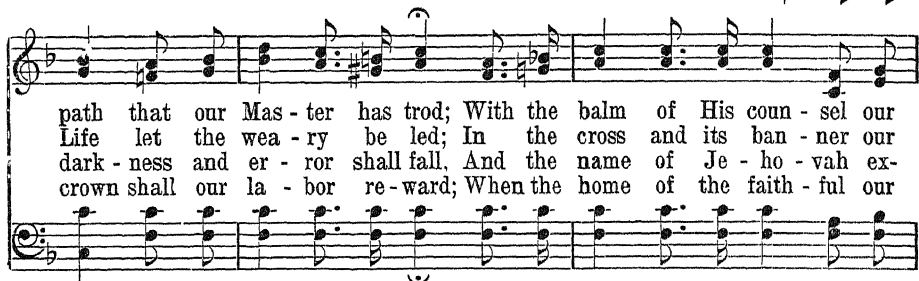
To the Work

Fanny J. Crosby.

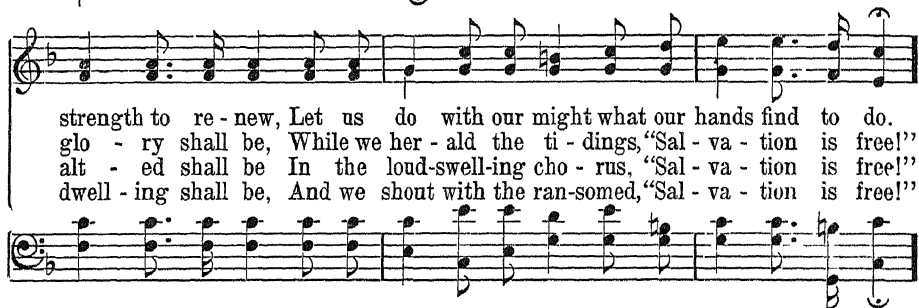
W. H. Doane.



1. To the work! to the work! we are serv-ants of God, Let us fol-low the
 2. To the work! to the work! let the hun-gry be fed; To the foun-tain of
 3. To the work! to the work! there is la-bor for all, For the king-dom of
 4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a robe and a

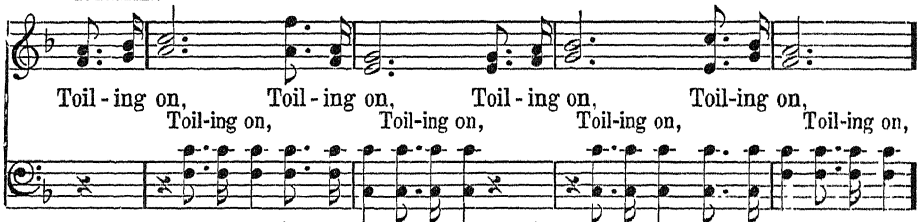


path that our Mas-ter has trod; With the balm of His coun-sel our
 Life let the wea-ry be led; In the cross and its ban-ner our
 dark-ness and er-ror shall fall, And the name of Je-ho-vah ex-
 crown shall our la-bor re-ward; When the home of the faith-ful our

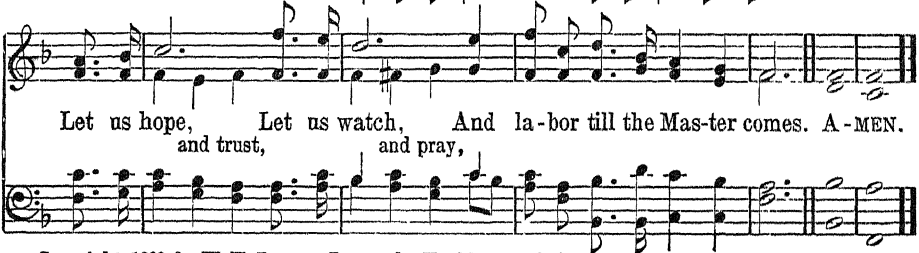


strength to re-new, Let us do with our might what our hands find to do.
 glo-ry shall be, While we her-ald the ti-dings, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
 alt-ed shall be In the loud-swell-ing cho-rus, "Sal-va-tion is free!"
 dwell-ing shall be, And we shout with the ran-somed, "Sal-va-tion is free!"

REFRAIN.



Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on,
 Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on,



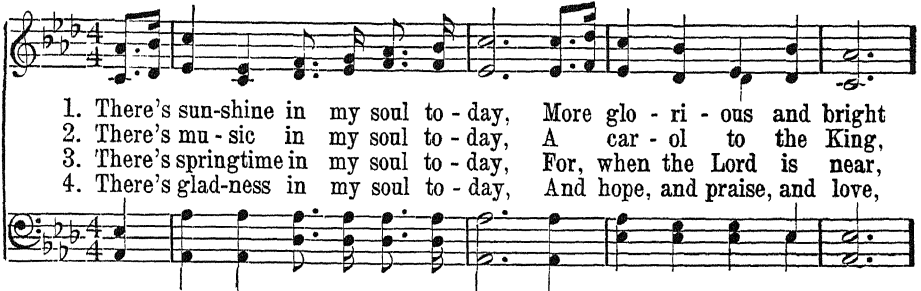
Let us hope, Let us watch, And la-bor till the Mas-ter comes. A-MEN.
 and trust, and pray,

632

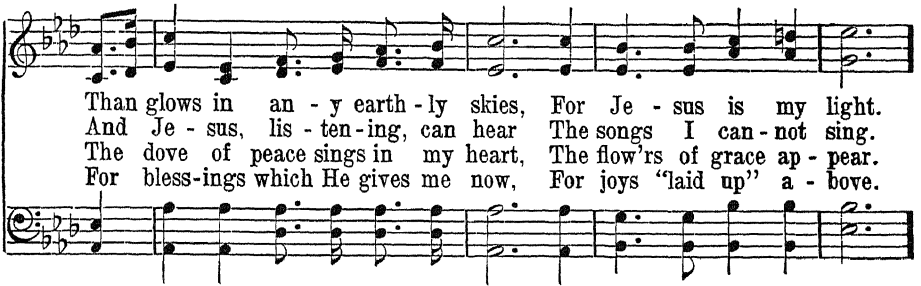
Sunshine in the Soul

E. E. Hewitt.

Jno. R. Sweney.



1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
 2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to the King,
 3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
 4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,



Than glows in an-y earth-ly skies, For Je-sus is my light.
 And Je-sus, lis-ten-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
 For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.

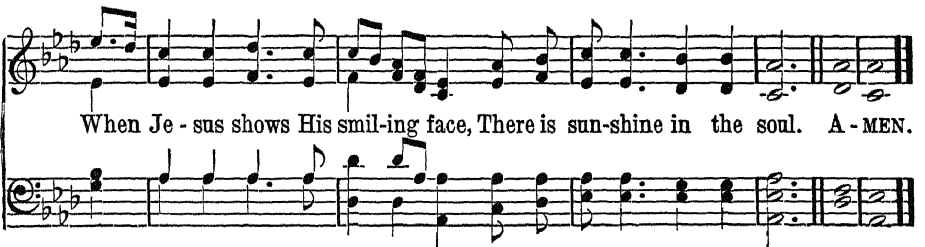
REFRAIN.



O there's sun - - - shine, bless - ed sun - - - shine,
 O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,



When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
 hap - py mo - ments roll;



When Je - sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul. A - MEN.

THANKSGIVING

633

We Plow the Fields

Matthias Claudius, 1782.

(COTTMAN. P. M.)

Tr. by Miss J. M. Campbell, 1861.

Arthur Cottman, 1879.

1. We plow the fields, and scat - ter The good seed on the land,
 2. He on - ly is the Mak - er Of all things near and far;
 3. We thank Thee, then, O Fa - ther, For all things bright and good,

But it is fed and wa - tered By God's al - might-y hand;
 He paints the way - side flow - er, He lights the eve - ning star;
 The seed-time and the har - vest, Our life, our health, our food:

He sends the snow in win - ter, The warmth to swell the grain,
 The winds and waves o - bey Him, By Him the birds are fed;
 Ac - cept the gifts we of - fer, For all Thy love im - parts,


The breez-es and the sun-shine, And soft, re - fresh - ing rain. . . .
 Much more to us, His chil - dren, He gives our dai - ly bread. . . .
 And, what Thou most de - sir - est, Our hum - ble, thank - ful hearts. . . .

REFRAIN.


cres.

All good gifts a - round us Are sent from heav'n a - bove;..

THANKSGIVING



Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all His love. A - MEN.




634 Swell the Anthem, Raise the Song



Nathan Strong, 1799.

(Essex. 7s.)



Thomas Clark, 1775-1859.




1. Swell the an - them, raise the song; Prais - es to our
 2. Bless - ings from His lib - 'ral hand Flow a - round this
 3. Here, be - neath a vir - tuous sway May we cheer - ful -
 4. Hark! the voice of na - ture sings Prais - es to the

God be - long; Saints and an - gels, join to sing Prais - es to the
 hap - py land; Kept by Him, no foes an - noy; Peace and free - dom
 ly o - bey; Nev - er feel op - pres - sion's rod; Ev - er own and
 King of kings; Let us join the chor - al song, And the grate - ful

heav'n - ly King, Prais - es to the heav'n - ly King.
 we en - joy, Peace and free - dom we en - joy.
 wor - ship God, Ev - er own and wor - ship God.
 notes pro - long, And the grate - ful notes pro - long. A - MEN.



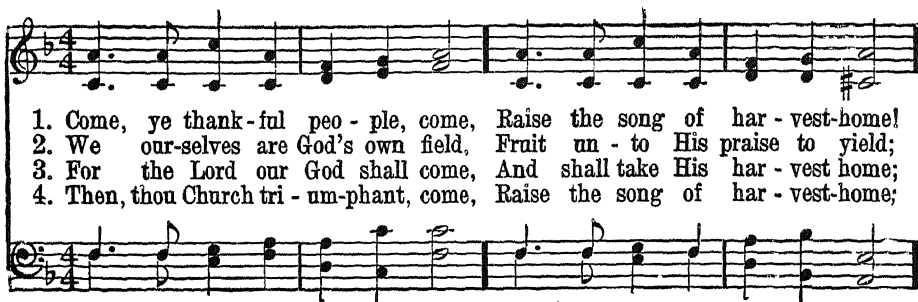
THANKSGIVING

635 ' Come, Ye Thankful People, Come

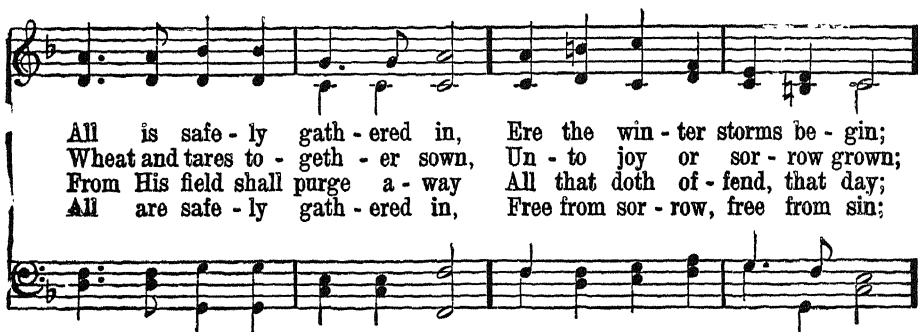
Henry Alford.

(ST. GEORGE.)

George J. Elvey.



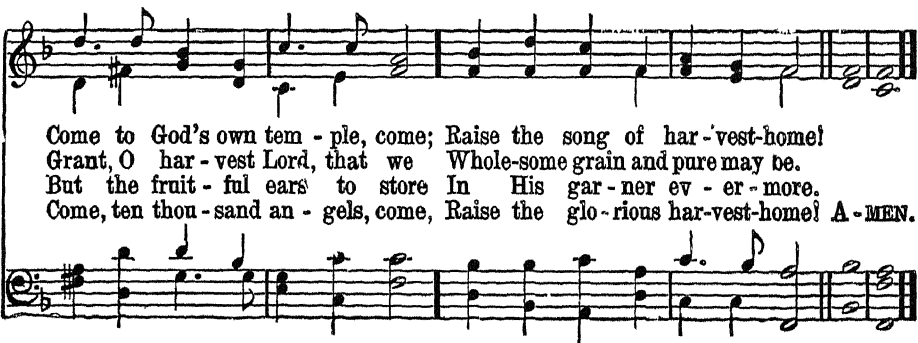
1. Come, ye thank-ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of har - vest-home!
 2. We our-selves are God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
 3. For the Lord our God shall come, And shall take His har - vest home;
 4. Then, thou Church tri - um-phunt, come, Raise the song of har - vest-home;



All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin;
 Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown;
 From His field shall purge a - way All that doth of - fend, that day;
 All are safe - ly gath - ered in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;



God, our Mak - er, doth pro - vide For our wants to be sup - plied;
 First the blade and then the ear, Then the full corn shall ap - pear;
 Give His an - gels charge at last In the fire the tares to cast,
 There for - ev - er pu - ri - fied In God's gar - ner to a - bide:



Come to God's own tem - ple, come; Raise the song of har - vest-home!
 Grant, O har - vest Lord, that we Whole-some grain and pure may be.
 But the fruit - ful ears to store In His gar - ner ev - er - more.
 Come, ten thou - sand an - gels, come, Raise the glo - rious har-vest-home! A - MEN.

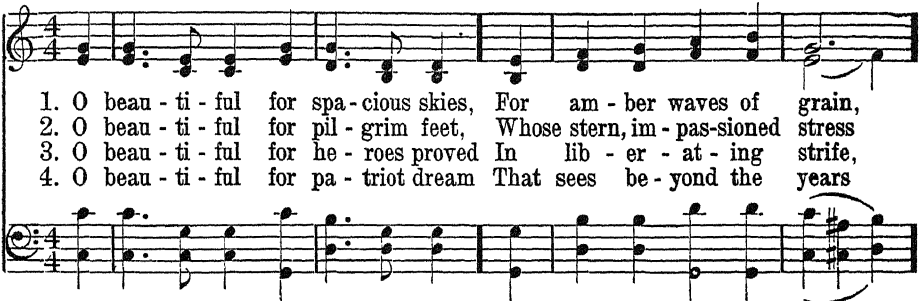
636

O Beautiful For Spacious Skies

(MATERNA. C. M. D.)

Katherine Lee Bates, 1893, revised, 1910.

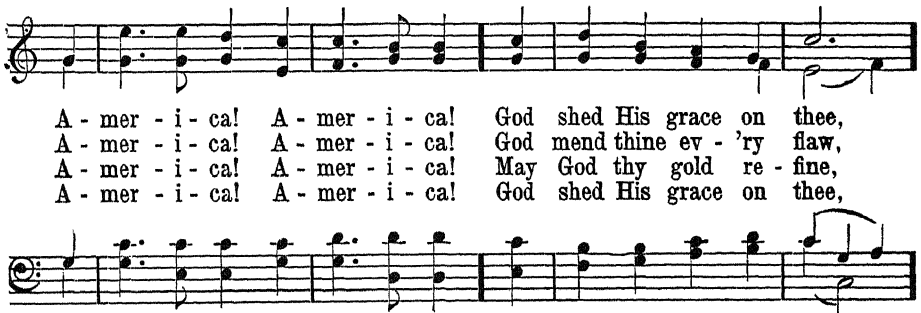
Samuel A. Ward, 1882.



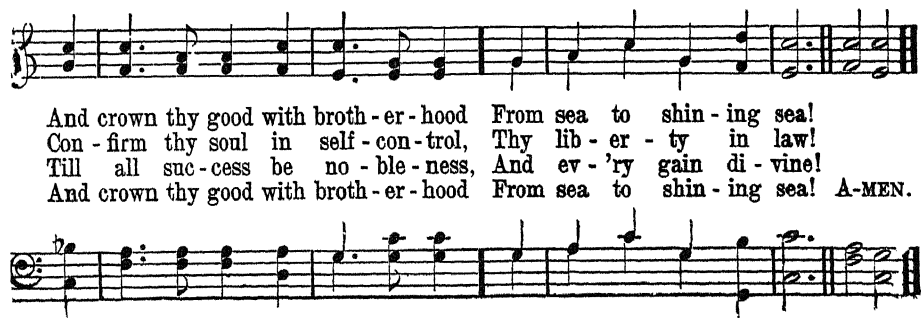
1. O beau - ti - ful for spa - cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
 2. O beau - ti - ful for pil - grim feet, Whose stern, im - pas - sioned stress
 3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
 4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years



For pur - ple moun - tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
 A thor - ough - fare for free - dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
 Who more than self their coun - try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
 Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Un - dimmed by hu - man tears!



A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
 A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,




And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
 Con - firm thy soul in self - con - trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
 Till all suc - cess be no - ble - ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
 And crown thy good with broth - er - hood From sea to shin - ing sea! A-MEN.

637 God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand

(NATIONAL HYMN. 10, 10, 10, 10.)


Daniel C. Roberts, 1876.

George W. Warren, 1892.




Trumpets, before each verse.

1. God of our fa - thers, whose al-might - y
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the
3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti-
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil - some

hand
past,
lence,
way,

Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de - fense;
Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day;




Of shin - ing worlds in splen - dor through the skies,
Be Thou our rul - er, guard - ian, guide and stay,
Thy true re - lig - ion in our hearts in - crease,
Fill all our lives with love and grace di - vine,




Our grate - ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
Thy word our law, Thy paths our cho - sen way.
Thy boun - teous good - ness nour - ish us in peace.
And glo - ry, laud and praise be ev - er Thine. A - MEN.



638

God Save America

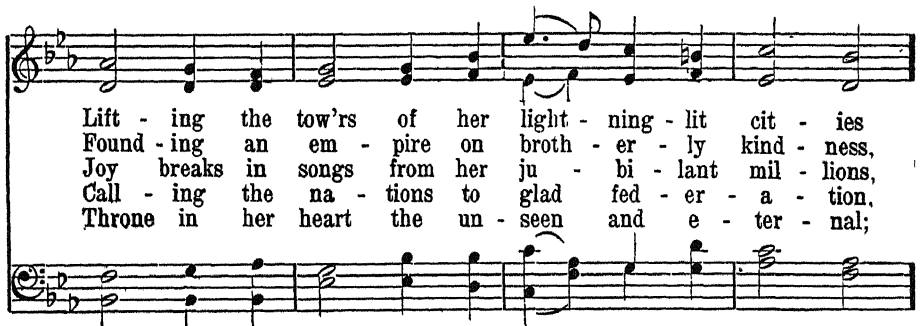
William G. Ballantine. (RUSSIAN HYMN. 11, 10, 11, 10.) Alexis T. Lwoff, 1833.



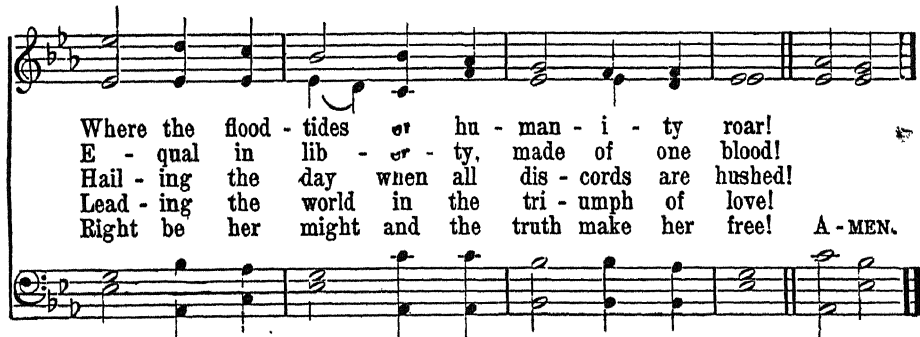
1. God save A - mer - i - ca! New world of glo - ry,
 2. God save A - mer - i - ca! Here may all rac - es
 3. God save A - mer - i - ca! Broth - er - hood ban - ish
 4. God save A - mer - i - ca! Bear - ing the ol - ive,
 5. God save A - mer - i - ca! 'Mid all her splen - dors,



New - born to free - dom and knowl - edge and pow'r,
 Min - gle to - geth - er as chil - dren of God,
 Wail of the work - er and curse of the crushed;
 Hers be the bless - ing the peace - mak - ers prove,
 Save her from pride and from lux - u - - - ry;



Lift - ing the tow'rs of her light - ning - lit cit - ies
 Found - ing an em - pire on broth - er - ly kind - ness,
 Joy breaks in songs from her ju - bi - lant mil - lions,
 Call - ing the na - tions to glad fed - er - a - tion,
 Throne in her heart the un - seen and e - ter - nal;



Where the flood - tides of hu - man - i - ty roar!
 E - qual in lib - er - ty, made of one blood!
 Hail - ing the day when all dis - cords are hushed!
 Lead - ing the world in the tri - umph of love!
 Right be her might and the truth make her free! A - MEN.

639

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe.

(GLORY, HALLELUJAH.)



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred circling camps; They have
3. He has sound - ed forth the trump - et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



tram - pling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; O be swift, my
 glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to



fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth is march - ing on.
 righteous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps; His day is march - ing on.
 soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
 make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march - ing on.



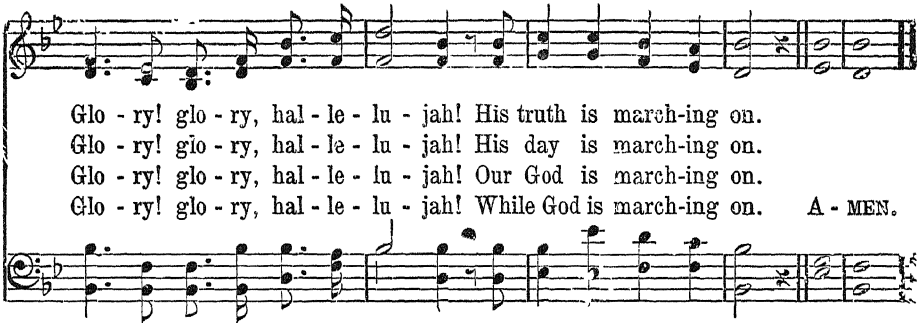
REFRAIN.



Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



NATIONAL



Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on.
 Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His day is march-ing on.
 Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Our God is march-ing on.
 Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! While God is march-ing on. A - MEN.

640

God Bless Our Native Land

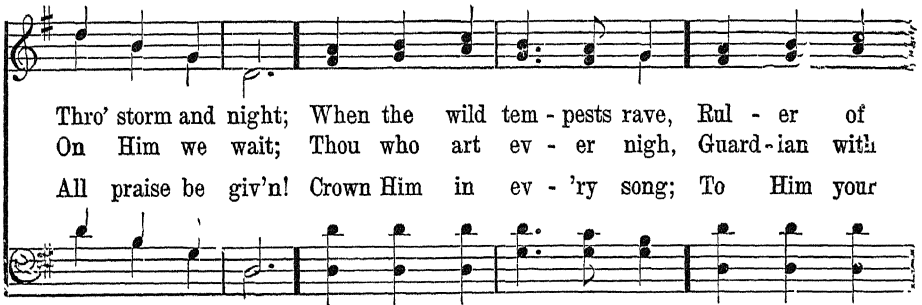
John S. Dwight, 1844.

(ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.)

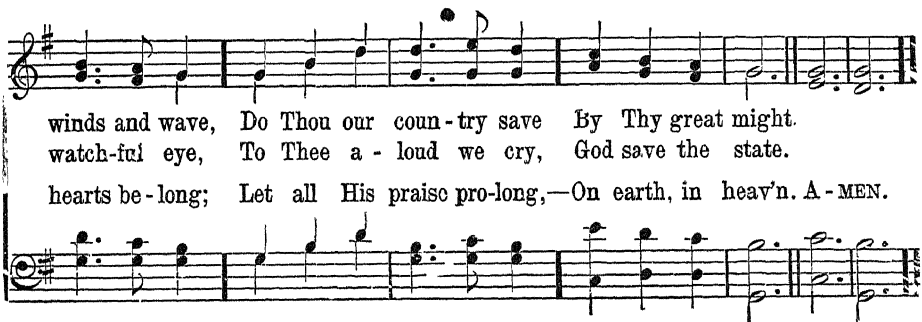
F. Giardini, 1716-1796.



1. God bless our na - tive land; Firm may she ev - - er stand,
 2. For her our prayers shall rise To God, a - bove the skies;
 DOXOLOGY.
 To God,—the Fa - ther, Son, And Spir - it, Three in One,



Thro' storm and night; When the wild tem - pests rave, Rul - er of
 On Him we wait; Thou who art ev - er nigh, Guard - ian with
 All praise be giv'n! Crown Him in ev - 'ry song; To Him your



winds and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.
 watch-ful eye, To Thee a - loud we cry, God save the state.
 hearts be-long; Let all His praise pro-long,—On earth, in heav'n. A - MEN.

641

The Star-Spangled Banner

Francis Scott Key.



1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we
 2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
 3. And where is that band, who so vaunt - ing - ly swore, That the hav - oc of
 4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved



hailed at the twi-light's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the
 host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
 war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun - try shall
 homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the



per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing?
 tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clos - es?
 leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pol - lu - tion;
 Heav'n - rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre - served us a na - tion!



And the rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave proof thro' the
 Now it catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re -
 No ref - uge could save the hire - ling and slave From the ter - ror of
 Then con - quer we must, when our cause it is just; And this be our

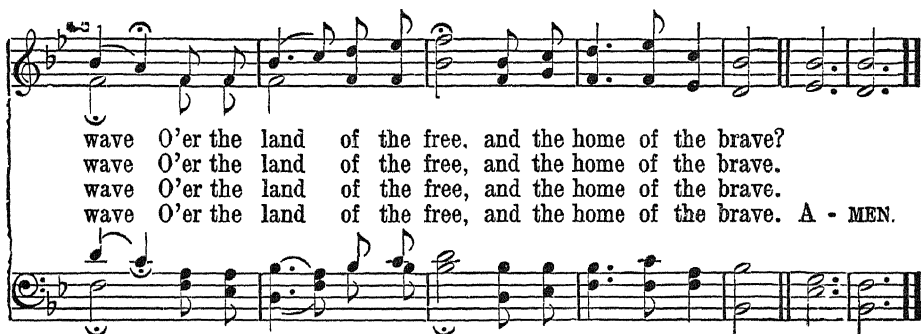


NATIONAL

ff REFRAIN.



night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled ban-ner yet
flect - ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it
flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph doth
mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph shall



wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave. A - MEN.

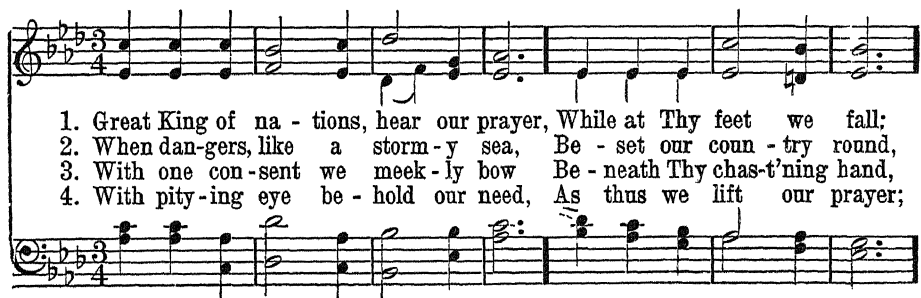
642

Great King of Nations

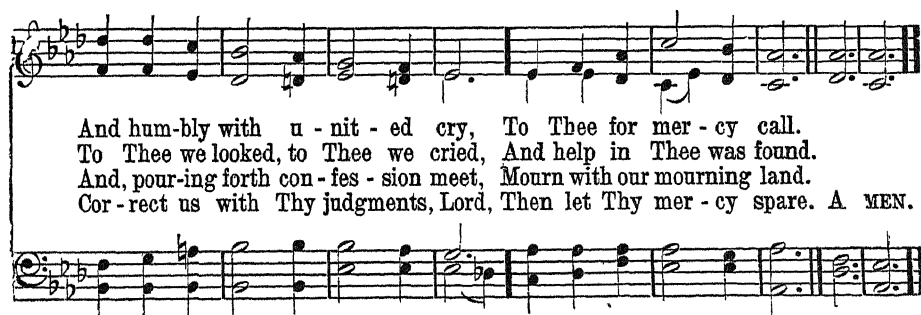
(ST. AGNES. C. M.)

John H. Gurney, 1851.

Rev. John B. Dykes, 1800-1876.



1. Great King of na - tions, hear our prayer, While at Thy feet we fall;
2. When dan-gers, like a storm-y sea, Be - set our coun - try round,
3. With one con-sent we meek-ly bow Be - neath Thy chas-t'ning hand,
4. With pity-ing eye be - hold our need, As thus we lift our prayer;



And hum-bly with u - nit - ed cry, To Thee for mer - cy call.
To Thee we looked, to Thee we cried, And help in Thee was found.
And, pour-ing forth con - fes - sion meet, Mourn with our mourning land.
Cor - rect us with Thy judgments, Lord, Then let Thy mer - cy spare. A MEN.

643

God Bless Our Native Land

AMERICAN NATIONAL ODE

Suitable to New Year's, patriotic and other occasions.

*Dedicated to the American people.*Composed and arranged
by Wellington A. Adams,
Washington, D. C.

1. God bless our na - tive land, With right-eous might we'll stand; Lift
 2. God keep us through the year, Thy Prov - i - dence make clear, Through
 3. God bless us through the year, Our homes and friends so dear; Pour

high our ban-ner now un-furled, In "Peace" with all the world.
 all the coming storms and rains, Till sun - shine comes a - gain.
 out up - on us from a - bove Thy mer - cy, Lord, Thy love. A - MEN.

644

My Country, 'Tis of Thee

Samuel F. Smith, 1832.

(AMERICA. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.)

Henry Carey, 1740.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free - dom's

pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring!
 tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe par - take; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King. A - MEN.

645

God Bless Our Native Land

(AMERICA.)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 God bless our native land,
 Firm may she ever stand
 Through storm and night!
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do Thou our country save,
 By Thy great might!</p> | <p>2 For her our prayers shall rise
 To God above the skies,
 On Him we wait;
 Thou who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To Thee aloud we cry,
 God save the state!</p> |
|---|---|
- 3 Lord of all truth and right,
 In whom alone is might,
 On Thee we call!
 And may the nations see
 That men should brothers be,
 And form one family!
 God save us all! AMEN.

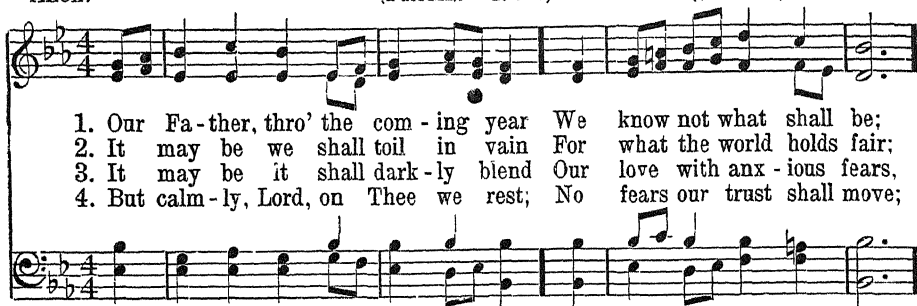
Charles T. Brooks, 1888.
 John S. Dwight, 1894.

646 Our Father, Through the Coming Year

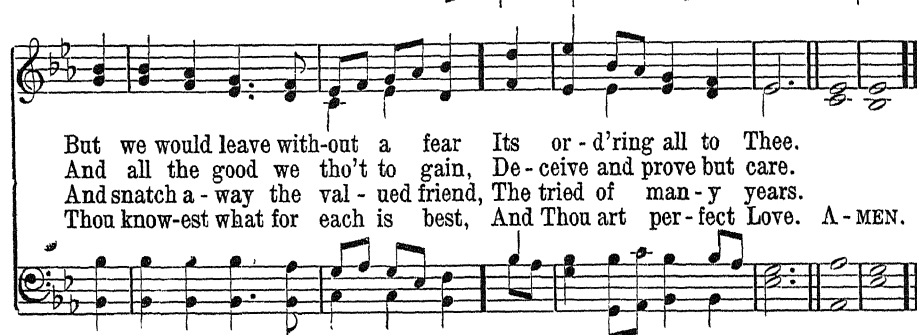
Anon.

(FROME. C. M.)

Arr. Hugh Bond, 1762-1792.



1. Our Fa-ther, thro' the com-ing year We know not what shall be;
 2. It may be we shall toil in vain For what the world holds fair;
 3. It may be it shall dark-ly blend Our love with anx-ious fears,
 4. But calm-ly, Lord, on Thee we rest; No fears our trust shall move;



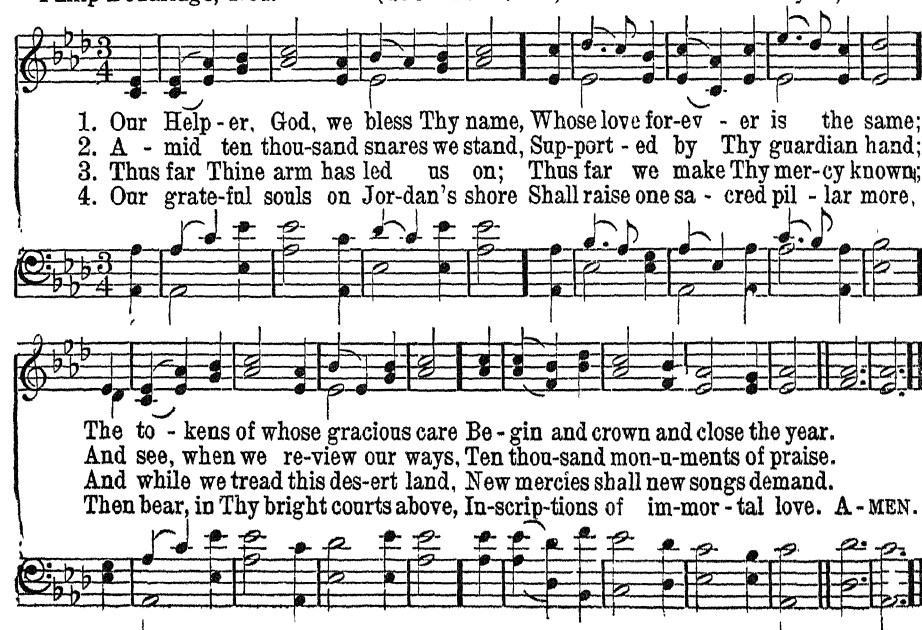
But we would leave with-out a fear Its or-d'ring all to Thee.
 And all the good we tho't to gain, De-ceive and prove but care.
 And snatch a-way the val-ued friend, The tried of man-y years.
 Thou know-est what for each is best, And Thou art per-fect Love. A-MEN.

647 Our Helper, God, We Bless Thy Name

Philip Doddridge, 1751.

(LOUVAN. L. M.)

V. C. Taylor, 1817.



1. Our Help-er, God, we bless Thy name, Whose love for-ev-er is the same;
 2. A-mid ten thou-sand snares we stand, Sup-port-ed by Thy guardian hand;
 3. Thus far Thine arm has led us on; Thus far we make Thy mer-cy known;
 4. Our grate-ful souls on Jor-dan's shore Shall raise one sa-cred pil-lar more,

The to-kens of whose gracious care Be-gin and crown and close the year.
 And see, when we re-view our ways, Ten thou-sand mon-u-ments of praise.
 And while we tread this des-ert land, New mercies shall new songs demand.
 Then bear, in Thy bright courts above, In-scrip-tions of im-mor-tal love. A-MEN.

OPENING AND CLOSING YEAR

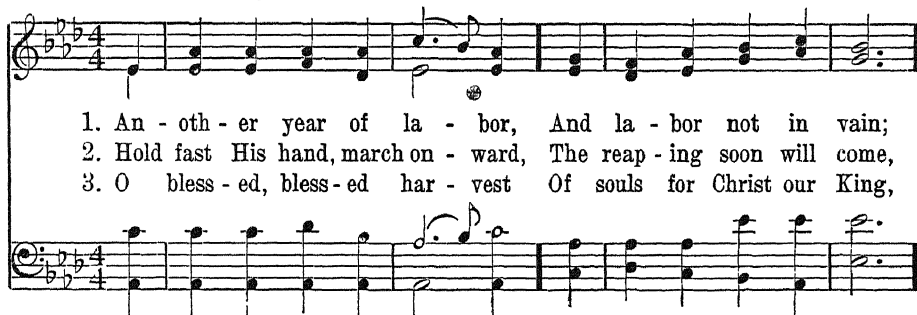
648

Another Year of Labor

(ENCOURAGEMENT. 7s, 6s. D.)

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1823.

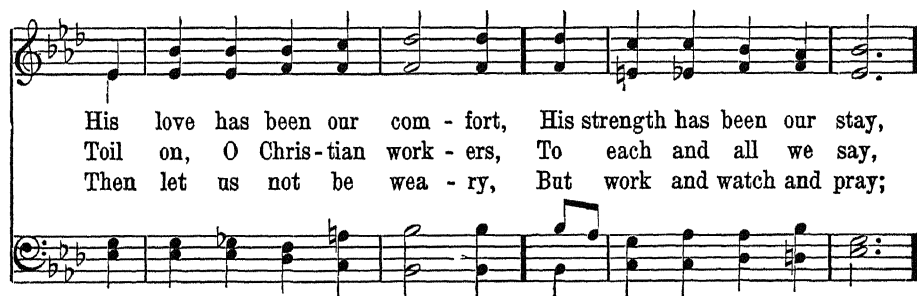
W. H. Doane.



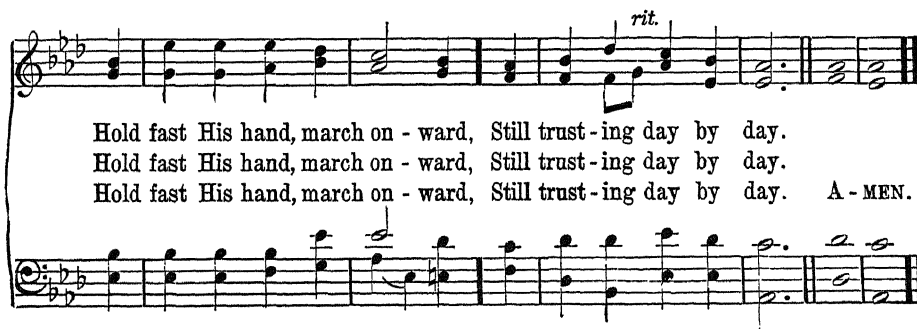
1. An - oth - er year of la - bor, And la - bor not in vain;
 2. Hold fast His hand, march on - ward, The reap - ing soon will come,
 3. O bless - ed, bless - ed har - vest Of souls for Christ our King,



For while the seed we've plant - ed, God gave the prom - ised rain.
 And then our har - vest bear - ing, We'll glad - ly gath - er home.
 When we who toil in weak - ness With joy our fruit shall bring.



His love has been our com - fort, His strength has been our stay,
 Toil on, O Chris - tian work - ers, To each and all we say,
 Then let us not be wea - ry, But work and watch and pray;

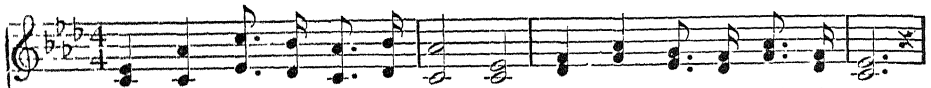


Hold fast His hand, march on - ward, Still trust - ing day by day.
 Hold fast His hand, march on - ward, Still trust - ing day by day.
 Hold fast His hand, march on - ward, Still trust - ing day by day. A - MEN.

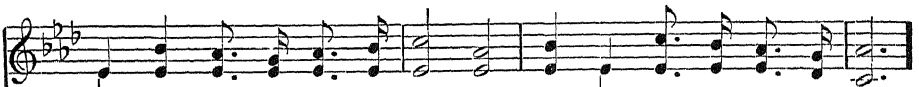
649 Take the Name of Jesus With You

Miss Lydia Baxter

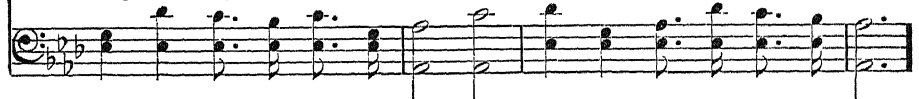
W. H. Doane.



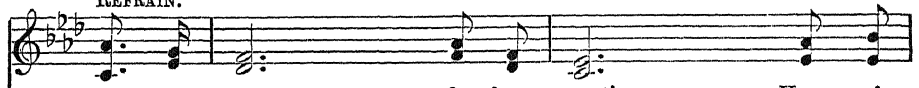
1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
 2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
 3. O the pre - cious name of Je - sus' How it thrills our souls with joy,
 4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros - trate at His feet,



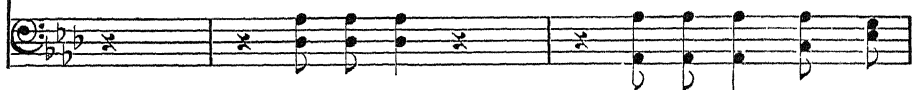

It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it then, wher - e'er you go.
 If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
 When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em - ploy!
 King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com - plete.



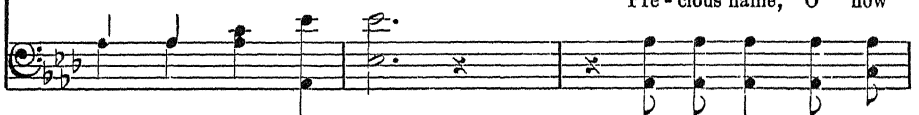
REFRAIN.



Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of
 Pre - cious name, O how sweet!

earth and joy of Heav'n; Pre - cious name, O how
 Pre - cious name, O how




sweet! . . . Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n. A - MEN.
 sweet, how sweet!



CLOSING SONGS

650

God Be With You!

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—ROMANS. 16: 20.

Jeremiah E. Rankin.

William G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—When life's perils thick confound you,
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain!—Keep love's banner floating o'er you,

With His sheep se-cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Put His arms un-fail - ing round you, God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain!

REFRAIN.

Till we meet! Till we meet, Till we meet a - gain! Till we

meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet! Till we meet! Till we meet! Till we

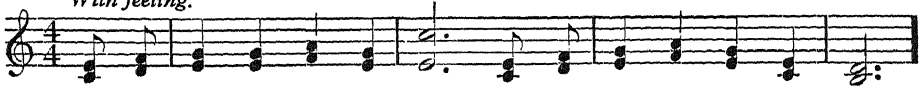
meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain! A - MEN.
 meet a - gain!

651

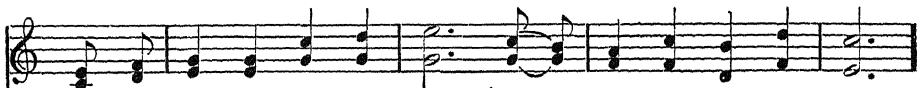
Good-By

J. D. V.

James D. Vaughan.

With feeling.

1. Sav - ior, bless us as we part, Fill our souls with love di - vine,
2. If on earth we meet no more, Let us meet at God's right hand,
3. Here's my hand that I'll be true, For that bless - ed home pre - pare,
4. That will be a hap - py time, When for - ev - er free from pain,
5. While e - ter - ni - ty rolls on, And new glo - ries e'er un - fold,



Com - fort ev - 'ry troub - led heart, May we feel that we are Thine.
 Where we shall each oth - er greet, 'Mid the glo - ries of that land.
 Will you prom - ise me that you Will meet me o - ver there?
 In that pure, ce - les - tial clime All our friends we meet a - gain.
 We shall greet our loved ones there, On the streets of shin - ing gold.



REFRAIN.



Good-by, good-by, If on earth we meet no more;
 Good-by, good-by, dear friends, good-by, no more;



Good-by, good-by, May we meet on heav-en's shore. A - MEN.
 Good-by, good-by, dear friends, good-by, bright shore.



Directions for Chanting.

1 CHANTS consist of two distinct divisions: one portion is recited, the other portion is sung.

2 The words from the beginning of each verse and half-verse up to the accented syllable, are called the Recitation, and should be recited smoothly, and without undue haste.

3 On reaching the accented syllable, and beginning with it, the *music* of the chant commences in strict time (*a tempo*), the upright strokes corresponding to the bars. The Recitation must therefore be considered as *outside* the chant, and may be of any length. The note on which the Recitation is made is called the Reciting-note.

4 If there is no syllable after that which is accented, the accented syllable must be held for one whole bar or measure.

5 An asterisk (*) is a direction to take breath. Other stops (, ;) must be attended to, as in good *reading*.

6 As the accent holds the position of the first beat of the first bar, it is unnecessary to sing it louder than any of the words recited: its position, musically, will give it quite enough emphasis.

7 Final *ed* is always to be pronounced as a separate syllable.

8 The expression "2nd part" indicates that the verse so marked is to be sung to the second half of a double chant, when such chant is used.

CHANTS

652

I Was Glad

(LAETATUS SUM.)

Psalm 122.

J. Barnby.



- 1 I was glad when they said .. unto | me, || let us go .. into the | house — | of the | Lord.
- 2 Our feet shall stand .. with- | in thy | gates, || O | — Je- | rusa- | lem.
- 3 Jerusalem is built .. ded | as a | city || that .. | is com- | pact to- | gether.
- 4 Whith .. er the | tribes go | up, || the .. | tribes — | of the | Lord;
- 5 Unto the tes .. timony of | Isra- | el, || to give thanks .. unto the | name — | of the | Lord.
- 6 For there are set .. | thrones of | judgment, || the thrones .. | of the | house of | David.
- 7 Pray for the peace .. of Je- | rusa- | lem; || they .. shall | prosper .. that | love — | thee.
- 8 Peace .. be with- | in thy | walls, || and prosper .. ity with- | in thy | pala- | ces.
- 9 For my brethren and .. com- | panions' | sakes || I will now .. say, | Peace — | be with- | in thee.
- 10 Because of the house .. of the | Lord our | God, || I | — will | seek thy | good. || A — | MEN.

653

The Lord is My Shepherd

(DOMINUS REGIT ME.)

Psalm 23.

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



- 1 The Lord is my Shep .. herd, I | shall not | want; || he maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside .. the | still- | waters.
- 2 He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for .. his | name's — | sake. || Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff .. they | comfort | me. ||
- 3 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest mine head with oil .. my | cup .. runneth | over. || Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house .. of the | Lord for ever. || A — | MEN.

CHANTS.

654 Lord, Thou Hast Been Our Dwelling-Place

(DOMINE REFUGIUM.)

W. Morley.



- 1 Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling place, || in —all| gene-| rations.
- 2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth
and the world, || even from everlasting to e- ver-| lasting| thou art| God.
- 3 Thou turnest man to de-| struction, || and say est, Re-| turn ye| children of|
men.
- 4 For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yes-terday when it is| past, || and
as a watch—| in the| night.
- 5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are| as a| sleep; || in the morn- ing
they are like| grass which| groweth || up;
- 6 In the morning it flourisheth, and even from| groweth || up; || in the evening it is cut down
and | wither-| eth.
- 7 For all our days are passed away | in thy| wrath; || we spend our | years as a|
tale that is | told.
- 8 So teach us to | number our | days, || that we may ap-| ply our | hearts unto |
wisdom. || A—| MEN.

655

Holy, Holy, Holy

(SANCTUS.)

W. F. Sherwin.



CHANTS

656

Heavenly Father, Hear Us

(DEVOTIONAL CHANT. All occasions.)

T. W. J. T.

T. W. J. Tobias.

p *pp*

Heav'n-ly Fa-ther, hear us While we bow be-fore Thee,

m *rit.* *pp*

Hum-bly we be-seech Thee to grant our prayer, O our Fa-ther.

Recitative. *Rec.*

We come, O gracious Lord, We come be-fore Thee: Hear our supplication.

Rec.

We hum-bly pray Thee, Send us Thy Holy Spirit, O Lord, we pray Thee.

SOP. SOLO. *m* *p* *ALTO SOLO.*

Help us to wor-ship Thee, Help us to wor-ship Thee,

CHANTS



Help us to wor - ship Thee In spir - it and truth,

BASS AND TENOR DUET.



O Fa - ther,



Help us,

help us,

Help us to wor - ship



Thee,

And in truth.

A - - MEN.



In spir - it

657

Gloria Patri, No. 3

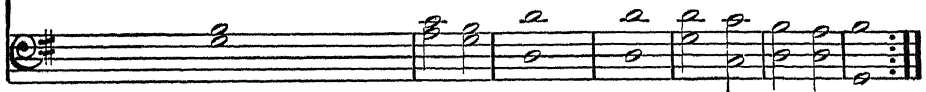
Gregorian.



Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;

As it was in the beginning,

is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end, A - men.

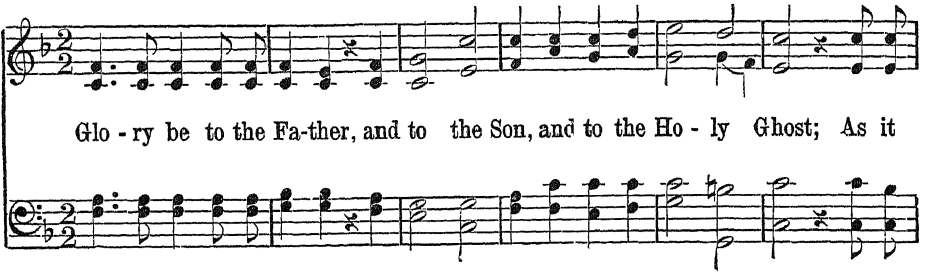


GLORIA

658

Gloria Patri, No. 1

Unknown.



Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it

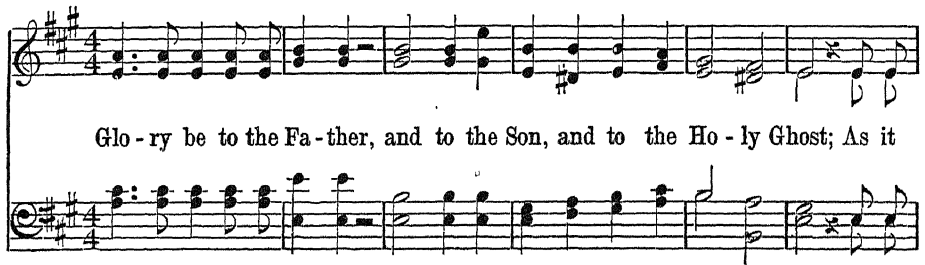


was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. A - men, A - men.

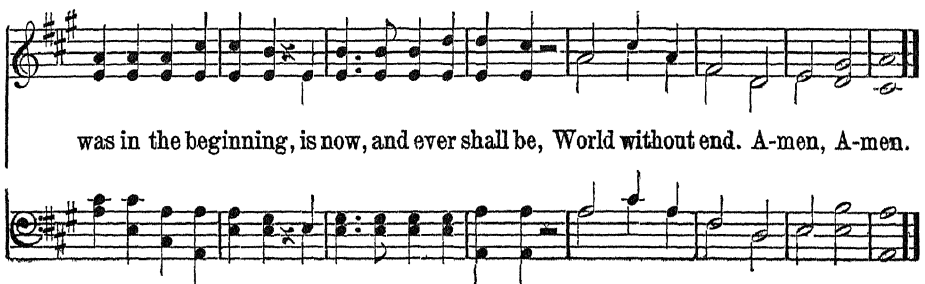
659

Gloria Patri, No. 2

Charles Meineke.



Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it



was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, World without end. A - men, A - men.

SANCTUS

660

Sanctus, No. 1

Allegro Maestoso.

Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Ho - ly! Lord God of Sabaoth! Heav'n and earth are full, full of Thy

glo-ry: Heav'n and earth are full, are full of Thy glo-ry; Glo-ry be to Thee, Glo-ry be to

Glo-ry be to Thee, Glo-ry be to Thee, to Thee, O Lord Most High, A - MEN.
Thee, Glo-ry be to Thee,

661

Sanctus, No. 2

Taylor.

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts, Heav'n and earth are full of Thy
mf

glo - ry; Glo-ry be to Thee, O Lord Most High. A - MEN, A - MEN.

SENTENCES AND RESPONSES

662

O King of Mercy

(COENA DOMINI.)

Arthur S. Sullivan.

O King of mer - cy, from Thy throne on high

Look down in love, and hear our hum - ble cry. A - MEN.

Used by permission of Novello, Ewer & Co.

663

The Lord Is In His Holy Temple

The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple; Let all the earth,

all the earth Keep si - lence be - fore Him! A - MEN, A - MEN.

Copyright, 1912, by A. S. Barnes Co.

664

Lord, Have Mercy Upon Us

George J. Elvey.

Lord, have mercy, have mercy up-on us, and in-cline our hearts to keep Thy law. A - MEN.

RESPONSES

665

Bow Down Thine Ear

(RESPONSE NO. 1. For regular service.)

Bow down Thine ear, bow down Thine ear; And hear us while we pray. A - MEN.

Bow down Thine ear, bow down Thine ear; And hear us while we pray. A - MEN.

The musical score for 'Bow Down Thine Ear' is written for four voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 3/4 time. The melody is simple and repetitive, with the lyrics 'Bow down Thine ear, bow down Thine ear; And hear us while we pray. A - MEN.' repeated twice. The piano accompaniment provides a steady harmonic support.

666

When Worldly Trials Beset

(RESPONSE AFTER PRAYER.)

Rev. Mack T. Williams.

Unknown.

VOICES IN UNISON.

When world - ly tri - als be - set their souls, When troub - le o'er them rolls, When

all their way seems dark and drear, To them, O Lord, be near. A - MEN, A - MEN.

The musical score for 'When Worldly Trials Beset' is written for voices in unison and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of B-flat major (two flats) and 6/8 time. The melody is more complex than the first piece, with a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are 'When world - ly tri - als be - set their souls, When troub - le o'er them rolls, When all their way seems dark and drear, To them, O Lord, be near. A - MEN, A - MEN.' The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

SENTENCE AND THE LORD'S PRAYER

667

Let the Words of My Mouth

(SENTENCE AND THE LORD'S PRAYER.)

C. E. Leslie.

Let the words of my mouth, Let the words of my mouth And the

med - i - ta-tions of my heart be ac-cept-a-ble in Thy sight; Wilt Thou

rit. *p* *pp*
teach me how to serve Thee Wilt Thou teach me how to pray?

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name.
Give us this day our dai - ly bread:
Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil:

Thy kingdom come: Thy will be done on earth as it is in heav-en.
Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass a-against us.
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for - ever and ever. A - men.

LORD'S PRAYER

668

The Lord's Prayer, No. 1

Matt. 6, 9: 13.

(PATER NOSTER.)

Gregorian.



- 1 Our Father who art in heaven.. | hallow..ed | be thy | name; || thy kingdom come;
thy will be done..on | earth..as it | is in | heaven.
2 Give us .. this | day our | daily | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses, as we for-
give.. | them that | trespass..a- | gainst us.
3 And lead us not into temptation, but..de- | liver | us from | evil. || For thine is the
kingdom, and the pow..er and the | glory..for | ever..A- | men.

669

The Lord's Prayer, No. 2

(PATER NOSTER.)

L. T. Downs, 1824.



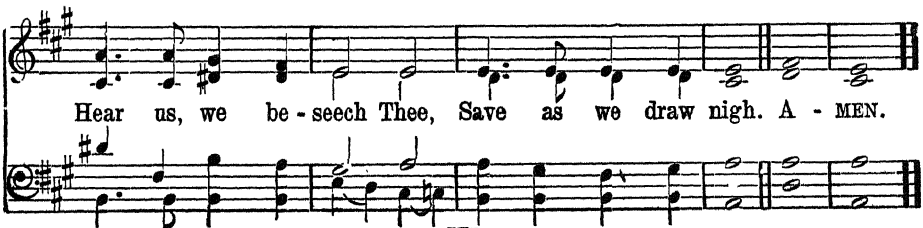
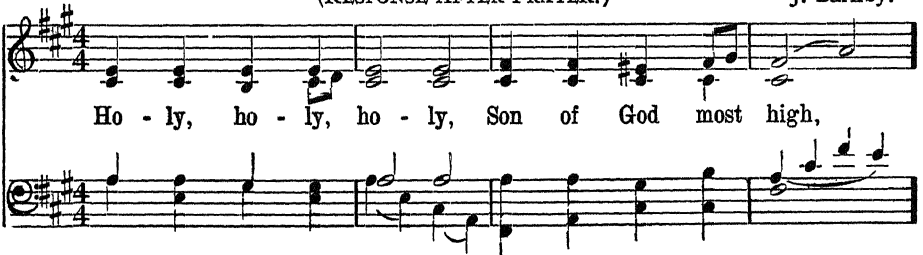
- 1 Our Father who art in heaven, hal..lowed | be thy | name; || thy kingdom come, thy
will be done..on | earth..as it | is in | heaven.
2 Give us this day..our | daily | bread; || and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive.. |
those that | trespass..a- | gainst us.
3 And lead us not into temptation, but deli..ver | us from | evil; || for thine is the
kingdom, and the pow..er and the | glory..for | ever..A- | men.

670

Holy, Holy, Holy

(RESPONSE AFTER PRAYER.)

J. Barnby.



LORD'S PRAYER

671

The Lord's Prayer, No. 3

J. A. Parks.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallow-ed be Thy name; Thy

king-dom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heav'n; Give

us this day our dai - ly bread, And for - give us our debts as we for -

LORD'S PRAYER

Tempo I.

give our debt-ors; And lead us not into temptation, but de-liv-er us from

Tempo I.

e-vil. For Thine is the king-dom, the pow'r and the glo-ry, the

f

pow'r and the glo-ry for-ev-er, the glo-ry for-ev-er and ev-er. A-MEN.

p

BENEDICTIONS

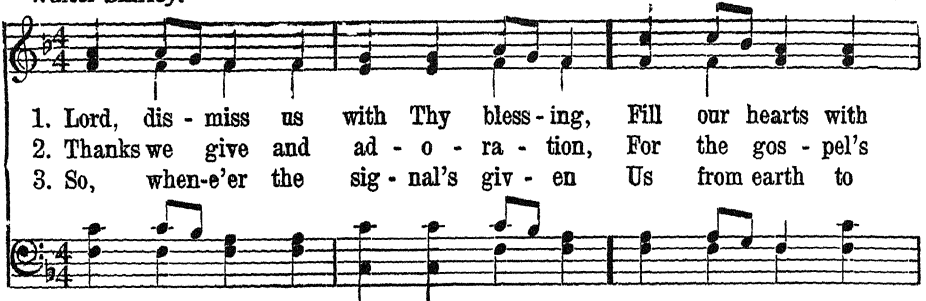
672

Lord, Dismiss Us

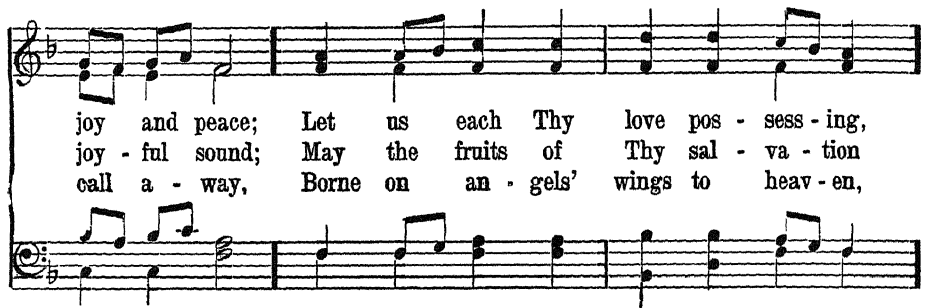
(GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 4.)

Walter Shirley.

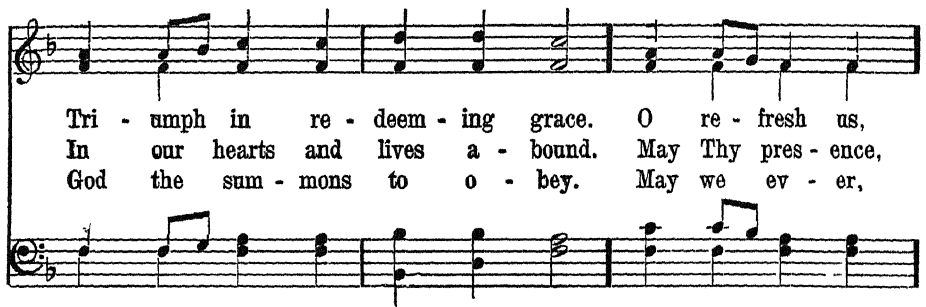
Rousseau.



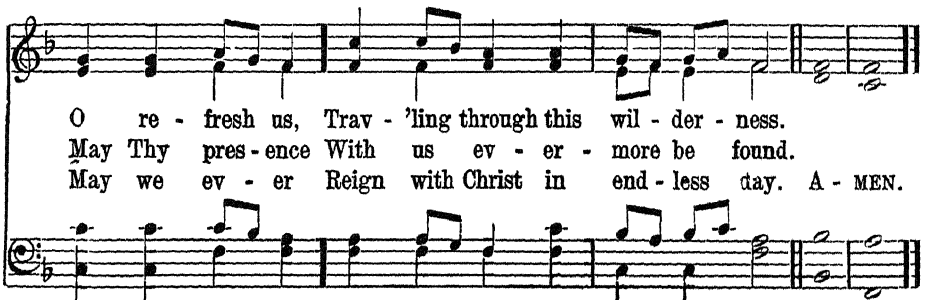
1. Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with
 2. Thanks we give and ad - o - ra - tion, For the gos - pel's
 3. So, when-e'er the sig - nal's giv - en Us from earth to



joy and peace; Let us each Thy love pos - sess - ing,
 joy - ful sound; May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion
 call a - way, Borne on an - gels' wings to heav - en,



Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace. O re - fresh us,
 In our hearts and lives a - bound. May Thy pres - ence,
 God the sum - mons to o - bey. May we ev - er,



O re - fresh us, Trav - 'ling through this wil - der - ness.
 May Thy pres - ence With us ev - er - more be found.
 May we ev - er Reign with Christ in end - less day. A - MEN.

BENEDICTIONS

673

The Lord Bless Thee

Num. 6: 24, 26.

Mrs. Willa A. Townsend.

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/4. The lyrics for this system are: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee! The Lord make His face to shine up-".

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics for this system are: "on thee! The Lord lift up His coun- te- nance up-".

The third system of the musical score. It concludes the piece with the final vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics for this system are: "on thee and give thee peace. A - - - MEN.".

DOXOLOGY AND AMENS

674 Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow

Thomas Ken.

(OLD HUNDRED.)

Louis Bourgeois.

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be-low;

Praise Him a-bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost. A-MEN.

675

Amen

Thomas Adams.

A - - men. A - - - men. A - men, A - men.

676

Threefold Amen

A - men, A - men, A - - - - men.

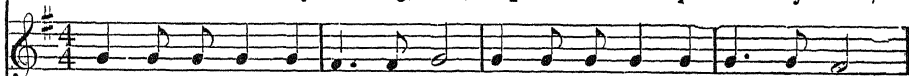
BENEDICTIONS

677 Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing, Lord

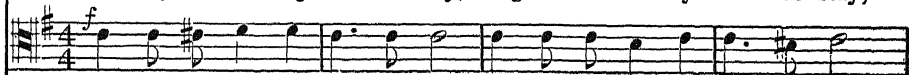
(RECESSIONAL. After the Benediction.)



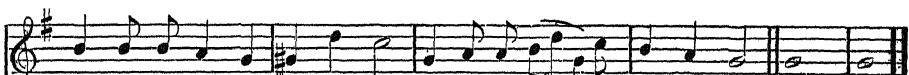
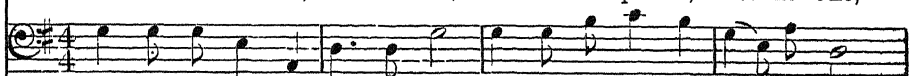
1. Dis-miss us with Thy bless-ing, Lord, Help us to feed uu on Thy word;



2. Oh, may the bless-ings of this day, Long as our mem-'ry with us stay;



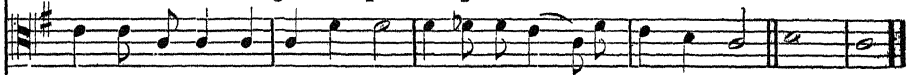
3. To God the Fa ther, God the Son, And God the Spir - it, Three in One;



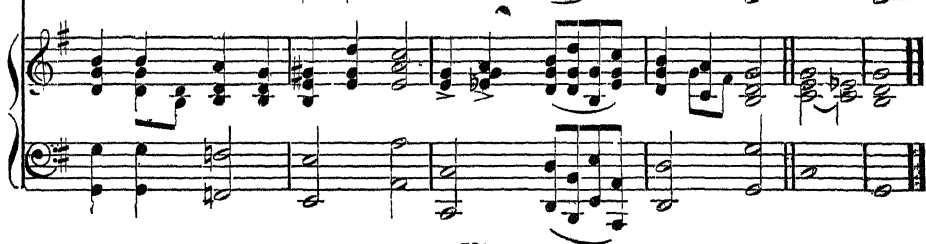
All that has been a - miss for-give, And let Thy truth with-in us live. A - MEN.



And as a con-stant guardian prove, To guide us to our home a - bove. A - MEN.



Be hon-or, praise and glo-ry giv'n, By all on earth and all in heav'n. A - MEN.



678

Before Jehovah's Awful Throne.

L. M.

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us
men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we
strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal
frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful
songs,
High as the heavens our voices
raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand
tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding
praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love:
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to
move.

679

The Church in the Wilderness.

S. M.

- 1 Far down the ages now,
Much of her journey done,

The pilgrim church pursues her way
Until her crown be won.

- 2 The story of the past
Comes up before her view;
How well it seems to suit her still—
Old, and yet ever new.
- 3 No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smother is the ancient path,
That leads to life and day.
- 4 No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
No less the need of armor tried,
Of shield and spear and bow.
- 5 Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true,
We follow where he leads the way,
The kingdom in our view.

680

Lord, Teach Me How to Pray.

Tune: Alice S. M.

- 1 Lord, teach me how to pray
Teach me to love it too;
And grant thy Holy Spirit may
Make all my nature new.
- 2 I want to be thy child
I want my sins forgiven;
I want a spirit meek and mild
I want to get to heaven.
- 3 Do Lord shew me the way
And guide me on the road;
And never let me go astray
Till I get home to God.

SUPPLEMENT—WORDS ONLY.

681 *Shall We Go On to Sin.*

S. M.

- 1 Shall we go on to sin,
Because thy grace abounds?
Or crucify the Lord again,
And open all his wounds?
- 2 Forbid it, mighty God;
Nor let it e'er be said
That we, whose sins are crucified,
Should raise them from the dead.
- 3 We will be slaves no more,
Since Christ has made us free,
Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,
And bought our liberty.

682 7s. COWPER.

"Lovest Thou Me?"

- 1 Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;
'Tis the Saviour; hear his word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when wounded, healed thy
wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee
right,
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be;
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;

Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love's so weak and faint;
Yet I love thee, and adore;
O for grace to love thee more!

683

*To Thee My Righteous King and
Lord.*

C. M.

- 1 To thee my righteous King and
Lord,
My grateful soul I'll raise;
From day to day thy works record,
And ever sing thy praise.
- 2 Thy gracious human thought ex-
ceeds;
Thy glory knows no end;
The lasting record of thy deeds
Through ages shall descend.
- 3 Thy wondrous acts, thy power, and
might,
My constant theme shall be;
That song shall be my soul's delight
Which breathes in praise to thee.
- 4 The Lord is bountiful and kind,
His anger slow to move;
His tender mercies all shall find,
And all his goodness prove.
- 5 From all thy works, O Lord, shall
spring
The sound of joy and praise;
Thy saints shall of thy glory sing,
And show the world thy ways.
- 6 Throughout all ages shall endure
Thine everlasting reign;
And thy dominion, firm and sure
Forever shall remain.

SUPPLEMENT—WORDS ONLY.

684 *Mutual Aid.*

C. M.

- 1 Try us, O God, and search the
ground
Of every sinful heart:
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
O bid it all depart!
- 2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.
- 3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear:
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.
- 4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve:
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.
- 5 Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow;
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below.
- 6 Then, when the mighty work is
wrought,
Receive thy ready bride:
Give us in heaven a happy lot
With all the sanctified.

685

Everlasting Absence of God Intolerable.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 That awful day will surely come,—
Th' appointed hour makes haste,—
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.
- 2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

- 3 O, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my dreadful station where
I must not taste his love!
- 4 Jesus, I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without one gracious smile from
thee,
My spirit cannot rest.
- 5 O, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

686 *And Are We Yet Alive.*

S. M. D.

- 1 And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace!
Preserved by power Divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.
- 2 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we passed,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.
- 3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

687 *Now Is the Accepted Time.*

S. M.

- 1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Savior's face.
- 2 Now is the accepted time,
The Savior calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late—
Then why should you delay?
- 3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.
- 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels clap their wings
And bear the news above.

688 *Christ the Object of Love.*

C. M.

- 1 Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to mine ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven should
hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My joy, my hope, my trust;
Jewels, to thee, are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee most richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of thy name,
With my last, labouring breath;
Then speechless clasp thee in mine
arms,
The antidote of death.

689

This Mortal Shall Put On Immor-
tality.

S. M.

- 1 And must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?
- 2 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And ever from the skies
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.
- 3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.
- 4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

690

In Distress Pleading with God.

C. M.

- 1 O! That I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face.
And pour my woes abroad.
- 2 I'd tell Him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.
- 3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.
- 4 My God will pity my complaints,
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his saints.
The language of their groans.
- 5 Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace
To spread thy sorrows there.

691

Resurrection and Judgment.

S. M. C. WESLEY

- 1 And am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
- 2 Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from the grave must rise,
And see the Judge with glory
crowned,
And see the flaming skies.
- 3 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph, or regret?—
A fearful or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing, meet?
- 4 I must from God be driven,
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come, at his command, to
heaven,
Or else depart—to hell.
- 5 O Thou, that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,—
Who diedst thyself, my soul to save
From endless misery,—
- 6 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That, when thou comest on thy
throne,
I may with joy appear.

692 *Self-Denial for Christ.*

C. M. BEDDOME.

- 1 And must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.
- 2 Yes, let it go! one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain
Of honor, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand
lives,

How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely
good,
Divinely bright and fair!

+ Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
The loss of all things I could bear,
And glory in my gain.

693 *Solemn Questions.*

S. M.

- 1 And will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise,
And not a single soul escape
His all discerning eyes?
- 2 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his
face,
Astonished, shrink away?
- 3 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering
sound
What joyful tidings spread!
- 4 Come, sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

694

*O, Speed Thee, Christian on Thy
Way.*
C. M.

- 1 O, speed thee, Christian on thy way,
And to thy armor cling;
With girded loins the call obey
That grace and mercy bring.
- 2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

- 3 The shield of faith repels the dart
That Satan's hand may throw;
His arrow cannot reach thy heart,
If Christ control the bow.
- 4 The glowing lamp of prayer will
light
Thee on the anxious road;
'Twill keep the goal of heaven in
sight,
And guide thee to thy God.
- 5 O, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before his throne
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

695

Grace! 'Tis a Charming Sound.

S. M.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. 1740.

- 1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

696

'Tis Faith Supports My Feeble Soul.
C. M.

- 1 'Tis faith supports my feeble soul
In times of deep distress;
When storms arise and billows roll,
Great God, I trust thy grace.
- 2 Thy powerful arm still bears me up,
Whatever griefs befall;
Thou art my life, my joy, my hope,
And thou my all in all.
- 3 Bereft of friends, beset with foes,
With dangers all around,
To thee I all my fears disclose;
In thee my help is found.
- 4 In every want, in every strait,
To thee alone I fly;
When other comforters depart,
Thou art forever nigh.

697

Filial Confidence.

S. M.

CAMPBELL'S COL.

- 1 Lord, I would come to thee,
A sinner all defiled;
O, take the stain of guilt away,
And own me as thy child.
- 2 I cannot live in sin,
And feel a Saviour's love;
Thy blood can make my spirit clean,
And write my name above.
- 3 Among thy little flock
I need the Shepherd's care;
Pour waters from the smitten Rock,
And pastures green prepare.
- 4 Blest Shepherd, I am thine;
Still keep me in thy fear;
Now fill my heart with grace divine;
Bring thy salvation near.

SUPPLEMENT—WORDS ONLY.

698 *Prayer for Grace in Trial.*

C. M.

URWICK'S COL.

- 1 Father of all our mercies, thou
In whom we move and live,
Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling,
now;
And answer, and forgive.
- 2 When, harassed by ten thousand
foes,
Our helplessness we feel,
O, give the weary soul repose,
The wounded spirit heal.
- 3 When dire temptations gather round,
And threaten or allure,
By storm or calm, in thee be found
A refuge strong and sure.
- 4 When age advances, may we grow
In faith, in hope, and love,
And walk in holiness below
To holiness above.

699 *Another Soldier Gone.*

S. M.

REV. B. J. PERKINS

- 1 Another soldier gone
To get a great reward;
He fought the fight and kept the
faith
And now gone home to God.
- 2 He fought until he fell
Upon the battle field,
And then he heard the General say,
"Lay down your sword and
shield."
- 3 His soul has gone to God
The earth has claimed its own,
And now he's shouting 'round the
throne,
While we are left to mourn.
- 4 Some day we'll meet again,
Our loved ones gone before;
Some day we'll reach that happy
land,
Where parting is no more.

700 *Love to the Lord Declared.*

C. M.

- 1 I love the Lord: he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.
- 2 I love the Lord: he bowed his ear,
And chased my grief away:
Oh, let my heart no more despair
While I have breath to pray.
- 3 The Lord beheld me sore distressed;
He bade my pains remove;
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

701 *Christ Superior to Moses.*

C. M.

- 1 How strong thine arm is, mighty
God,
Who would not fear thy name?
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are,
Who would not love the Lamb?
- 2 He has done more than Moses did.
Our Prophet and our King,
From bonds of hell has freed our
souls,
And taught our lips to sing.
- 3 In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,
The Egyptian host was drowned;
But his own blood hides all our sins,
And guilt no more is found.
- 4 When through the desert Israel
went,
With manna they were fed:
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,
And calls it living bread.

SUPPLEMENT—WORDS ONLY.

5 Moses beheld the promised land,
 Yet never reached the place:
 But Christ shall bring his followers
 home,
 To see his Father's face.

6 Then will our love and joy be full,
 And feel a warmer flame,
 And sweeter voices tune the song
 Of Moses and the Lamb.

702 *The Christian Race.*

C. M. DODDRIDGE.

1 Awake, my soul: stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigor on;
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine uplifted eye;—

4 That prize, with peerless glories
 bright,
 Which shall new lustre boast,
 When victors' wreaths and mon-
 archs' gems
 Shall blend in common dust.

703

The Day Is Past and Gone.

S. M.

1 The day is past and gone,
 The evening shades appear;
 Oh, may we all remember well
 The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest;
 So death will soon dis-robe us all
 Of what is here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears;
 May Angels guard us while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise
 And view th' unwearied sun,
 May we set out to win the prize,
 And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past
 And we from time remove,
 Oh may we in thy bosom rest,
 The bosom of thy love.

704 *Funeral Hymn.*

C. M.

1 Hark! from the tombs a doleful
 sound!

My ears attend the cry;
 "Ye living men, come view the
 ground,
 Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your towers;
 The tall, the wise, the reverend head
 Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
 And are we still secure?
 Still walking downward to the tomb,
 And yet prepare no more!

4 Grant us the power of quickening
 grace,
 To fit our souls to fly;
 Then, when we drop this dying
 flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

SUPPLEMENT—FAMILIAR TUNES

705

McINTOSH. C. M.



706

EVAN. C. M.

Rev. W. H. Havergal, 1793-1870.



707

BALERMA. C. M.

Adapted by R. Simpson.



SUPPLEMENT—FAMILIAR TUNES

708

ORTONVILLE.

Thos. Hastings.



709

PISGAH. C. M.

J. C. Lowry.



710

ARLINGTON. C. M.

Dr. T. A. Arne, 1710-1778.



SUPPLEMENT—FAMILIAR TUNES

711

MEAR. C. M.

American Air.



712

AZMON. C. M.

Arr. from Carl G. Gläser,
by Lowell Mason, 1839.



713

WARWICK. C. M.

Samuel Stanley, 1767-1822.



SUPPLEMENT—FAMILIAR TUNES

714

AVON. C. M.

Hugh Wilson, 1768.



715

MANOAH. C. M.

F. J. Haydn, 1732-1809.



716

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



SUPPLEMENT - FAMILIAR TUNES

717

HEBRON. L. M. Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



718

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. Hatton, 1790.



719

ZEPHYR. L. M.

W. B. Bradbury, 1816-1868.



SUPPLEMENT—FAMILIAR TUNES

720

WINDHAM. L. M.

Daniel Read, 1757-1836.



721

RETREAT. L. M.

Dr. Thomas Hastings, 1784-1872.



722

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

H. C. Zeuner, 1795-1857.



SUPPLEMENT—FAMILIAR TUNES

723

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

G. F. Handel, 1685-1759.



724

DENNIS. S. M.

H. G. Nageli, 1768-1836.



725

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. Woodman.



SUPPLEMENT-FAMILIAR TUNES

726

BOYLSTON. S. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



727

LABAN S. M.

Dr. Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.



728

GAVIN. S. M.



SELECTIONS FOR MALE VOICES

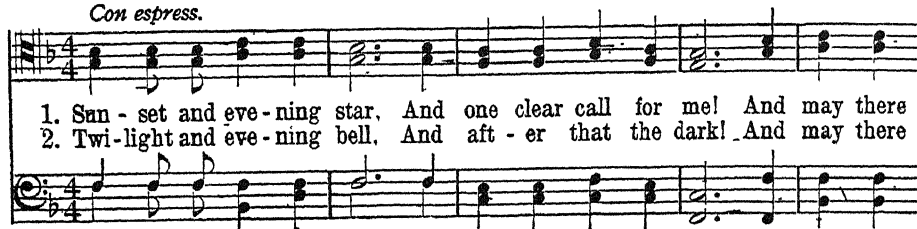
729

Crossing the Bar

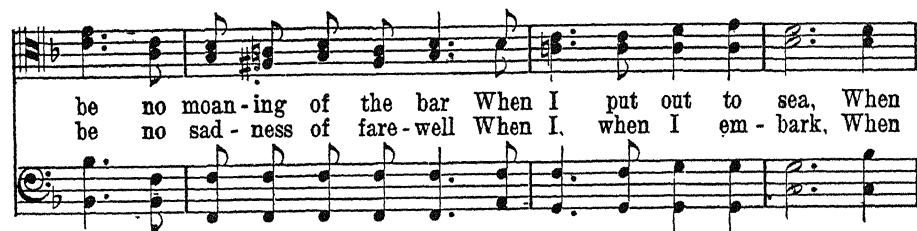
(MALE CHORUS OR QUARTET.)

Alfred Tennyson.
Con espress.

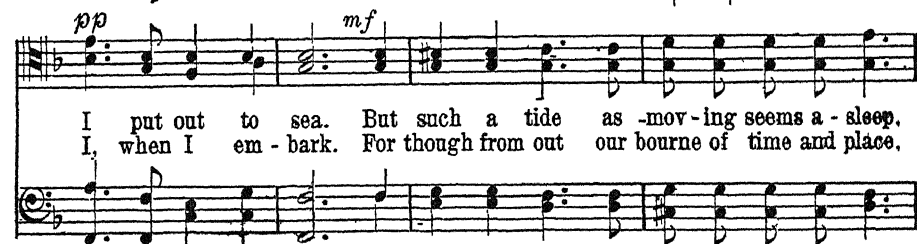
Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. Sun - set and eve - ning star, And one clear call for me! And may there
2. Twi - light and eve - ning bell, And aft - er that the dark! And may there



be no moan - ing of the bar When I put out to sea, When
be no sad - ness of fare - well When I, when I em - bark, When



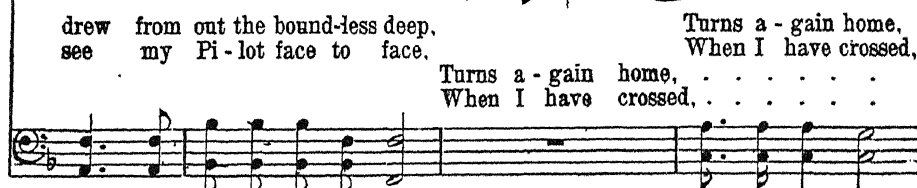
pp I put out to sea. But such a tide as mov - ing seems a - sleep,
mf I, when I em - bark. For though from out our bourne of time and place,



rit. Too full for sound and foam, When that which
a tempo. The flood may bear me far; I hope to

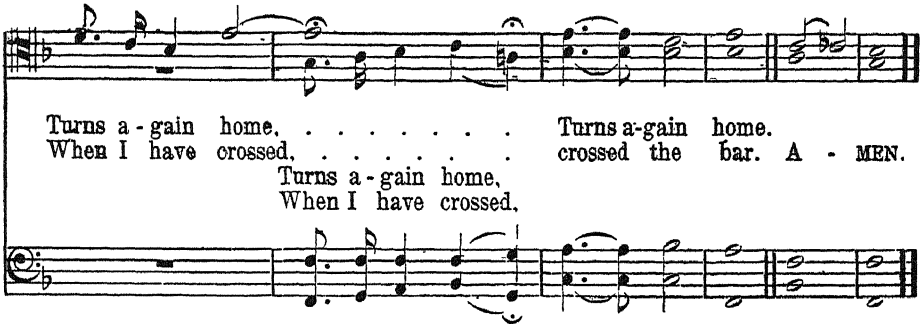


Too full for sound and foam,
The flood may bear me far;



drew from out the bound - less deep, Turns a - gain home,
see my Pi - lot face to face, When I have crossed,
Turns a - gain home,
When I have crossed,

SELECTIONS FOR MALE VOICES



Turns a - gain home. Turns a - gain home.
 When I have crossed, crossed the bar. A - MEN.
 Turns a - gain home,
 When I have crossed,

730

Come, O My Soul

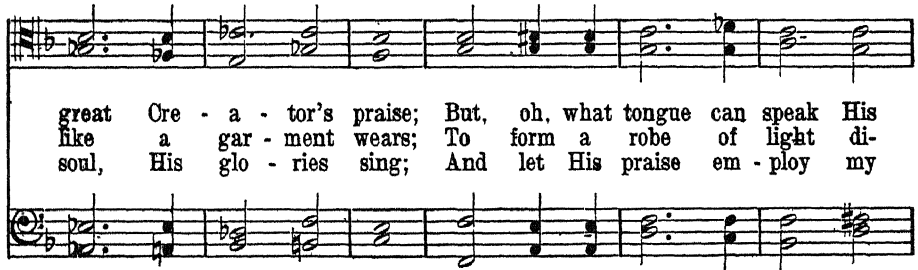
(MALE QUARTET)

Anon.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays, At - tempt thy
 2. En - throned a - mid the ra - diant spheres, He glo - ry
 3. Raised on de - vo - tion's loft - y wing, Do thou, my



great Ore - a - tor's praise; But, oh, what tongue can speak His
 like a gar - ment wears; To form a robe of light di-
 soul, His glo - ries sing; And let His praise em - ploy my



fame? What verse can reach . . the loft - y theme?
 vine, Ten thou - sand suns . . a - round Him shine.
 tongue, Till lis - t'ning worlds . . shall join the song. A - MEN.

731

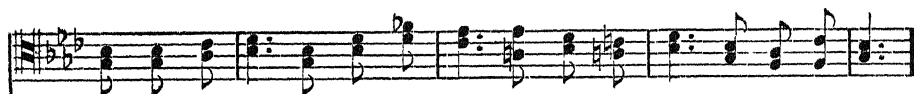
God's Loving Hand

Fred Scott.

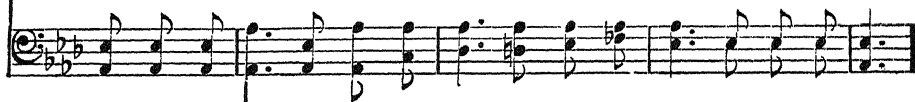
F. S. Shepard.



- 1 A - long the de - vious ways of life, With ills be - set and dan - gers rife,
2. The way with clouds may be o'er - cast, But soon the dark - ness will be passed;
3. If sor - row come, and pain and grief, The Lord will bring us blest re - lief;
4. If brief or long the way may be, It mat - ters not to you and me;



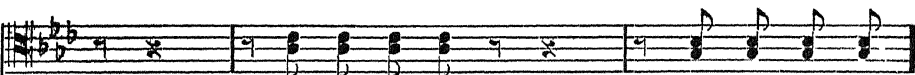
There's safe - ty e'en a - mid the strife, God's lov - ing hand doth safe - ly lead!
 To bright - er paths and scenes at last, God's lov - ing hand doth safe - ly lead!
 We'll rest our hearts on this be - lief: God's lov - ing hand doth safe - ly lead!
 By faith we'll jour - ney stead - i - ly, — God's lov - ing hand doth safe - ly lead!



REFRAIN.



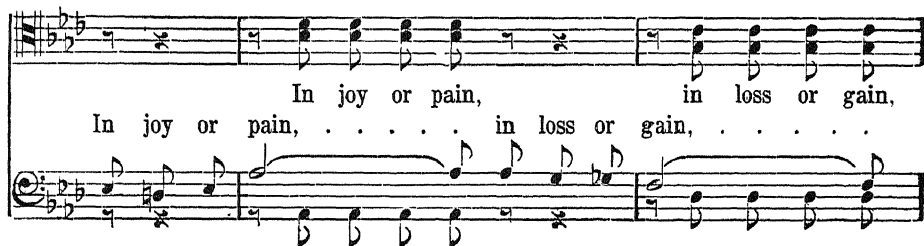
God's lov - ing hand doth safe - ly lead!
 God's lov - ing hand doth safe - ly lead!



God's lov - ing hand doth safe - ly lead!
 God's lov - ing hand doth safe - ly lead!



SELECTIONS FOR MALE VOICES



In joy or pain, in loss or gain,
In joy or pain, in loss or gain,

rit.




God's lov-ing hand doth safe-ly lead! A - MEN.
God's lov-ing hand doth safe-ly lead!

732

Home At Last

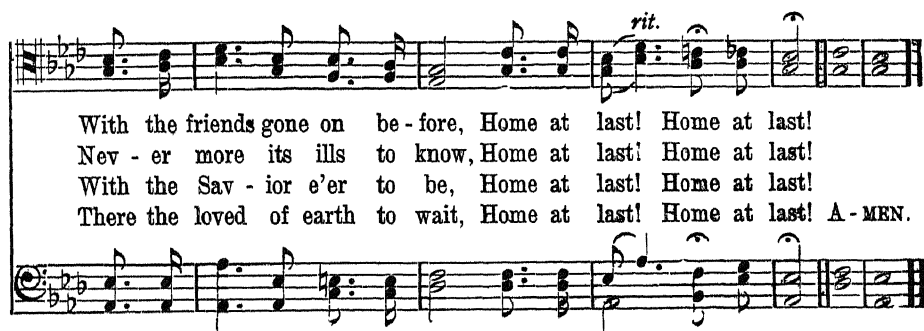
Fred Scott.

F. S. Shepard.



1. Home at last! Life's voy-age o'er, An-chored safe on heav'n's blest shore;
2. Home at last! Not far to go, Just a span from earth be-low;
3. Home at last! From bond-age free, All heav'n's glo-ries new to see;
4. Home at last! In-side the gate, Midst the joys su-preme-ly great;

rit.



With the friends gone on be-fore, Home at last! Home at last!
Nev-er more its ills to know, Home at last! Home at last!
With the Sav-ior e'er to be, Home at last! Home at last!
There the loved of earth to wait, Home at last! Home at last! A - MEN.

Copyright, 1902, by F. S. Shepard.

733

In the Hollow of His Hand

(MALE CHORUS OR QUARTET.)

Florence Jones Hadley.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—

1. In the hol - low of His hand He will hide me When
 2. In the hol - low of His hand He will hide me When the
 3. In the hol - low of His hand He will hide me When the

doubt and sin draw near. Though no earth - ly friend may walk be-
 storm is on the deep. And I know what - ev - er may be-
 storms of life sweep by. . . To the har - bor safe He will

side me I . . . rest se - cure from fear . . .
 tide me His . . . vig - il He will keep. . .
 guide me Where His bless - ed is - lands lie.

REFRAIN.

I know what - e'er be - tide me His hand will safe - ly guide me.

His love will ev - er hide me In the hol - low of His hand. A - - MEN

SELECTIONS FOR MALE VOICES

734

Draw Near to God

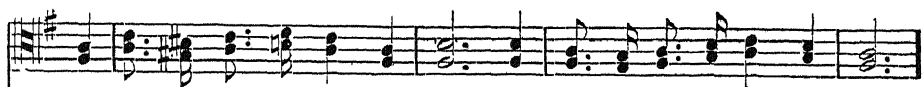
(MALE QUARTET.)

Mrs. M. Doolittle.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873



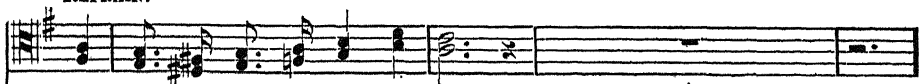
1. When - ev - er you are bent with care, Or when you feel the chas-t'ning rod
2. When - ev - er foes are lurk - ing near, And weak-ness caus-es cheer to flee,
3. While in this pil-grim land you live, 'Mid storms and foes and wrong de - sires,
4. And when the call of death you hear, And here no far-ther you will roam,



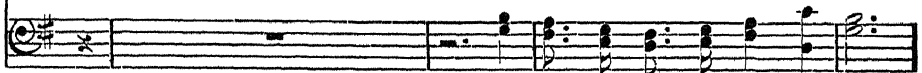
And need a friend your ills to share, In ear-nest prayer draw near to God.
 Or when the tempt-er's call you hear, Draw near to God on bend - ed knee.
 Draw near to God for He will give The bless-ing that your soul re-quires.
 Draw near to God the Fa - ther dear, As - sured that He will bear you home.



REFRAIN.



Draw near to God and tell Him all, And He will let the bless-ing fall;



Draw near to God, a help - er true, And sure - ly He'll draw near to you. A - MEN.




735

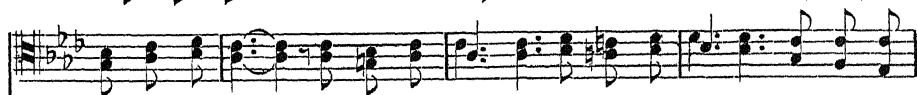
Seeking the Lost

W. A. O.

W. A. Ogden.

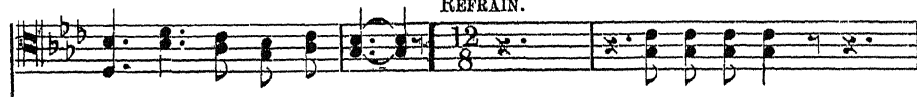


1. Seek - ing the lost, yes, kind - ly en - treat - ing Wan - der - ers on the
 2. Seek - ing the lost, and point - ing to Je - sus Souls that are weak, and
 3. Thus I would go on mis - sions of mer - cy, Fol - low - ing Christ from




moun - tain a - stray; "Come un - to Me," His mes - sage re - peat - ing, Words of the
 hearts that are sore; Lead - ing them forth in ways of sal - va - tion, Show - ing the
 day un - to day; Cheering the faint, and rais - ing the fall - en; Point - ing the

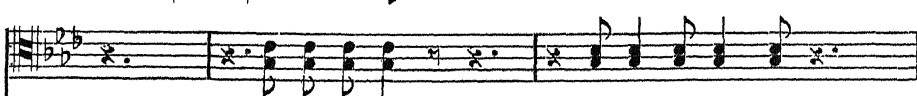
REFRAIN.



Mas - ter speak - ing to - day. Go - ing a - far
 path to life ev - er - more.
 lost to Je - sus the way. Go - ing a - far up - on the




up - on the mountain, Bringing the wand'r'er back again, back a - gain,
 moun - tain, . . . Bringing the wan - - - d'r'er back a - gain, . . .



In - to the fold of my Re - deem - er,
 In - to the fold of my Re - deem - er, . . . Je - sus, the

SELECTIONS FOR MALE VOICES



Je - sus, the Lamb for sin - ners slain, for sin - ners slain. A - MEN.
Lamb for sin - ners slain.

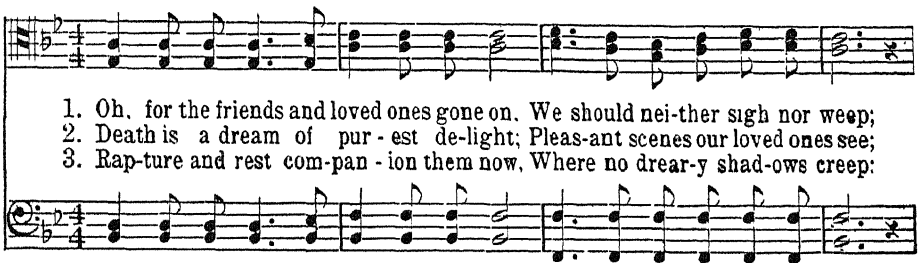
736

Only Sleeping

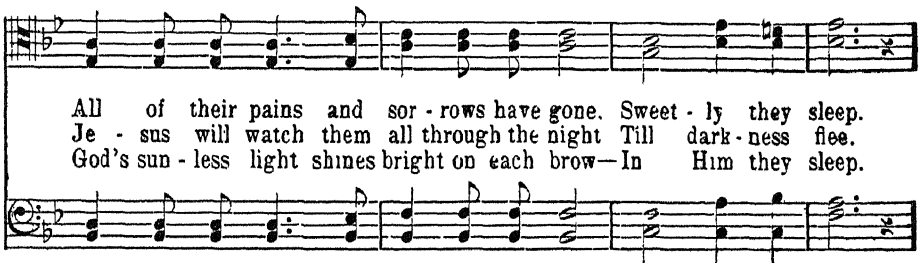
(MALE QUARTET.)

James Rowe

Samuel W Beazley, 1873—

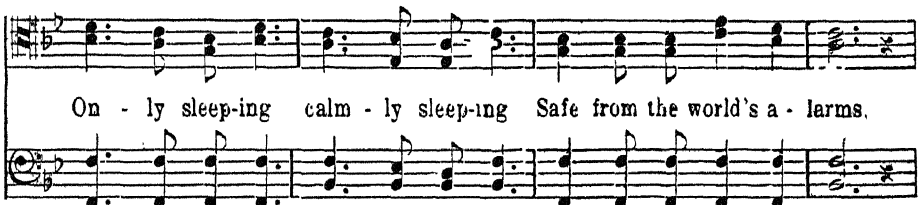


1. Oh, for the friends and loved ones gone on, We should nei-ther sigh nor weep;
2. Death is a dream of pur - est de-light; Pleas-ant scenes our loved ones see;
3. Rap-ture and rest com-pan - ion them now, Where no drear-y shad-ows creep:

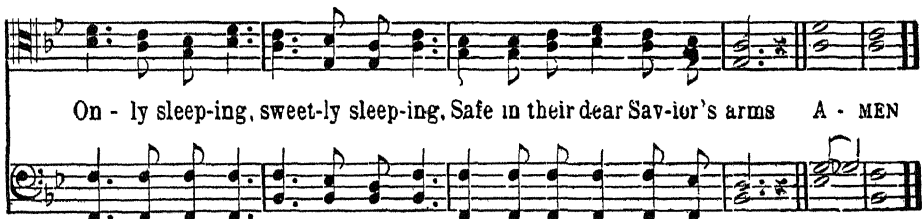


All of their pains and sor - rows have gone. Sweet - ly they sleep.
Je - sus will watch them all through the night Till dark - ness flee.
God's sun - less light shines bright on each brow—In Him they sleep.

REFRAIN.



On - ly sleep-ing calm - ly sleep-ing Safe from the world's a - larms.



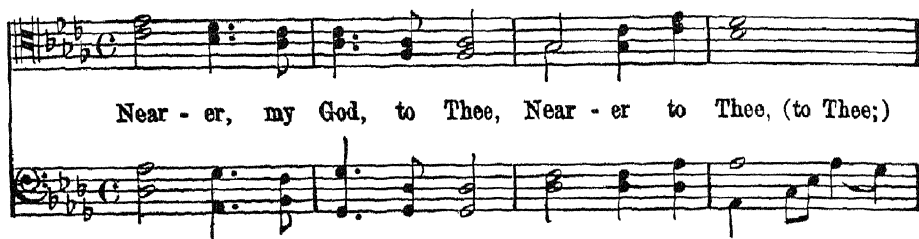
On - ly sleep-ing, sweet-ly sleep-ing, Safe in their dear Sav-ior's arms A - MEN

SELECTIONS FOR MALE VOICES

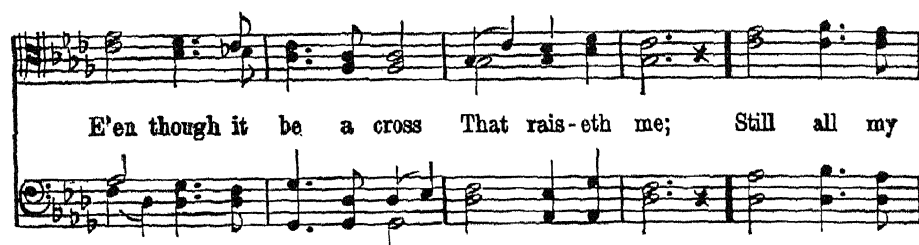
737

Nearer, My God, to Thee

Lowell Mason.



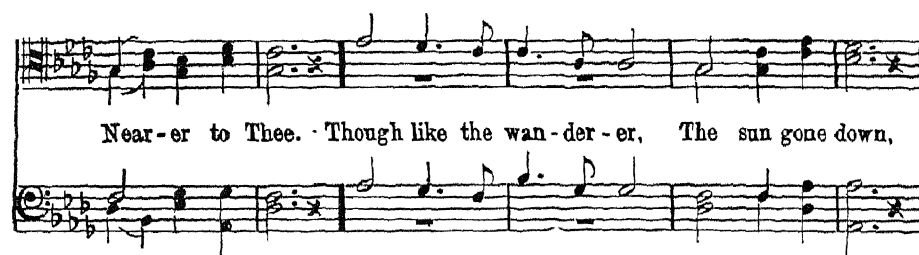
Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, (to Thee;)



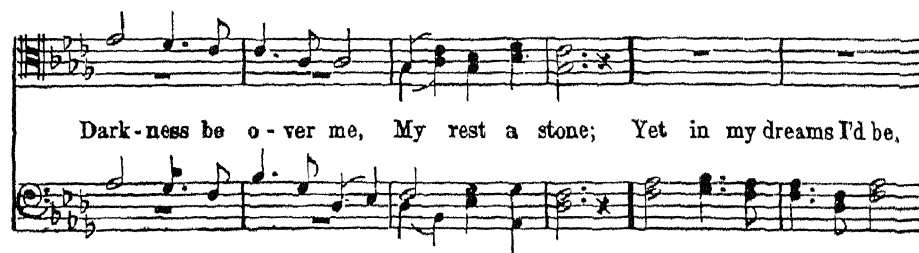
E'en though it be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my



song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee,



Near - er to Thee. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down,




Dark - ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be,


SELECTIONS FOR MALE VOICES




Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.




There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n;
un - to heav'n;



All that Thou send-est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck-on me,



Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.



Or if on joyful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

SELECTIONS FOR MALE VOICES

Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near - er to Thee, to Thee,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to (to) Thee. A - men, A - men.

rit.
ppp

738

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me

E. Hopper.

J. F. Gould.

Melody in the 2d Tenor.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pes - tuous sea;
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
 Bois-t'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 Won-drous Sov'-reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!" A - MEN.

739 Naught But the Blood Can Avail

Anna B. Russell.

(MALE QUARTET.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. Look to the Lamb with - out blem - ish or spot, Slain for the
 2. None were re - deemed by cor - rupt - i - ble things, Nei - ther with
 3. Works of the law shall no flesh jus - ti - fy, Free - ly through



cleans - ing of man; Free - ly and full - y a - tone - ment was made
 sil - ver nor gold; On - ly by stripes of the Christ are we healed,
 grace are we saved; Saved thro' the love of the Sav - ior of man,



REFRAIN.



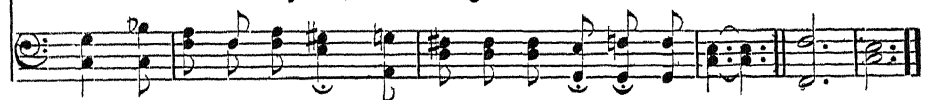
Thro' God's most won - der - ful plan.
 On - ly through Him in the fold. There's naught but the blood can a -
 Je - sus the way for us paved.



vail, . . . There's naught but the blood can a - vail; Shed free - ly for
 a - vail,



all who on Him may call, There's naught but the blood can a - vail. A - MEN.



740

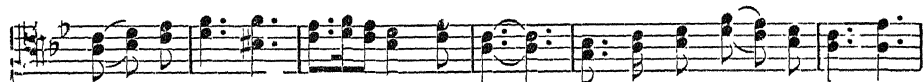
Sometime, Somewhere

A. W. S.

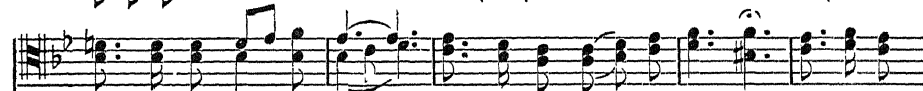
Athur W. Spooner.



1. An - gels are al - ways sing - ing, Some - where, some - where, Joy - bells are
2. Peace like a riv - er is flow - ing, Some - where, some - where, God His full
3. Home is a - wait - ing God's chil - dren, Some - where, some - where, Bright gold - en



ev - er ring - in g, Some - where, some - where; Somewhere the sun is shin - ing,
 pardon be - stow - ing, Some - where, some - where; O - ver the hill - tops of glo - ry,
 crowns will be given, Some - where, some - where; Then the glad harps will be sound - ing,



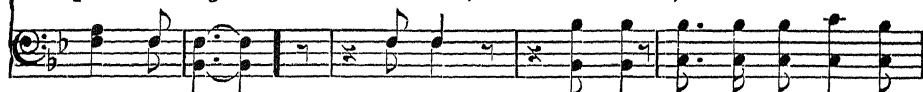
E - ven in dark - est night; Cease then your sad re - pin - ing, Soon will your
 Shine the fair streets of gold; Won - der - ful, won - der - ful sto - ry, Nev - er has
 Round the white throne on high; Heav - en with praises re - sound - ing, Nev - er - more



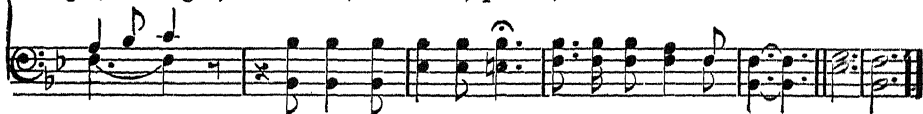
REFRAIN.



sky be bright. Some - time, . . . Some - where, . . . God will make all come
 half been told.
 pain or sigh. Some - time, Some - where,



right; . . . Some - time, . . . Some - where, . . . Skies will be al - ways bright. A - MEN.
 right, come right; Sometime, somewhere, up there,



SELECTIONS FOR MALE VOICES

741 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say

H. Bonar, D. D.

(MALE VOICES.)

M. L. McPhail.



1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and
 2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's



rest, . . . Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy
 give . . . The liv - - ing wa - ter, thirst - y one, Stoop
 Light; . . . Look un - - to Me, thy morn shall rise, And



head up - on My breast, Thy head up - on My breast." I
 down and drink and live, Stoop down and drink and live." I
 all thy days be bright, And all thy days be bright." I



came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad; I
 came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream; My
 looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And



found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad.
 thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
 in that Light of life I'll walk Till trav'ling days are done. A - MEN.



SELECTIONS FOR MALE VOICES

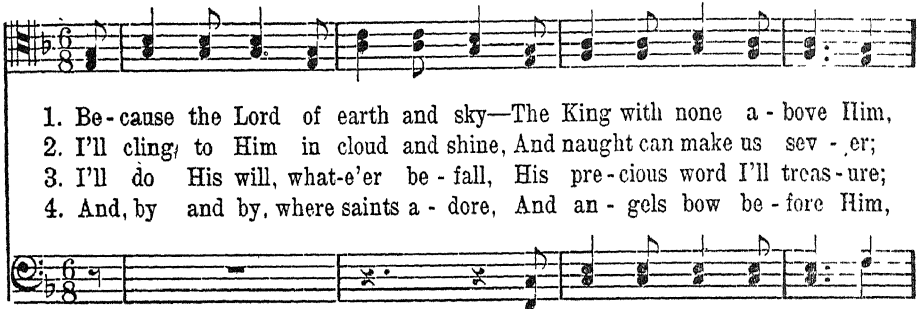
742

I'll Never Cease to Love Him

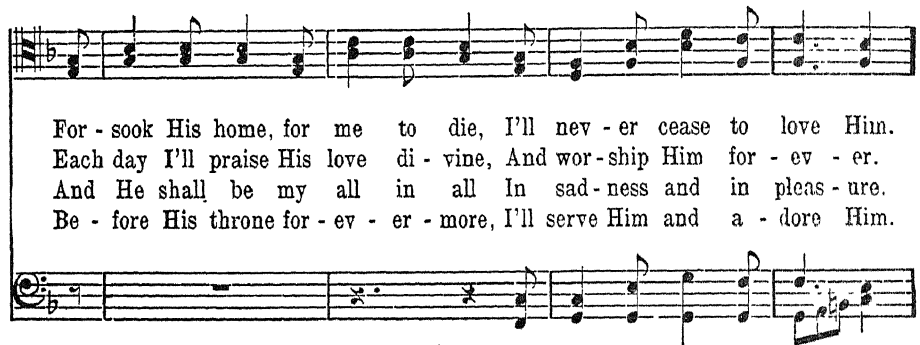
(MALE QUARTET.)

Mrs. M. Doolittle.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



1. Be - cause the Lord of earth and sky—The King with none a - bove Him,
 2. I'll cling to Him in cloud and shine, And naught can make us sev - er;
 3. I'll do His will, what-e'er be - fall, His pre - cious word I'll treas - ure;
 4. And, by and by, where saints a - dore, And an - gels bow be - fore Him,

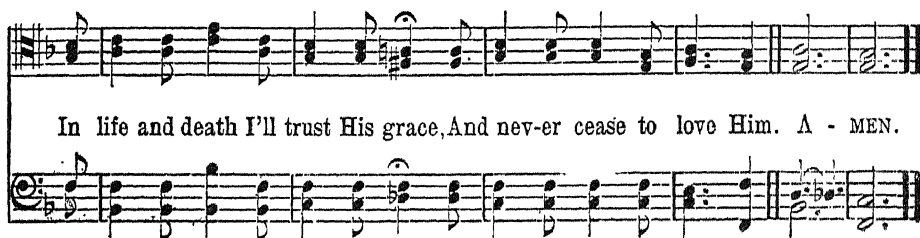


For - sook His home, for me to die, I'll nev - er cease to love Him.
 Each day I'll praise His love di - vine, And wor - ship Him for - ev - er.
 And He shall be my all in all In sad - ness and in pleas - ure.
 Be - fore His throne for - ev - er - more, I'll serve Him and a - dore Him.

REFRAIN.



I'll 'nev - er cease to love Him, And none shall be a - bove Him;



In life and death I'll trust His grace, And nev - er cease to love Him. A - MEN.

743

Kept By the Power of God

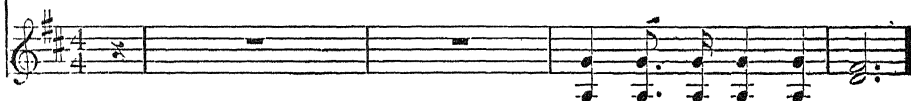
(LADIES' QUARTET.)

T. O. Chisholm.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



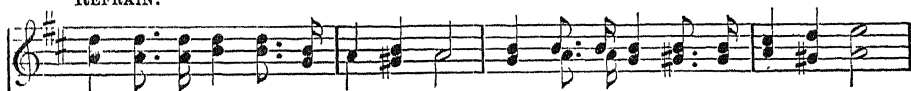
1. Oh, what a hap - py state is mine! Kept by the pow'r of God;
2. I've found at last a rest - ing - place, Kept by the pow'r of God;
3. Tho' moun - tain - high the waves may roll, Kept by the pow'r of God;
4. Re - deemed, for - giv - en! yes, but more, Kept by the pow'r of God;



Safe in His arms of love di - vine, Kept by the pow'r of God.
 Thro' faith in Him who took my place, Kept by the pow'r of God.
 In per - fect peace a - bides my soul, Kept by the pow'r of God.
 Un - til the glo - rious time in store, Kept by the pow'r of God.



REFRAIN.



Kept 'mid the per - ils a - long the way, Kept, safe - ly kept, lest my feet should stray;



Thus it shall be till the close of life's day, Kept by the pow'r of God! A-MEN.



SELECTIONS FOR FEMALE VOICES

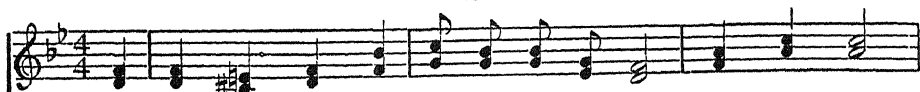
744

Something New Each Day


Rev. W. C. Poole.

(LADIES' QUARTET.)

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873--



1. God gives me bless - ings all a - long my way, Ev - 'ry day,
 2. God gives me strength for ev - 'ry time of need, Ev - 'ry day,
 3. God gives me joys that ev - er - more in - crease, Ev - 'ry day,



ev - 'ry day; And my path grows bright - er while on earth I stay, Some
 ev - 'ry day; And He sends me bless - ings when in prayer I plead, Some
 ev - 'ry day; And my soul is hap - py with His won - drous peace, And


REFRAIN.



bless - ings new each day.
 bless - ings new each day. Some - thing to glad - den, all a - long my way,
 bless - ings new each day.



God is ev - er send - ing bless - ings new each day; Fall - ing like the



sun - light in a gold - en ray Are bless - ings new each day. A - MEN.

Right Must Win

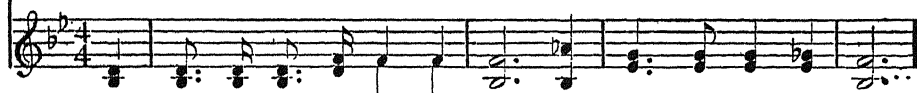
(LADIES' QUARTET.)

Frances McKinnon Morton.

Samuel W. Beazley, 1873—



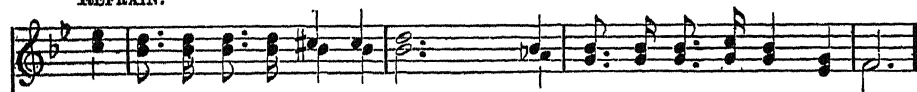
1. What though the way be dark and drear, What though the night be long?
2. What though the Mas-ter's ban-ners call To bat-tle's fierce ar-ray?
3. Oh, gal-lant sol-diers of the Cross, Go glad-ly on your way,



There's noth-ing that the soul should fear, Since right must con-quer wrong.
 His own may trust Him thro' it all, For right shall win the day.
 For noth-ing can be count-ed loss When right has won the day.



REFRAIN.



Ah, yes, the right must win the day, Then heart, have courage while you pray;
 Ah, yes, the right must win the day,



For God will sure-ly have His way, And right will con-quer wrong. A - MEN.
 For God will sure-ly have His way,



RESPONSIVE READINGS

SELECTION 1

Pre-Existence of Jesus

(John 1:1-12)

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

The same was in the beginning with God.

All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made.

In him was life; and the life was the light of men.

And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

There was a man sent from God whose name was John.

The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe.

He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light.

That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not.

He came unto his own, and his own received him not.

But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name:

SELECTION 2

The Law of God

(Psalm 19)

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handywork.

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night until night showeth knowledge.

There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.

Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

SELECTION 3

Jesus Reveals God

In the beginning was the Word and the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us—

And we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father—

Full of grace and truth.

And of his fulness have all we received, and grace for grace.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

For the law was given by Moses,
But grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

No man hath seen God at any time:

The only begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.

God is a spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and truth.

God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands.

Thou art great, O Lord God: for there is none like thee neither is there any God besides thee.

Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts: the whole earth is full of his glory.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

SELECTION 4

The Majesty of God

(Psalm 95)

O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it; and his hand formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker,

For he is our God: and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty.

The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself: the world also is established, and cannot be moved.

Thy throne is established of old; thou art from everlasting.

The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

The testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

(Psalm 8)

O Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas,

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

RESPONSIVE READINGS

SELECTION 5

The Birth of Jesus

(Luke I:33, 46-48; II:4-19)

The angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth,

To a virgin espoused to a man whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary.

And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, thou that art highly favored, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women.

And when she saw him, she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be.

And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favour with God.

And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name JESUS.

He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest: and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of his father David:

And he shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end.

Then said Mary unto the angel, How shall this be, seeing I know not a man?

And the angel answered and said unto her, The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.

And blessed is she that believed: for there shall be a performance of those things which were told her from the Lord.

And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord,

And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name.

And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation.

He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree.

He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy;

As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for ever.

SELECTION 6

Visit of the Wise Men

Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judæa in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem.

Saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.

When Herod the King had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him.

And when he had gathered all the chief priests and scribes of the people together, he demanded of them where Christ should be born.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

And they said unto him, In Bethlehem of Judæa: for thus it is written by the prophet,

And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.

Then Herod, when he had privily called the wise men, inquired of them diligently what time the star appeared.

And he sent them to Bethlehem, and said, Go and search diligently for the young child; and when ye have found him, bring me word again, that I may come and worship him also.

When they had heard the king, they departed; and, lo, the star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was.

When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field,

Keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them:

And they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

SELECTION 7

Joy of Jesus' Coming

Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulders; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth, and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

Sing, O heavens, and be joyful, O earth; and break forth into singing, O mountains; for the Lord hath comforted his people, and will have mercy upon his afflicted.

Hearken unto me, my people, and give ear unto me, O my nation. My righteousness is near; my salvation is gone forth, and mine arms shall judge the people. The isles shall wait upon me, and on mine arms shall they trust.

Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads; they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away.

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

SELECTION 8

Jesus Comforts His Disciples

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

If ye had known me ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

Philip saith unto him, Lord, show us the Father and it sufficeth us.

Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father?

Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me he doeth the works.

Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me: or else believe me for the very works' sake.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father.

And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it.

If ye love me keep my commandments.

And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever;

Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.

I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine: no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.

If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

If ye abide in me and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit: so shall ye be my disciples.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

SELECTION 9

The Death of Jesus

And Jesus stood before the governor: and the governor asked him, saying, Art thou the King of the Jews? And Jesus said unto him, Thou sayest.

And when he was accused of the chief priests and elders, he answered nothing.

Then said Pilate unto him, Heardest thou not how many things they witness against thee?

And he answered him to never a word; insomuch that the governor marvelled greatly.

Now at that feast the governor was wont to release unto the people a prisoner, whom they would.

And they then a notable prisoner, called Barabbas.

Therefore when they were gathered together, Pilate said unto them, Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ?

They said, Barabbas. Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? They all say unto him, Let him be crucified.

And the governor said, Why, what evil hath he done? But they cried out the more, saying, Let him be crucified.

And they took Jesus and led him away. And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha:

Where they crucified him, and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.

And Pilate wrote a title, and put it on the cross. And the writing was, JESUS OF NAZARETH THE KING OF THE JEWS.

This title then read many of the Jews; for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city: and it was written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin.

Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And they parted his raiment, and cast lots.

And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also with them derided him, saying, He saved others; let him save himself, if he be Christ, the chosen of God.

And the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him, and offering him vinegar,

And saying, If thou be the King of the Jews, save thyself.

And a superscription also was written over him in letters of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, **THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS.**

And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, If thou be Christ, save thyself and us.

But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?

And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss.

And he said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.

And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.

And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour.

And the sun was darkened, and the vail of the temple was rent in the midst.

(Selection 9 continued on next page)

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And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said thus, he gave up the ghost.

Now when the centurion saw what was done, he glorified God, saying, Certainly this was a righteous man.

And all the people that came together to that sight, beholding the things which were done, smote their breasts, and returned.

And all his acquaintance, and the women that followed him from Galilee, stood afar off, beholding these things.

And, behold, there was a man named Joseph, a counsellor; and he was a good man, and a just:

(The same had not consented to the counsel and deed of them:) he was of Arimathea, a city of the Jews; who also himself waited for the kingdom of God.

This man went unto Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus.

And he took it down, and wrapped it in linen, and laid it in a sepulchre that was hewn in stone, wherein never man before was laid.

SELECTION 10

The Resurrection of Jesus

(Matthew 28)

In the end of the sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.

His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow:

And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay.

And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and, behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him: lo, I have told you.

And they departed quickly from the sepulchre with fear and great joy; and did run to bring his disciples word.

And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came and held him by the feet, and worshiped him.

And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. Amen.

SELECTION 11

The Holy Spirit

I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh.

Also upon the servants and upon the handmaids in those days will I pour out my Spirit.

Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.

I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but he . . . shall baptize you with the Holy Spirit and with fire.

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He that believeth on me as the Scripture hath said, from within him shall flow rivers of living water.

But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believed on him were to receive: for the Spirit was not yet given.

I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever;

Even the Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive.

But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me;

And ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning.

It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.

And when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment:

Of sin, because they believe not on me:

Of righteousness, because I go to my Father, and ye see me no more;

Of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged.

I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now.

Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak; and he will show you things to come.

He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.

And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.

And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.

And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.

And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith,

Meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.

And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.

If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.

SELECTION 12

The Flesh and the Spirit

(Gal. 5:16-26)

This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lust of the flesh.

For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh; and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would.

But if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law.

Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness.

(Selection 12 continued on next page)

RESPONSIVE READINGS

Idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies..

Envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in the time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith.

Meekness, temperance: against such there is no law.

And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.

If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.

Let us not be desirous of vain-glory, provoking one another, envying one another.

SELECTION 13

The Model Christian

(Psalm 1)

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

SELECTION 14

The Prayer of Faith

(Psalm 6)

O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

Have mercy upon me, O Lord; for I am weak: O Lord, heal me; for my bones are vexed.

My soul is also sore vexed: but thou, O Lord, how long?

Return, O Lord, deliver my soul: oh save me for thy mercies' sake.

For in death there is no remembrance of thee: in the grave who shall give thee thanks?

I am weary with my groaning; all the night make I my bed to swim; I water by couch with my tears.

Mine eye is consumed because of grief; it waxeth old because of all mine enemies.

Depart from me, all ye workers of iniquity; for the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping.

The Lord hath heard my supplication: the Lord will receive my prayer.

Let all mine enemies be ashamed and sore vexed: let them return and be ashamed suddenly.

SELECTION 15

Greatness of God and Man

(Psalm 8)

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mind-

RESPONSIVE READINGS

ful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

SELECTION 16

Human Depravity

(Psalm 14)

The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God. They are corrupt, they have done abominable works, there is none that doeth good.

The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God.

They are all gone aside, they are all together become filthy: there is none that doeth good, no, not one.

Have all the workers of iniquity no knowledge? who eat up my people as they eat bread, and call not upon the Lord.

There were they in great fear: for God is in the generation of the righteous.

Ye have shamed the counsel of the poor, because the Lord is his refuge.

Oh that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! when the Lord bringeth back the captivity of his people, Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad.

SELECTION 17

The Majesty of God

(Psalm 97)

The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.

Clouds and darkness are round about him: righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his enemies round about.

His lightnings enlightened the world: the earth saw, and trembled.

The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory.

Confounded be all they that serve graven images, that boast themselves of idols: worship him, all ye gods.

Zion heard, and was glad; and the daughters of Judah rejoiced because of thy judgments, O Lord.

For thou, Lord, art high above all the earth: thou art exalted far above all gods.

Ye that love the Lord, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints; he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

SELECTION 18

Praising God

(Psalm 33)

Rejoice in the Lord, O ye righteous: for praise is comely for the upright.

Praise the Lord with harp: sing
(Selection 18 continued on next page)

RESPONSIVE READINGS

unto him with the psaltery and an instrument of ten strings.

Sing unto him a new song; play skilfully with a loud noise.

For the word of the Lord is right; and all his works are done in truth.

He loveth righteousness and judgment: the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth.

He gathereth the waters of the sea together as a heap: he layeth up the depth in storehouses.

Let all the earth fear the Lord: let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of him.

For he spake, and it was done; he commanded, and it stood fast.

The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought: he maketh the devices of the people of none effect.

The counsel of the Lord standeth forever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord; and the people whom he hath chosen for his own inheritance.

The Lord looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men.

From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.

SELECTION 19

The Lord Almighty

(Psalm 93)

The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty; the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself: the world also is stablished, that it cannot be moved.

Thy throne is established of old: thou art from everlasting.

The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

Thy testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

SELECTION 20

Thanksgiving

(Psalm 95)

O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.

Praise

(Psalm 100)

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Serve the Lord with gladness:

Come before His presence with singing.

Know ye that the Lord He is God;

It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves.

We are His people, and the sheep of His pasture.

Enter into His gates with thanksgiving.

And into His courts with praise:

Be thankful unto Him, and bless His name.

For the Lord is good;

His mercy is everlasting.

And His truth endureth to all generations.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

SELECTION 21

Thanksgiving

(Psalm 92)

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High:

To show forth thy loving-kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night,

Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the psaltery; upon the harp with a solemn sound.

For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy work: I will triumph in the works of thy hands.

O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep.

SELECTION 22

Christ the King of Glory

(Psalm 24)

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting

doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

SELECTION 23

The Whole Duty of Man

(Ecclesiastes 12)

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them;

While the sun, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain:

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened,

And the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.

Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern.

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity.

And moreover, because the

(Selection 23 continued on next page)

RESPONSIVE READINGS

Preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea; he gave good heed, and sought out, and set in order many proverbs.

The Preacher sought to find out acceptable words: and that which was written was upright, even words of truth.

The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd.

And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.

SELECTION 24

Wisdom

(Various Selections)

Where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?

Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living.

The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me.

It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.

It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire.

No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls: for the price of wisdom is above rubies.

Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?

Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air.

Destruction and death say, We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.

God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof.

For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven;

To make the weight for the winds; and he weigheth the waters by measure.

When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder;

Then did he see it, and declare it; he prepared it, yea, and searched it out.

And unto man he said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.

My son, if thou wilt receive my words, and hide my commandments with thee;

So that thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding;

Yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding;

If thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures;

Then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God.

For the Lord giveth wisdom: out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding.

He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous: he is a buckler to them that walk uprightly.

If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and unbraideth not, and it shall be given him.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy.

Of him are ye in Christ Jesus who is made unto us wisdom from God.

SELECTION 25

Christian Virtues

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord.

Give us, O Lord, the wisdom from above, which is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.

Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding?)

Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

The merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

She is more precious than rubies.

And all things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand: and in her left hand riches and honor.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your knowledge temperance.

And to temperance, patience,

And to patience, godliness.

And to godliness, brotherly kindness.

And to brotherly kindness, charity.

SELECTION 26

Prayer

(Matt. 6:5-15; 7:7-11)

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou has shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him.

After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name.

Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you:

But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Ask, and it shall be given you;

(*Selection 26 continued on next page*)

RESPONSIVE READINGS

seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:

For everyone that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?

Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?

If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?

If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways, then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin.

And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

In everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.

Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.

The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord; but the prayer of the upright is His delight.

SELECTION 27

The Scriptures

(Various Selections)

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.

With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.

Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach me thy statutes.

For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope.

Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord.

According as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue:

Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises; that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.

We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the daystar arise in your hearts:

Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation.

For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.

The holy Scriptures are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.

All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness:

That the man of God may be per-

RESPONSIVE READINGS

fect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.

Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me.

These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name.

The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of God shall stand forever.

Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein.

The word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth.

Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only.

Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life;

And they are they which testify of me. -

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?

By taking heed thereto according to thy word.

Study to show thyself approved unto God,

A workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly divining the word of truth.

SELECTION 28

God's Law and the Nation

(Deut. 6:4-12; Jer. 31:31-33)

Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord:

And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.

And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart:

And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walk-

est by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou riseth up.

And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes.

And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.

And it shall be, when the Lord thy God shall have brought thee into the land which he sware unto thy fathers, to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, to give thee great and goodly cities, which thou buildest not.

And houses full of all good things, which thou filledst not, and wells digged, which thou diggedst not, vineyards and olive trees, which thou plantedst not; when thou shalt have eaten, and be full: then beware lest thou forget the Lord.

Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah;

Not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers, in the day that I took them by the hand, to bring them out of the land of Egypt;

Which my covenant they brake, although I was an husband unto them, saith the Lord;

But this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel; I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people.

SELECTION 29

Giving

Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first-fruits of all thine increase. (Prov. 3:9)

Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein (Selection 29 continued on next page)

RESPONSIVE READINGS

have we robbed Thee? In tithes and offerings. (Mal. 3:8)

Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. (Mal. 3:10)

For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich. (2 Cor. 8:9)

Upon the first day of the week let everyone of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him. (1 Cor. 16:2)

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver. (2 Cor. 9:7)

It is more blessed to give than to receive. (Acts 20:35)

Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. (Ps. 41:1)

He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord. (Prov. 19:17)

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven.

Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth:

That thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly. (Matt. 6:1-4)

SELECTION 30

The Grace of Giving

How is it that I hear this of thee? give an account of thy stewardship. (Luke 16:2)

The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein: (Ps. 24:1)

The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of hosts. (Hag. 2:8)

Every beast of the field is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. I know all the fowls of the mountains: And the wild beasts of the field are mine. (Ps. 50:10-11)

A man can receive nothing, except it be given him from heaven. (John 3:27)

Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed Thee? In tithes and offerings. (Mal. 3:8)

Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase. (Prov. 3:9)

Bring ye all the tithes into the store house, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. (Mal. 13:10)

For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich. (2 Cor. 8:9)

Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him. (1 Cor. 16:2)

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver. (2 Cor. 9:7)

RESPONSIVE READINGS

Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.

(Acts 20:35)

SELECTION 31

Missionary

God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.

The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world.

Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us.

He is the propitiation for our sins:

And not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.

Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

This is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.

(John 10:16)

Thus saith the Lord of hosts; Behold, I will save my people from the east country, and from the west country;

(Zech. 8:7)

The Gentiles shall come to thy light and Kings to the brightness of thy rising.

(Isa. 60:3-5)

Lift up thine eyes round about, and see: all they gather themselves together, they come to thee: thy sons shall come from far and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side.

Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee.

And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools shall not err therein. (Isa. 35:8)

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

(Isa. 35:10)

How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

(Rom. 10:14-15)

Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest.

And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal: that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.

(John 4:35-36)

Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.

(Mark 16:15)

SELECTION 32

Temperance

Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lust which war against the soul.

(1 Pet. 2:11)

(Selection 32 continued on next page)

RESPONSIVE READINGS

Ye that Love the Lord, hate evil:
(Ps. 97:10)

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived there by is not wise.
(Prov. 20:1)

Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright:

At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.
(Prov. 23:31-32)

Be not among wine bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh:

For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.
(Prov. 20:21)

Because he transgresseth by wine, he is a proud man, neither keepeth at home, who enlargeth his desire as hell, and is as death, and cannot be satisfied.
(Hab. 2:5)

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness!
(Hab. 2:15)

Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them!

And the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts: but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands.
(Isa. 5:11-12)

It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.
(Rom. 14:21)

Let us walk honestly, as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness.
(Rom. 13:13)

Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things.

(1 Cor. 9:25)

Be sober, be vigilant because your adversary the devil, as a roaring

lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.
(1 Pet. 5:8)

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes?

They that tarry long at the wine.

SELECTION 33

Temperance

Be not drunk with wine. Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?

If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.

Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run, that ye may obtain.

And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible.

I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air:

But I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away.

For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

Let us not judge one another any

RESPONSIVE READINGS

more: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.

The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

He that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men.

Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.

For meat destroy not the work of God. It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path

Teach me, O Lord, the way of the statutes.

Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

SELECTION 34

The Supremacy of Love

(I Corinthians 13)

Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not charity, I become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains and have not charity, I am nothing.

And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

Doth not behave itself unseemly,

seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

SELECTION 35

The Ten Commandments

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

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RESPONSIVE READINGS

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work; thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within the gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

SELECTION 36

Worship

(Psalm 121)

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper; the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

SELECTION 37

The Beatitudes

(Matt. 5:1-12)

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil things against you falsely, for my sake.

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

SELECTION 38

The Lord's Coming

In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. (John 14:2-3)

I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you. (John 14:18)

Who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap. (Mal. 3:2)

Wherefore gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ. (1 Pet. 1:13)

To the end he may stablish your hearts unblameable in holiness before God, even our Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ with all his saints. (1 Thes. 3:13)

Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of God cometh at an hour when ye think not.

SELECTION 39

Christ Our Shepherd

(Psalm 23)

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me

in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

SELECTION 40

The Lord Our Redeemer

(Psalm 103)

Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits:

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord is merciful and gracious; slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger for ever.

He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

RESPONSIVE READINGS

SELECTION 41

Consecration and Service

(Romans 12:1-8)

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.

For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office:

So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.

Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith;

Or ministry, let us wait on our minstering, or he that teacheth, on teaching,

Or he that exhorteth on exhortation; he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that showeth mercy, with cheerfulness.

SELECTION 42

The Sabbath Day

Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.

This is the day which the Lord hath made, and we will rejoice and be glad in it.

Ye shall keep my Sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary; I am the Lord.

Six days may work be done; but in the seventh is the Sabbath of rest, holy to the Lord.

If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words; then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord.

We will go into his tabernacle; we will worship at his footstool.

Exalt ye the Lord our God, and worship at his footstool; for he is holy.

Thy way, O God, is in the sanctuary; who is so great a God as our God?

SELECTION 43

Abiding Faith

(Psalm 27)

The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

SELECTION 44

Abiding Faith

Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus:

Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God:

But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of man:

And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name:

That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth;

And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God: and every one that loveth him that begat loveth him also that is begotten of him.

By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God, and keep his commandments.

For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments; and his commandments are not grievous.

For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?

If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater; for this is the witness of God which he hath testified of his Son.

He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself: he that believeth not God, hath made him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son.

And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.

He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

SELECTION 45—MISCELLANY

What Jesus Says to the Unsaved

Prepare to meet thy God.

But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all; yet let him remember the days of darkness; for they shall be many.

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him: and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous:

God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into con-

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RESPONSIVE READINGS

demnation; but is passed from death unto life.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life.

Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven.

Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God.

Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. (John 3:3)

There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death. (Proverbs 16:25)

If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. (Romans 10:9, 10)

For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.

For the wages of sin is death: but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.

(Romans 3:23; 6:23)

If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

(I John 1:9)

We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death.

Hereby perceive we, the love of God, because He laid down His life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.

(I John 3:14, 16)

If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

(John 15:7)

He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.

(I John 5:12)

And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent.

(John 17:3)

Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me.

(John 14:6)

Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost. (Titus 3:5)

Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.

(Acts 4:12)

Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness.

(Isaiah 41:10)

Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed.

(I Peter 2:24)

Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven.

But whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven.

(Matthew 10:32, 33)

He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.

(John 3:36)

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.

(I John 2:15)

RESPONSIVE READINGS

SELECTION 46

The Name of Jesus

Stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever; and blessed be his glorious name. By how many names and titles is our Savior mentioned in the Bible?

Over one hundred.

What are some of the names given to him hundreds of years before he was born?

For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given; . . . and his name shall be called Wonderful Counselor, The Mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

God has highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name.

He is the Lord of lords, and the King of kings. Chiefest among ten thousand, Son of the Living God. Lion of the tribe of Judah, The Bright and Morning Star, the Light of the World, The Good Shepherd.

Which of all his names is the sweetest?

JESUS.

The Precious Corner Stone.

The Friend of Sinners.

The Man of Sorrows.

Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

Why was he called Jesus?

Thou shalt call his name JESUS; for he shall save his people from their sins.

Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.

He is the Captain of our Salvation.

The Author and Finisher of our faith.

The Head of the Church. He is the Way, the Truth and the Life.

SELECTION 47

Some Benefits of Bible Study

Diligent study brings success and prosperity. (Josh. 1:8)

This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth but thou shalt meditate therein day and night that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous and then thou shalt have good success.

Bible study prevents sin.

(Ps. 119:11)

Thy Word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.

There is vital power in God's Word.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: (Ps. 19:7)

There is regenerating power in God's Word.

It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing: the words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life. (Jno. 6:63)

It contains the elements for spiritual growth. (I Pet. 2:2)

As newborn babes desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may Grow thereby.

The assimilation of the Word produces joy. (Jer. 15:16)

Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart: for I am called by thy name, O Lord of hosts.

It gives wisdom and enlightenment. (Ps. 19:7-8)

The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. The statutes of the Lord are right rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure enlightening the eyes. (Selection 47 continued on next page.)

RESPONSIVE READINGS

Reward is offered for keeping the Word.
(Ps. 19-11)

Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping them there is great reward.

SELECTION 48

Baptism

And it came to pass in those days, that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in Jordan.

And straightway coming up out of the water, he saw the heavens opened, and the Spirit like a dove descending upon him:

And there came a voice from heaven, saying, Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth.

Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of world. Amen.

Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death?

Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from

the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.

SELECTION 49

Lord's Supper

For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread:

And when he had blessed it, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do, in remembrance of me.

And he took the cup, and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them: and they all drank of it.

For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.

Verily I say unto you, I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine, until that day that I drink it new in the kingdom of God.

And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives.

Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord.

But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup.

For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body.

BAPTIST STANDARD HYMNAL

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